LIMITED ALL-RAG EDITION

VOL · XXI   No 8[illegible]

The American MERCURY

NOVEMBER 1930

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY

H · L · MENCKEN

MEMOIR OF A WET CAMPAIGN
CHARLES SAMPSON

Ordeal By Bus RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS
The Law Flirts With Change B. H. STOODLEY
Black Warriors GEORGE S. SCHUYLER
Hearst: A Psychological Note GEORGE [illegible]
The Holy War of 1898 LOUIS M. HACKER
Ladies on Their Own GOLDIE WEISBERG
The Holy Spirit at West Point LLOYD LEWIS
Life in Old Bohemia ALBERT PARRY
Toscanini's Big Stick EDWARD ROBINSON

Reviews of the New Books and Music

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Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00; all rag edition, $10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 37 Bedford Square, London, W. C. 1, England. . . . Printed in the United States.
Copyright, 1930, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . .
Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

RELIGION

THE RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND OF AMERICAN CULTURE.

By Thomas Cuming Hall. Little, Brown & Company
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 348 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Hall is so very polite to all parties in this book that only too often he seems to be evasive. There is little light, for example, in his cautious discussion of the late Cardinal Gibbons's combat with the Vatican, and even less in his discussion of the political activities of the Methodist and Baptist parsons. Nor does he give anything approaching an adequate account of the Lutherans in America. Nor does he so much as mention the New Thought—both the mother and the daughter of Christian Science. He is at his best in his early chapters, in which he deals with the psychological origins of the Protestant movement. Here a wide and confusing field is traversed in a very competent manner. The author is professor of English and American history and culture at the University of Göttingen, and apparently his book was planned mainly for German readers. At the end of it are excellent bibliographies.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

By Giovanni Papini. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 336 pp. *New York*

Papini has little to say about Augustine that is new, and even less that is interesting. He has written a very conventional eulogy, and has plainly given the completest confidence to the orthodox sources. The immortal Bishop of Hippo deserves a far more competent biographer. He was one of the most powerful and remarkable personages of his age, and his influence is still felt in ours. No other early Christian theologian remains so thoroughly alive on both sides of the Reformation fence. At the end of the book Papini prints a pretentious but rather useless bibliography. There is an index.

CALIBAN IN GRUB STREET.

By Ronald Knox. E. P. Dutton & Company
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 222 pp. *New York*

Father Knox is a convert to Catholicism and shows all a convert's zeal. He is also a very clever and amusing fellow, and so his onslaught upon the amateur theologians who are his marks in this book is full of liveliness. They include H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Rebecca West and various other English literati, all of them contributors to silly season newspaper symposia on religion. He catches them in various charming imbecilities. Walpole, for example, says that he'd go on believing in the immortality of the soul, even if its possibility were scientifically disproved. And La West talks magniloquently of "a universe of greater beauty than this," reserved, *inter alia*, for those who "warmly love" but excluding country hostesses and chess players. Upon such childishness Father Knox does vast execution. But as a theologian, of course, he is bound to indulge in follies of his own. In one place, for example, he argues idiotically that Arnold Bennett's disbelief in Original Sin makes him a believer in the Immaculate Conception. There are other examples of the same clumsy logic-chopping, but on the whole the book is well planned and brilliantly written, and it will amuse every reader who believes that religion is at least as interesting as golf.

THE INQUISITION.

By G. C. Coulton. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
60 cents 6¾ x 4½; 128 pp. *New York*

EARLY CHRISTIANITY & ITS RIVALS.

By G. H. Box. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
60 cents 6¾ x 4½; 128 pp. *New York*

These little books belong to the New Library, which also offers volumes dealing with politics, secular history and the sciences. They are extraordinarily well done. Dr. Box's discussion of the early days of Christianity steers a brief but straight course through a wide and confused field, and Mr. Coulton deals with the Inquisition in a fair, well-informed and highly competent manner. The former is professor of Old Testament Studies at the University of London and the latter is a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE SCIENCES

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY.

By Clark Wissler. Henry Holt & Company
$3.50 8½ x 5¼; 392 pp. *New York*

Dr. Wissler, who is professor of anthropology at Yale, is the author of many valuable texts. Here he attempts a summary of all that is known about the social institutions of primitive man. The book is simply written and covers the ground admirably. After chapters upon the community as a social unit and the biological groups which constitute it, there

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

are discussions of the economic basis of communal life, of language in its social aspects, of relationship systems, of marriage, of totemism, of magic and religion, and of primitive technology. At the end there are brief but useful bibliographies and an index..

GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA.
By Margaret Mead. *William Morrow & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 372 pp. *New York*

Miss Mead's former book, "Coming of Age in Samoa", will be remembered. The present volume is somewhat less interesting, for the people it deals with, the amphibious Manus of the Admiralty Islands, are a more primitive people than the Samoans, with simpler and less singular customs and institutions. Miss Mead does not attempt a complete ethnological account of them, but confines herself to their method of educating the young. Education among them has but three aims: to make the child physically competent, especially in the water, to give it respect for private property, and to ground it in the tribal taboos. In all other directions it grows up as it pleases. There are few punishments, and children are not expected to obey their elders. Miss Mead appends some chapters discussing the bearing of Manus experience upon the "advanced" pedagogy so often advocated in America, with its stress upon freedom for the child. As in her first book, this philosophizing is less interesting than her objective narrative. "Growing Up in New Guinea" is well illustrated, and includes some very valuable observations, for the tribe studied is one of the most primitive remaining in the South Seas, and pretty soon it will succumb to the traders and missionaries, both of whom already have their eyes upon it. The book has maps and statistical appendices, but there is no index.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF SCIENCE.
By R. J. Harvey-Gibson. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅝; 362 pp. *New York*

Dr. Harvey-Gibson begins his book with the statement that "the first enquirer into Nature's secrets" was Thales, and ends it by saying that "positive evidence of the inheritance of acquired characters" is accumulating, mainly, it appears, through the work of Kammerer. This is a bad beginning and a worse ending. There were scientists in Sumer and Egypt thousands of years before Thales, and Kammerer's "proofs" are surely not to be taken seriously. But despite these blunders, Dr. Harvey-Gibson shows a wide acquaintance with the natural sciences, and has made a clear, well-informed and interesting book. It presupposes little if any scientific training in the reader. The volume is adequately illustrated and has a good index. The author, who was professor emeritus of botany at the University of Liverpool, died before the MS. was ready for the printer. It was completed by A. W. Titherley.

HISTORY

HUMAN HISTORY.
By G. Elliot Smith. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$5 8⅜ x 5⅞; 472 pp. *New York*

Like all of Dr. Smith's books, this one is full of his theory that civilization originated on the Nile, and was dispersed therefrom to the rest of the earth. It was only there, he believes, that agriculture could have been invented. This theory has a certain fine plausibility, but it does not survive analysis, as Dr. R. B. Dixon of Harvard was but lately demonstrating. Whenever he forgets it, Dr. Smith is unfailingly interesting and instructive. His account of the early wanderings of man is very good, and he has much that is valuable to say about primitive industry and the part played by gold in the first civilizations. He brings his discussion down to the rise of the Greeks. Incidentally, he demolishes a number of popular errors, including the belief that the Hungarians are of Mongol blood. There is a short bibliographical note at the end of his book, and an adequate index. There are 67 illustrations.

SPAIN.
By Salvador de Madariaga. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 507 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the series of The Modern World edited by H. A. L. Fisher, and is unquestionably one of the best in it. Indeed, it is probably the best one-volume history of Spain in print. It is comprehensive, it is well documented, and it is brilliantly written. Dr. De Madariaga, who was formerly a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and who holds the Alfonso XIII chair at Oxford, writes an English that would do honor to many a leading literary light in England today. Politically he is a constitutionalist, and he is no great admirer of the Catholic Church, but probably neither the friends of the monarchy nor those of Rome will be able to find any errors of fact or any gross misinterpretations in his book. He thinks that, though as a world power Spain is now dead, intellectually it is in a period of high productivity. "Precisely because her gifts are not of the kind which make for collective and political

Continued on page viii

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success in an age like ours, the fact may be obscured that Spain is far stronger and more creative in her life than in her politics, and that she counts, and always will count, far more as a people than as a nation, and as a nation than as a state." A bibliography and an index are appended.

THE EPOCHS OF GERMAN HISTORY.

By J. Haller. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5⅝; 247 pp. *New York*

Dr. Haller is professor of history at the University of Tübingen, and his book is a tract addressed to his own people. Its tone, in the main, is very gloomy. He believes that the Germans, despite their generally high intelligence and their extraordinary talent for war, have always failed to rise to their historical opportunities—that every great crisis in the past has seen them divided and irresolute. He believes that in their present emergency the old weakness is showing itself; nevertheless, he manages to close upon a note of hope, if not of confidence. He is full of admiration for Bismarck, the one German who saw a better way and tried to lead his people into it. "I must confess," he says, "that I cannot utter the name of Bismarck without a sense of shame. . . . What right have the men of this generation to celebrate his glory, when they have done worse than kill him, have abandoned the structure he built to decay and ruin?" The book is well translated by E. W. Dickes and has a good index.

THE SOVIETS IN WORLD AFFAIRS.

By Louis Fischer. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$10 8⅞ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 880 pp. *New York*

Next to Walter Duranty, Mr. Fischer is the best American correspondent in Russia. His present book is without doubt the most comprehensive and most trustworthy history of Soviet foreign relations in print. The amount of information in it, much of it hitherto unpublished, is immense. The legend that Russia is gradually going capitalistic, says Mr. Fischer, is without basis in fact. "Moscow's policy in 1930 was more radical than at any time since 1924, and while fluctuations and zigzags are not excluded, the régime promises to retain its present anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist, and proletarian character." The Soviet leaders have given up all hope of overthrowing world capitalism. Their chief aim now is to industrialize the country, and in one way or another to make the peasants more hospitable to communism. What happens in the outside world concerns them very little. "The observer notes a mounting disinterestedness in foreign affairs and foreign revolutionary possibilities." The policy of industrialization, naturally, necessitates

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Nana *by Zola* —142
Swann's Way *by Marcel Proust* —59
Tristram Shandy *by Laurence Sterne* —147

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No. 177

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some contact with foreign powers, but so far it has been of small importance. Foreign bankers continue to be afraid to invest in Russian enterprises. Trade with England is still "not large enough to shape Downing Street's policy in large questions," and the same is true of the trade with France, Poland, and Rumania. "Germany, alone of the great Western Powers, attaches prime significance to commercial relations with the Soviet Union." Another thing that weakens the Soviet foreign position is its principle of no entangling alliances. The Soviet Union has few friends in Europe, and almost none elsewhere, but it cannot be ignored much longer, since it holds one-sixth of the earth's dry surface. There are many illustrations and an index.

A REFUTATION OF THE VERSAILLES WAR GUILT THESIS.
By Alfred von Wegerer. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 386 pp. *New York*

Dr. Von Wegerer is the founder and editor of the Berlin monthly called the *Kriegschuldfrage* (War Guilt Question), and director of the Zentralstelle für Erforschung der Kriegsursachen. Since 1920 he has probably done more than any other German to dispel the legend that his country was solely to blame for the World War. The present book is the result of his researches, and is of the first importance. His general thesis is that "the Versailles verdict concerning the responsibility for the war is false, that it partly relies on forged material, and that a revision of this verdict is necessary in order to restore Germany's good name and to take the edge off the discordances between the nations which have arisen out of the false verdict on the outbreak of the World War." Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes contributes an introduction. There are eight illustrations, but an index is lacking.

SLAVERY AGITATION IN VIRGINIA: 1829-1832.
By Theodore M. Whitefield.
The Johns Hopkins Press
$1.75 8⅜ x 5¾; 162 pp. *Baltimore*

In the third decade of the Nineteenth Century Virginia experienced a great change in its attitude toward its slave population, then considerably more than 450,000. There was good feeling on both sides, and large numbers of slaves were set free. But after 1830 there was a recurrence of the old enmity. Negroes had invaded nearly all the white men's trades and thus presented a new set of problems. "Already the trades of mason, plasterer, smith, painter, shoemaker, miller, and distiller were largely practiced by blacks, degrading these trades and throwing out of work

Continued on page xii

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white labor. Unable to support themselves and families, too proud to compete with slaves, white mechanics fled from the country in numbers unparalleled in the preceding ten years." The mechanics demanded restrictive legislation, which was soon granted, and the Negro was once again put "in his place." Another thing that helped bring back the ill-feeling of former days was the abolitionist propaganda. "In the measure that Northern abolitionists forsook denunciations of the slave system for appeals to the passions of the Negroes and calumniations of their masters, the people of Virginia were driven to the defense of the institution," and, by a well-known psychological process, to give added ground to the contentions of the abolitionists. Dr. Whitefield has made a careful study of this period in Virginia history, and has produced an important monograph. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

ANTHOLOGIES

OLIVE, CYPRESS & PALM.
Compiled by Mina Curtiss.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 7½ x 5; 296 pp. *New York*

"Since our particular variety of skepticism became articulate in the middle of the last century I have excluded poems of any writer born after 1850," writes Miss Curtiss in this anthology of love and death poetry. "A definite change in attitude toward death, and consequently in elegiac poetry, took place after the publication of 'The Origin of Species.' . . . One can only say, judging entirely from the poetry of the last sixty or seventy years, that death has ceased to be felt and thought of as concomitant with life, as a part of the continuous pattern of human experience, as a culmination. Instead, it has become a biological phenomenon, as long as possible postponed, and frequently ignored or feared." The poems are arranged in eleven chapters, according to mood, and come mainly from the work of Donne, Dickenson, Shakespeare, Beddoes, Dryden, Spenser, Drummond of Hawthornden, Browne, Hardy and C. G. Rossetti. Lincoln Kirstein has done the charming decorations from designs found in old graveyards in Western Massachusetts. There are indices of authors and of first lines.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.
Edited by Louis Untermeyer.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3.50 7½ x 5¾; 850 pp. *New York*

The earliest poet represented in this anthology is Emily Dickinson, born in 1830; the latest is Nathalia

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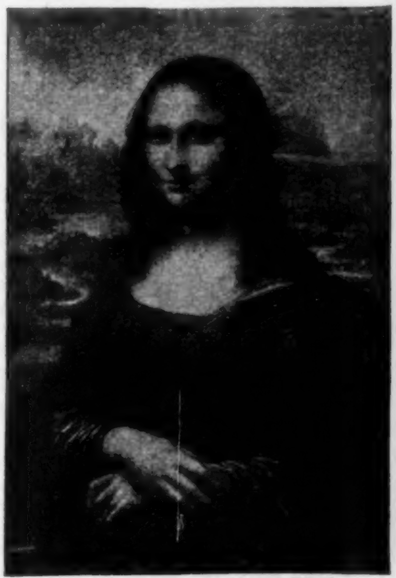
A NEW ARTISTIC MOVEMENT



MONA LISA. *By Leonardo da Vinci*

ONE evening a group was discussing the new interest in art. Magnificent art museums have gone up and millions have visited them. But these are a relatively small number and there are other millions who can't go because of the time and money needed. These museums are in the larger cities, out of reach of those in the towns.

It was the opinion that, in spite of museums, we do not have the opportunity for the expression of our artistic desires that we deserve. To see the best involves an expensive trip throughout the United States and Europe, for the majority of the world's art treasures still remain abroad.

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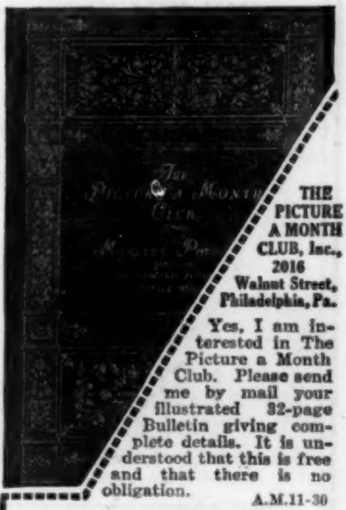

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Crane, born in 1913. Altogether, there are 153 of them, and Mr. Untermeyer prints 730 of their poems. His selections, both of poets and of poems, are admirable. Every reader, to be sure, will miss familiar names—where, for example, is Muna Lee?—and most readers, now and then, will protest against the editor's choices—why, for example, does he sacrifice James Weldon Johnson's superb "Go Down, Death!" in favor of "The Creation?"—but in the main the really good things are isolated unerringly, and so the collection is very interesting and of high value. The author's critical notes are always judicious and the indices are adequate. This is the fourth edition of the anthology. It promises to go on for many years.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF ICELANDIC VERSE.
Edited by Watson Kirkconnell.
Louis Carrier & Alan Ides
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 228 pp. *New York*

This is the first of a series of twenty-four "North American Books of European Verse." It includes an excellent brief history of Icelandic literature from the beginning to the present, together with short biographical sketches of its leading poets. The greater part of the book is given over to translations of representative verses. Mr. Kirkconnell has done an able job. He says in his introduction: "Few nations can look back over a poetic record as long and as rich as that of Iceland. Epic, skaldic, medieval, romantic, realistic, and eclectic phases of treatment have succeeded one another, and through them all has persisted a distinctly Icelandic quality—a strict sense of form, a stern insistence on artistic correctness, together with an austerity of restraint that often gives a marmoreal hardness to what is one of the most musical of human tongues." There is an index of authors.

REPRINTS

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By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.
E. P. Dutton & Company
90 cents 6⅞ x 4⅜; 296 pp. *New York*

THE HEROIC DEEDS OF GARGANTUA & PANTAGRUEL.
By François Rabelais. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
New York
90 cents a volume 6⅞ x 4⅜; 2 vols.; 360+362 pp.

PAN TADEUSZ.
By Adam Mickiewicz. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
90 cents 6⅞ x 4⅜; 354 pp. *New York*

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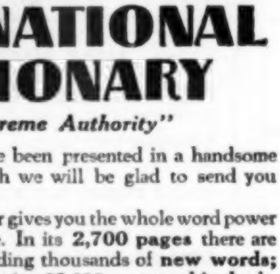

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By Richard Jefferies. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
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CAPITAL.
By Karl Marx. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
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By Snorre Sturlason. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
90 cents 6⅞ x 4⅜; 441 pp. *New York*

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E. P. Dutton & Company
90 cents 6⅞ x 4⅜; 390 pp. *New York*

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
Edited by John Cournos. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
90 cents 6⅞ x 4⅜; 372 pp. *New York*

PEREGRINE PICKLE.
By Tobias Smollett. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
New York
90 cents a volume 6⅞ x 4⅜; 367+366 pp.

All of these books belong to the excellent Everyman's Library. The new price of ninety cents a volume, which went into effect July 1, is ten cents more than the old price, but that will make no difference to genuine book lovers, for the books are well worth the money. They are now all bound in cloth, and encased in beautifully designed jackets. The Lessing book is translated by W. A. Steel. The Rabelais translation is the celebrated one by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter le Motteux. It is reprinted herewith unabridged, and there is also an introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. George Rapall Noyes is the translator of the Mickiewicz book, and Guy Pollock contributes an introduction to the Jefferies. As for the Marx books, they are a reprint only of the first volume of the great Socialist classic, as translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. G. D. H. Cole is the author of the introduction to them. The Sturlason volume is translated by Samuel Laing, and contains an introduction and notes by John Beveridge.

THE THEATRE

HENRY IRVING.
By Gordon Craig. *Longmans, Green & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 232 pp. *New York*

This is not an orthodox biography, but rather an appreciation by an avowed worshipper. Henry Irving

Continued on page xviii

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(*geb.* Brodribb) was born in 1838 and died in 1905. He began acting in 1856 and scored his first major success in 1871 as Mathias in Leopold Lewis's puerile melodrama, "The Bells." From then on till his death he was the dictator of the Lyceum Theatre in London, and the leader of his so-called profession in the English-speaking world. Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, Irving's leading woman, joined his company in 1889, at the age of seventeen. His admiration for the man is unbounded. He says: "I have never known of, or seen, or heard, a greater actor than was Irving." There is a long and interesting section dealing with Irving's relations with Shaw. He rejected "The Man of Destiny" when it was submitted to him in 1896, and refused absolutely to produce any of the author's other plays. "Shaw positively bored him. . . . Shaw plays are accursed sermons in jam." There are seventeen illustrations and an index.

THE DRAMA IN ENGLISH.
By Walter Prichard Eaton. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7⅞ x 5⅛; 365 pp. *New York*

The purpose of his book, says Mr. Eaton in his preface, is "first, to give enough of the general outline of English dramatic history to make a running story and set intelligently certain specific plays into their historic place. . . . Secondly, . . . to sketch the physical playhouse, the tone and temper of the audience, the spirit of the times. . . . And, finally, [to analyse] certain typical plays of each period from the point of view of the stage craftsman." Mr. Eaton has executed all these aims admirably, and beginning students should find his volume of great help. At the end there is an excellent bibliography, and also an index.

BIOGRAPHY

BORN A JEW.
By Boris D. Bogen. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 361 pp. *New York*

THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS.
By Israel Kasovich. *The Jordan Publishing Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 358 pp. *New York*

These two books have a considerable superficial resemblance. Each is the autobiography of a Jew born in Russia, and each describes his migration to the United States and his subsequent efforts to fit himself into the pattern of American life. But there the likeness ends, for the two men began differently and ended more differently. Mr. Bogen was the son of a rich Jewish contractor in Moscow, and got a good secular education, and when misfortune came and he

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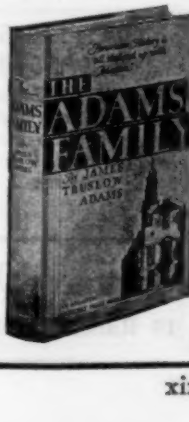

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had to come to the New World his progress was rapid, and he was soon a man of mark, sitting on important committees and returning to Europe as the representative of Jewish charity. Russian was his native tongue, and he had to learn Yiddish in late life, as a foreign language. With Mr. Kasovich it was the other way about. He was vastly learned in the Law, but it was not until after he was married that he learned Russian and took to practical affairs. His book is the more interesting of the two, and by far. There is an artless candor about it—as when the author discusses his unfortunate second marriage—that is very engaging, and it throws an instructive and often amusing light upon the ideas and customs of the orthodox Jews, both in Europe and in America. When it was first published in 1919, in Yiddish, it made a great success, and in that form has already taken on the dignity of a classic. The present translation is by Maximilian Hurwitz. Mr. Bogen's book was prepared for the press after his death by Alfred Segal.

ALIAS BLUEBEARD: *The Life & Death of Gilles de Raiz.*

By Emile Gabory. *Brewer & Warren*
$3 8 x 5¼; 315 pp. *New York*

M. Gabory is curator of the public archives at Nantes, and introduces a great deal of unfamiliar matter into his life of the celebrated Bluebeard. Popular legend credits de Raiz with six wives, but as a matter of fact he had but one. In other ways, however, his life fully justified his evil reputation. Brought to trial at Nantes before two courts, ecclesiastical and secular, he was condemned by both for numerous murders, and in 1440 he died at the stake. M. Gabory tells his story in a dramatic and effective manner. The book is well illustrated and there is a good bibliography, but no index. The translation is by Alvah C. Bessie.

THOMAS MASARYK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

By C. J. Street. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 281 pp. *New York*

Thomas Masaryk was born in Moravia on March 7, 1850. His father was a coachman, and his mother had been "a cook in a gentleman's house." They did all they could to give their son an education. They sent him to grammar schools at Brno and Vienna, but he was a mediocre student at both. Nevertheless he managed to enter the University of Vienna. He did brilliant work there, specializing in philosophy, and in 1876 was made a Ph.D. His thesis was "The Essence of Plato's Soul." In the meantime he had fallen in love with an American girl, Miss Charlotte Garrigue,

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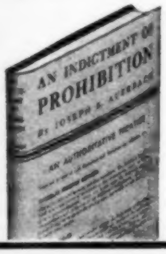

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whom he met in Leipzig. She soon left for New York, he followed her, and they were married in Manhattan on March 15, 1878. She was a mathematician and a musician, and wrote considerably about the life and works of Smetana, "the Czech Beethoven," whom she knew personally. In 1882 Masaryk was made professor of philosophy at the newly founded University of Prague, and from them on began his intense activities for Czech independence. He was repeatedly elected deputy to the Austrian Parliament. During the war he was in exile, but at the Peace Conference he was an important figure. He returned to Prague on December 21, 1918, when he immediately went to the palace as President of the Czechoslovak Republic. He is still President, and will probably hold the post as long as he lives. Politically, he is a very mild Socialist, but not of the Poincaré-Briand variety. He actually believes in democracy, and there is almost nothing of the swashbuckling militarist about him. He has written more than a dozen books, and is now at work on a massive tome, the nature of which is a mystery. Mr. Street's biography is the first one of the man in English. It is far from adequate, but the essential facts are in it. There are three illustrations.

EVERYMAN AT WAR. *Sixty Personal Narratives of the War.*
Edited by C. B. Purdom. E. P. Dutton & Company
$2.50 7½ x 4⅞; 425 pp. *New York*

The sixty personal narratives of the war here collected by the editor of Everyman's Library make a unique book. Nearly all of the authors were common soldiers in the British Army, and nearly all of them had never written before. Their articles are obviously honest descriptions of what they saw and felt at the front; they are devoid of any attempt at literary effect. Their cumulative impression is a powerful one. The war, to all the authors, was plainly a miserable affair. The glory and the adventure that they thought they would find in it beforehand evaporated into nothing after the first storm of shrapnel and the first mass attack of the cooties. As they tell of it, the conflict takes on the aspect of a tenth-rate burlesque show. Not one of the writers shows any hatred for the enemy; on the contrary, they praise his bravery and humanity. Sergeant J. F. Bell, Second Gordon Highlanders, who lost a leg at Ypres, reports one of his German captors as saying: "Ah! Scotlander, you lucky man. Get out of this damned war. It last long time. What we fight for? German Army and English Navy, both damned nuisance."

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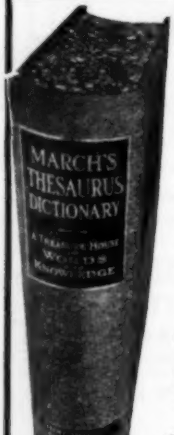

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LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS (1858-1891).
Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$5 9¾ x 7⅛; 552 pp. *Boston*

Henry was not the most able or most courageous of the Adamses, but he was surely the least happy and he knew best how to get his agony on paper. His respect for human occupations was almost as low as Dean Swift's, and he considered his own life as perhaps the most boring and least important in all creation. He had so little regard for his own writings that just before he died he destroyed all his diaries, notes, and letters, and even recalled numerous letters he had sent to correspondents and destroyed them too. But he did not get all of the latter; hence the present book. It is of the highest biographical importance, since it fills out many of the gaps in "The Education of Henry Adams." The letters in it cover his residence in London during the Civil War, his professorship at Harvard, his editorship of the *North American Review*, his contacts in Washington, and his trip to the South Seas with John La Farge. He lived in Boston at a time when it was still considered the cultural centre of the United States, yet he detested the city. He said, "Anything which takes a man morally out of Beacon street, Nahant, and Beverly Farms, Harvard College and the Boston press, must be in itself a good." He saw nothing whatever in the boasted culture of the latter Brahmins. "There is no society worth the name, no wit, no intellectual energy or competition, no clash of minds or of schools, no interests, no masculine self-assertion or ambition. Everything is respectable, and nothing amusing. There are no outlaws. There are not only no convictions, but no strong wants. . . . I am allowed to sit in my chair at Harvard College and rail at everything which the college respects, and no one cares." There is an excellent index.

ESSAYS

MARS, *or, The Truth About War.*
By "Alain." *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5⅛; 319 pp. *New York*

"Alain" is a professor in the Lycée Henry IV, and the author of a half dozen books on æsthetics and philosophy. He has won a wide reputation in France as a pacifist, teacher, thinker, and essayist. Dr. Denis Saurat, professor of French language and literature at King's College, London, and author of the foreword, says of him that "he has the wisdom of Montaigne, the passion of Pascal, and the subtlety of Vauvenargues." The present book is his first to be translated into English. It is a collection of ninety-

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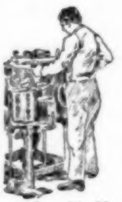

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three brief essays on war. They are excellently written, and full of strange phrases and fresh turns of thought. Alain is a pacifist, but not of the Union Square variety. He objects to war, not so much for its insane carnage, as for its dullness, cheapness, and lack of dignity. Even more so than politics, he says, it brings the least worthy human qualities to the fore, and puts power into the hands of rogues and morons. The translation from the French is by Doris Mudie and Elizabeth Hill. There is an introduction by André Maurois.

STUDIES IN DIPLOMATIC HISTORY.
By James Headlam-Morley. *Alfred H. King*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 312 pp. *New York*

Sir James died in 1929. He had been fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and historical adviser to the British Foreign Office, a post especially created for him and not refilled since his death. The eight essays in the present book were written in the years 1919-1929. They deal with "The British Government and Arbitration," "British Policy Toward Egypt," "Treaties of Guarantee," "The Guarantee to Greece by the Three Protecting Powers," "The Problem of Security," "The Acquisition of Cyprus in 1878," "The Black Sea, the Bosphorus and the Dardenelles," and "Proposals for the Reduction of Armaments." Sir James, strangely enough, despite his high position in the British government, has little to say about its policies that has not been said by others not so fortunate. He holds a more or less orthodox opinion about the origins of the World War. He says: "The final cause of war was Russian and German mobilization; this was not accidental; if mobilization brought about war, this was a necessary consequence of the fact that every country in Europe had been forced by the example of Germany to keep its military establishment at the maximum. . . . In earlier years mobilization had often taken place while negotiations were continuing, and no war ensued. It was the immense increase of the armies and the state of complete preparedness which ruled out such a possibility. For this Germany was entirely responsible . . . The final defeat of Germany . . . is a striking instance of the judgment which always comes upon a nation which bases its policy on a false principle." There is an index.

THE ARTS

AN HOUR OF ART.
By Walter Pach. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4½; 158 pp. *Philadelphia*

100,000 YEARS OF ART.
By E. G. Morris. *The Stratford Company*
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 286 pp. *Boston*

Together these two books form an excellent intro-

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Of Mark Sullivan the historian, Allan Nevins writes "he has brought into American historical writing a current of such originality and freshness that his work is likely to prove more influential than anything else done in years," and of his great work "Our Times"—"one of the most impressive exhibitions of the scope, the variety, and the irresistible energy of American life yet published."

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Continued from page xxvi

duction to the study of general art for the novice. Mr. Pach is primarily interested in the problem of appreciation, and confines himself chiefly to painting, while Mr. Morris presents the chief historical facts in the histories of architecture, sculpture, and painting. He takes in, not only Europe, but also Mexico and the Orient. He also has a chapter on the evolution of furniture, and another on "The Application of Art." His book has twenty illustrations, but lacks an index.

THIRTY YEARS OF BRITISH ART.

By Joseph Duveen. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$4.50 11¾ x 8¼; 165 pp. *New York*

The text here is negligible; the greater part of the book is given over to reproductions of the work of such artists as Augustus John, P. Wilson Steer, Ambrose McEvoy, W. R. Sickert, Frank Brangwyn, Duncan Grant, Paul Nash, H. Gaudier-Brzeska, Gerald L. Brockhurst, and Barnard Meninsky. Sir Joseph says: "It is my firm conviction that at no time in the history of Great Britain and Ireland have we, as a country, possessed such a wealth and such a range of real artistic talent as we have today. Further, I believe that the skill and taste of our painters, sculptors, etchers and other art-workers will compare more favorably with those of the living artists of any other country. British art today is the best in the world. . . . The supply is excellent, but at present the demand is much less than it ought to be." More publicity is needed "for the artists to receive that substantial support and encouragement which their merits deserve."

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Compiled by Otto M. Torrington.
William Edwin Rudge
$15 12⅛ x 9⅛; 150 pp. *New York*

Mr. West was born in Centerville, N. D., in 1900. He began his career at the age of ten by painting local farmhouses and barns. Then he tackled billboards and signs, after which he went to the University of Minnesota, on a scholarship which precluded an art or professional course. So he studied economics and business administration. He decided to continue his business education at Harvard, and in the Fall of 1925 stopped in New York, on his way to Boston. He visited the Art Students' League, where he met Joseph Pennell, who made him decide to give up business forever and to devote himself to the etcher's art. West developed rapidly, and before long achieved a high reputation. Today his etchings are in demand everywhere. They deal mainly with the adventurous life of the out of doors. There are 125 reproductions and an appreciative introduction by Elizabeth Luther Cary.

Continued on page xxx

Wolsey

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Author of "Richelieu", etc.

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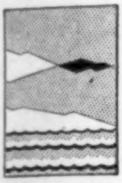

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Continued from page xxviii

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POETRY

POEMS OF MIHAIL EMINESCU.
Translated by E. Sylvia Pankhurst & I. O. Stefanovici.
Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Company
7s.6d. 7½ x 4⅞; 120 pp. London

Eminescu was born on December 20, 1849, in Ipateshi, near Botoshani, in the North of Moldavia. He studied philosophy at the Universities of Vienna, Jena, and Berlin. For a time he served as school inspector and librarian in the University of Jassy. In 1870 he sprang into prominence with his poetic contributions to the Junimist review, *Convorbiri Literare (Literary Entertainments)*, and thereby created a new school of Roumanian poetry. He died in 1889 in an insane asylum from the blow of a fellow inmate. He was essentially the poet of the masses, though he wrote a great deal of bourgeois verse. Perhaps his most celebrated single poem was "Emperor and Proletarian." It is one of the most revolutionary things of its kind written in Europe in the last fifty years. It is a blistering attack against capitalism and religion, and a call to the peasants to rise up and crush them both.

> Vain lies and empty phrases alone the states sustaining;
> Pretence that destined order they cunning portray;
> To make ye strong defenders, by discipline constraining;
> To fight your very brothers, they drive ye to the fray. . . .
>
> Crush down the social order, accursed and unfair,
> That 'twixt the poor and wealthy our human kind divides. . . .
> Yea, shiver unto atoms all pomp and ostentation,
> And from its granite clothing our human life disrobe;
> Cast off its gold and purple, its grief and nauseation;
> Make life a dream unfathomed, a vision's emanation
> That moveth to eternity exempt from passion's probe.

There is a preface by George Bernard Shaw, and an introduction by Dr. N. Iorga, professor at the University of Bucharest, associate professor at the Sorbonne, member of the Roumanian Academy, and corresponding member of the French Institute.

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VOLUME XXI NUMBER 83

The American
MERCURY

November 1930

MEMOIR OF A WET CAMPAIGN

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

In late Springtime, Summer, and Autumn the mountains that circle Hintersdorf are lovely with a bright illusion of full-breasted beauty, and many are the eager motorists who swarm there from afar to set the undergrowth afire, strew the glades with towny litter, and uproot the shy, charming pink azalea. When they have sated themselves and driven joyously away, more come, and more and more, to wallow on the bosom of the unwitting enchantress. All this goes on from May to October.

Far different are these same hills, seen through cindered eyes over an empty stomach in the dawn of a mousey April morning; then they appear as hunks of some dreadful ant-riddled cake cast off by a glutted ogre. As the mists melt and clot away, the mountains stand forth for what they truly are: bleak monuments to thick-headed settlers who long ago raped the ridges of their stately conifers and hardwoods, and floated them down to the sea. In exchange, dollars came back upstream, bringing the pioneers unwonted ease. They founded and educated First Families, and their offspring merely supervised while hired axmen chopped the second and third growth, and seared the hillsides with log trails.

Debauchery tells, however, even upon the most passive victim. In the last generation the hills have been slow, save in the gentler seasons, to cover their forlorn nakedness with that alluring half-raiment which compels conquest. So, down in Hintersdorf, the Big Men sublimate their yearnings and supervise creatures other than axmen: machine shops, paint factories, the cattle-powder works, banks, foundries, mills.

They dine on Prosperity, yet somehow they feed leanly; they actually look hungry, Hooverized. Ever and anon, they lick their lips and glance lecherously toward the hills. Just you wait——!

Their little, gnomish souls are so truthfully mirrored by the bare Winter mountains; had Paul and I known as much that April morning on the Hintersdorf railroad platform, we should have been spared the trouble that always attends an errand of fools. But we didn't know; we had to learn.

The mission that took us to Hintersdorf was political; we had been bidden to organize a wet committee there for the primary election campaign. The theory of the job, as outlined to us amiably by a former newspaper colleague, was something like this:

"When you pull in, go see the city editor of the local paper. Take him out for a few drinks. Spend a couple of dollars, to show you're sports. After you've got friendly, ask who the big village wets are. As soon as you find out, go see the biggest wet of them all. Get him to be your chairman, and pick a local campaign committee. When it's picked, you stick around and help. The committee can have an appropriation of $1500."

It seemed very simple to Paul and me.

II

Hintersdorf is neither *dorf* nor city; it is an overgrown town creeping each year farther across an agricultural valley where farmers distill superb apple brandy and dynamite-rye, yet boast that they would vote dry if Christ himself came out on a wet ticket. Their moist valley fills nearly all the county, and Hintersdorf is its seat.

The town is off the main rail trunks, and squats at the end of a jerkwater spur. Lately, however, the Chamber of Commerce has persuaded the railroad to run experimental twin expresses between Hintersdorf and the State metropolis. Much local pride attends their arrivals and departures; when the engines toot, citizens take out their watches and say:

"There comes, there goes, the Hintersdorfer."

A chain hotel, mothering a non-sectarian shrine for all worshippers at the Service club altar, accommodates the transient guests of Hintersdorf. Other modern fixtures include a pay-leave trolley line, a taxi company, a park system, a handful of diversified industries and a 200-bed hospital for overhauling their victims, and a newspaper which never prints a word about factory accidents unless the Big Men specifically approve. There also is a bush-league ball-team.

The ghostly needs of Hintersdorf are adequately supplied by one synagogue and two Catholic, and three Episcopal, churches. Apart from these, there are twenty-odd tabernacles catering to itches that are far from ghostly; they are given over wholly to big-time, evangelico-political klonklaves.

The shepherds who manage these dens also run the town of Hintersdorf, and make no secret of their wire-pullings and their meddlings. They and they alone can tell the obliging mayor what to do, and when; their thumbprints appear on the bib of every judge, on the petition of every local candidate, on the crust of every civic pie. They hound the school-teachers, they bully and boycott advertisers, and they censor into anæmia all public amusements. In 1918 they dried up Hintersdorf; in 1928 they kept it dry and made it safely Republican, and today, to hold the fruits of victory all compact, they are determined to sit on the lid till Kingdom Come and Glory Be. They constitute an absolute, powerful oligarchy.

The scholarly old rabbi, the two strapping priests, and the three aloof Anglicans count for nothing outside their congregations. They have no reason to; they decently stick to their business, and stay away from politics.

It didn't take us long to learn these facts, and also to learn that our prescribed technique of organization was no good. To begin with, the local daily was militantly bone dry, from owner and managing editor down to the lowliest cub. Such fellows I have always found personally undependable, whatever regard they may assume for an ex-brother of the craft, and to suggest a purely social drink to any of them would have been beckoning certain disaster. Yet Paul and I were not disappointed; from State headquarters we obtained the names of the local wet sympathizers, and started after them with much hope, great confidence.

Remember that it was our first venture into politics, and remember also that we had more childish faith in human honesty than was good for us, despite our newspaper training. That faith survived for three of our six weeks of campaign, and then yielded up its tattered ghost.

The one issue was clearly cut, far enough ahead to allow of recognition by everyone who wished to vote. The major dry candidate was a demagogue, yet honest enough to state his position flatly and without any qualification: he was for retention of Prohibition, both national and State. Our own candidate was dripping wet, and pledged to throw all his energies toward repeal. In the middle, burning to jump somewhere yet unable for the life of him to do it, stood a straddler whose platform vaguely favored "some change in our Prohibition system." Many voters interpreted this plank to mean the return of light wines and beer; others, more familiar with old-fashioned political chicanery, put an entirely opposite construction upon it.

Anyhow, there the three of them stood: dry, straddler, and wet. The dry had his own organization, a live relic of former years, plus the Anti-Saloon League, and the evangelists aforesaid. The straddler had a crafty, highly organized steam-roller. The wet had for an active weapon a skeleton army of such amateurs as ourselves. Over and above his homely, unquestioned honesty and his administrative sagacity, our faction put much stock in the fact of his having been indorsed by an anti-dry society.

Alas, Paul and I soon learned that such indorsement meant less than nothing to most of the society's individual members in unique Hintersdorf. Since election day we have learned, also, that it means little elsewhere in the State, the big cities excepted.

Plenty of citizens in Hintersdorf and Hinter county had signed the membership lists of this liberal organization; numbers of them had even volunteered to carry those lists around and solicit signatures. Certain influential ones, who owned to no fear of pastors, had let their names be used as local vice-regents, and the State wet stronghold, scanning these names and pondering their surface value, was naïvely optimistic. Some of that optimism was directly implanted in Paul and me by telegraph and mail. We opened our headquarters, made considerable rumble with advertising, and went forth to rally the bold signers.

The first one we approached was a manufacturer, florid and genial. Damn right he'd signed a wet list; he didn't care who knew it. Time people showed they had a little backbone. Why, it was getting to be awful! Lock you up nowadays for buying corks! Lock you up in this State on no evidence at all; dry agents only had to imagine they *smelled* licker!

Cheerily, then, we put our case before him, asked him to be our chairman. He dropped us like hot potatoes, and backed rapidly away.

"I should sa-a-a-ay *not*! Me *stultify* myself? Why, I don't even belong to your party! No sirree!"

"But can't you see," said Paul, "that your parties don't mean a thing any more? That the only issue is wet and dry? That if there's ever going to be a start made toward knocking out Prohibition, it's got to be made now, when the whole country's fretting?"

He professed to see well enough, but he

simply wouldn't "stultify" himself. We quibbled and bargained for a long time, and finally drew one concession: he would let us pass out literature at his factory gate.

The second minute-man on the list refused to see us. Puzzled, we appealed to one of his friends, who explained.

"He's just cagey. Call him again, kid him along, and make an appointment." I telephoned, and got a rich greeting framed in billingsgate. One would have thought the fellow a Southern hedge parson instead of a professional man. He foamed, raged, threatened, and insulted.

"Why the hell did you sign up as a wet, then?" I asked.

"You've got no right to question me!" he yelled over the wire. I replied that I took orders only from State headquarters; that they had ordered me to approach him, and that therefore it was my duty to follow him until I got a satisfactory explanation. Then he calmed, his frightened jabbering became intelligible, and the reason came out: he was afraid to jeopardize a relative's halfpenny political career by open espousal of our own.

Prospect Number 3 was one who had aided in getting wet signatures. He was glad, very glad, to see us. Yes, the hour was ripe; the doom of the drys was at hand. Prohibition was a farce—how many of them told us that!—and he was dismally tired of it. Time to ring the curtain down.

Well then, would he give a helping yank on the rope? For the third time, our suggestion was a bombshell.

Couldn't possibly! Y'see, it's this way: do a lot of business with the church people here, and church towns in the county. Couldn't take a chance on hurting business. Absolutely not. Feel my obligation ended, anyhow, when I got those signatures and sent in my own name.

"But couldn't you even call a private meeting of wets, where we two could get our committee organized? Time's growing short. And you needn't take any active hand, you know."

No, it wouldn't do at all. The neighbors might hear of it. Beside, he was out for a minor local candidate who was dry, and to get his feet wet in the big fight wouldn't be right, would it? Sorry.

From his office we went to consult a lawyer of the town. His name wasn't on our roll, but he had been mentioned repeatedly during the buck-passing of the others as one who "could tell you boys a thing or two." He did, very bluntly and courageously, we thought at the time. He said:

"You're in an embarrassing position, a dangerous position! You're licked before you start; your campaign's going to be a flop in Hintersdorf. Best thing you can do is pack your bags and go home. I don't want to hurt your feelings, don't want to discourage you, but that's the only way I can see it."

It was not until some time afterward that we heard he made a fat living off rum case defenses. Hearing it, we put two and two together and got the sum of five.

III

The Hinter county gentry were our next bets. Upon their doorsteps and mounting-blocks we parked until we got a hearing. They were excellent fellows, and gentlemen, once we reached them. They consoled, and sympathized, and brought forth good cigars. They tendered luncheon and golf invitations, they offered countless suggestions, they pointed out side alleys up which we might, if we were fortunate, snare some possible campaign material. How about themselves?

"Goodness, no! Love to, but there's that directors' meeting over in New York next week, and we've all got to inspect the plant afterward."

"Damn! I forgot! There's a dog show on the umpteenth. I'm really with you in this thing, though. Maybe next time."

"Awf-ly sorry. I'm riding in a point-to-point next month; takes every spare hour to keep condition."

"Just my luck, losing a crack at these holier-than-thou's. But with a big wedding in the family—you know how it is."

Thus we ran, staggered, and crawled down the list, vainly seeking a wet who possessed decency, integrity, and above all courage enough to make an open stand against continuance of the Noble Experiment. Between searches, we ourselves were sought out by several who had none of those virtues, but who were willing to fight for anything to the tune of $100 a week. These bravos we shunted outside, and continued hunting.

We came by the process of elimination to one who in happier times had made considerable money from the sale of wet goods. He was in the bathtub, his wife said when we called; would we wait? We sat around, long enough for any white man to have soaked and scrubbed every micron of hide off himself. By and by, his wife reappeared. She seemed profoundly surprised to see us still there.

"I'm so sorry," she told us. "He must have slipped out the back door. He's absent minded that way, you know."

It wasn't long before we were realizing the full significance of that robust term, "one hell of a time!" Laughed at, rebuffed like *caoutchouc* salesmen, lustily cursed and otherwise lathered with assorted varieties of contumely; made to sit in anterooms, made to keep out-of-the-way appointments that were conveniently broken after long, expectant waits—made sublime monkeys of, in short, by timid humbugs and roaring cowards who should have been allies—we descended finally to the last man on the list. Paul went out and investigated him; came back in an hour, swearing.

"He's a speakeasy bartender," he spat. "Might as well hire Al Capone to fight the Sullivan law as use this one."

We took the cursed muster-roll—crumpled, dog-eared and dirty it was, now—and unfolded it. Paul touched a match. We watched it burn and blacken, curl and whiten again, in the gutter. Then we drove out to confer with a wet who was ill.

When we turned in at his gate and saw the reposeful old stone house hiding its ivied chimneys behind a screen of cedars and holly, we half expected a flunkey to appear and motion us away, we were that used to it. But no. A gardener grubbing about with some bulbs only smiled and waved his hand, a dog came wagging out, and we followed him to a terrace where a woman and a girl sat, reading.

IV

Beyond the curtain of cedars we left for a moment the half-ludicrous, half-tragic organism that is both Hinter county and Hintersdorf; on the hither side we were welcomed by civilized folk who set our futile feet right. We breathed their hospitality, rested, and stretched ourselves. The head of the house received us in his bedroom, where he lay very much a temporary wreck, but he proved a wise counselor, and in the end we went away confident again. Through his advice and the aid of a retired politician, we at last got a chairman.

He was a tough and wiry Celt who in earlier days had seen the world from the rods of fast freights, from the summits of coal tipples, from the fire escapes of workingmen's hotels in a hundred cities.

Having paused now and then to dig in the earth, to sweat in mills, or to peddle, he digested what he had seen, and took to reading the radicals. Their ideas he had been moved to expound from a soap-box, until youth waned and his head and stomach showed him the vanity of practicing Socialism. One day he stopped in Hintersdorf, liked the look of the Summer hills, and stayed to build up a necessary business and achieve a good competence. At heart he remained a humorous radical.

In local politics he took a sporting interest; he delighted in stirring up the hyenas of town and county by preposterously filing himself for some impossible office, and waging a relentless campaign for the fun of it. It was said that he had contested every office from that of dog-catcher to the Town Council presidency. His nickname, by the way, was Bawney.

For paid secretary we hired a repatriate Hintersdorfer who knew not only the psychology of the local inhabitants, but that of the back country and neighbor counties as well. He was aggressive, a born talker, and respected despite his recent return from the South as a prodigal.

Now there began for the four of us days that started at cockcrow and ended after midnight, that opened with bill-posting and closed with rallies and harangues in obscure halls and barns and public garages. We made clumsy speeches, we buttonholed, and we argued. In turn, we were cheered and jeered and heckled. We dined one day upon roast sucking pig in a renegade's farmhouse, and the next upon hot-dogs at a wayside stand; our food was usually washed down with the libations that Andy Volstead has made standard with the rustic. We found them very good indeed, and far superior to anything the city feller pours down his gullet.

Literature was distributed by the hundredweight, through the agency of paid professionals and by our scattered converts at crossroads and hamlets. Special batches were rushed here and there in emergencies by taxiloads of the jobless who continually besieged us for work. Naturalized voters were supplied with dodgers and pamphlets in their native tongues; *ignoranti* who couldn't read were herded together and addressed in simple phrases. We took space in the newspapers, but only with judicious frugality, for the rates were high and the payment demand was instant.

In other hours we canvassed from house to house, even violating the Hintersdorf Sabbath to gain assurances of support. These were not many. Numerous enfranchised youngsters seemed to be for us, but the majority of older freedmen were apathetic when not downright hostile. The few literate Negroes in the town were sanguine to our cause, as were the Italians and Jews. It was a sympathetic Jew, in fact, who rented us a $600-a-month headquarters location, prize site of the town, for a comparative song.

V

Those headquarters were the scene of curious happenings. The day we opened a crowd collected, and after some muttering it sent in an indignant spokesman to ask who had the impudence and temerity to paint "Wet Headquarters" on a Hintersdorf shop window? Cops came later, to snoop around with that whatever-is, is-wrong look; hideous females entered, and screamed maledictions; a stool-pigeon dropped in to ask if we could give him a drink.

Next day arrived two heavy men with long feet and lips that trickled tobacco juice; cheap private detectives or dry agents, anyone could tell in a wink.

"We're from Cleveland," they announced, and as if we believed them, continued: "Want to open a branch office. Like your location. C'n we measure your space behind that partition?" We let them measure, with Bawney watching. One went through the sham of stepping off dimensions, and his partner made a show of putting down notations in a book. Now and then the stepper-off halted, rodentlike, to look around and finger something bulky in his breast pocket. When he saw Bawney's stare he left off, and they departed shortly, after asking questions about the landlord. On a hunch, Paul followed. They went not toward the landlord's, but toward the railroad station.

"Lice from the dry bureau," warned Bawney. "Trying to plant a pint. Watch out!" We had already made a rule against any rum on the premises, and now we detailed our colored porter to sentry duty against framers. As the bluff town lawyer had told us, we were in a hazardous position.

No Othello could have picketed his spouse's charms more jealously than our blackamoor guarded the wet base. When we were able to spare him from this task, we dispatched him to electioneer among his brethren, or to drop our literature in the social haunts of sooty Hintersdorfers. It was on his account that a quarrelsome churchwoman entered one day, and started after Bawney:

"The self-respecting folks in this town think it's terrible way you allow a nigger gallivantin' around here and all and go away leaving him in charge of the place! Ain't it enough for you to come in here with your unlawful propaganda without insultin' white people tell me now?"

"Madam," replied Bawney, "he's the only honest man we could find in Hintersdorf."

In view of the hostility of Hintersdorf, our judgment in remaining there may well be questioned, and had we found it to be an honestly dry town, governed as its citizens desired, I think we should have cleared out and left them in arid peace. But Hintersdorf isn't honestly dry; it is only crookedly, shamefacedly so. Its citizens drink frequently and bestially; it is under frowns from the pulpits that their wistful spirit dissolves, that they vote dry. In private they continue to grumble and groan and otherwise lament for hours on end.

Consider their drinking habits. The biggest bar in Hintersdorf is a block long, and located in an underground dungeon, to which entrance may be gained only after passing a series of heavy doors and the eyes of a lookout who peers in all directions at once. When we saw this tremendous bar it was lined four deep, so that drinks had to be relayed hand-over-head to the outlying thirsty. Tables were all about, similarly crowded.

Surely, then, there was merriment, *Brüderschaft*? No! There was in the whole vast place not a word of hearty talk, not a laugh, not a glimmer of good fellowship; only the clink of glasses and a depressing hum, and over all the continual schlupp, schlupp of forbidden beverages going down. So, I thought, must Ulysses' men have guzzled after Circe transformed them.

In a corner we passed the time of day with the cave's keeper, and he agreed that the spectacle was scandalous, that the shifty secrecy of it was a degrading nuisance. He longed for open doors, a license, and cheerful, decorous drinking again.

"Then you're surely voting wet, you and your crowd, aren't you?"

"We are like hell!" he said with sudden venom. "We got our orders, and don't think we ain't!"

Even his customers' brand of cellar

swilling is too hotsy, too ultra, to be taken as the true drinking pattern of Hintersdorf. To view the real local standard, a shocking species of hog drinking, we had to visit the mountain shanties far away from hidden town bars and well stocked homes.

Everyone who can afford it either owns or is partner in a shanty: built of logs, corrugated iron, or shingles, and concealed up one of the numerous creek hollows a safe distance from town. There, snug beyond the sight of families, neighbors, clerics, and the police, the Hintersdorfers unshackle their inhibitions, doff their store clothes, and fall upon the demijohns. Their bouts last for days; sometimes it takes weeks to recapture the lost feeling of independence and freedom.

"Where's So-and-So? Haven't seen him downtown lately," a man on the street will ask.

"Oh, off on a shanty tear," is the likely reply. "Be back next week."

The majority of his kind, when they do recover and come back, resume their entities as sound, dry citizens, and are thought none the less of.

So fond of its liquor is Hintersdorf that ten years ago it cleared the hills and valley of all save the most seasoned distillers, hence Hinter county booze today is neither poisoned nor cut, and may be drunk copiously. The native product, in fact, is so competently made and aged that a straight tumbler of it leaves the mouth and throat membranes intact; there is not a headache in a gallon.

As an adjunct to its good whiskey and brandy, Volsteadian Hintersdorf runs to a newer, more peculiar drink, known by the lugubrious name of Damned Shame. It is a sort of wine, like the sauterne of the old table d'hôte places in color and taste, but leaving with the tongue a moldy after-suggestion of malt and hops. I learned upon inquiry that it is fermented from sugar water that has been dumped upon the dregs of homebrew kegs and crocks.

Nearly all of the Hintersdorf clubs have private bars, accessible only to recognized members, yet somehow evidence has invariably seeped out, and they have been raided one after another in the most modern manner. But in the teeth of these raids and attendant hatchetings of their expensive property, not one club could we persuade to indorse our wet candidate, either publicly or privately.

One of the local organizations had a reputation for being extraordinarily careful in its admissions to the bar; it was said that Gambrinus himself, proposed by Baron de Mumm and seconded by the whole Busch clan, couldn't get in if the bartender ruled no. Yet it was raided. Hintersdorf's Good Men had found an impecunious hypocrite among the members, proffered money, and the rest was easy.

This aggrieved club happened to have a splendid marching corps, pride of the county, and an outfit that brought success to any parade. Our candidates were scheduled for speeches in town, and it was our idea to herald their arrival by engaging the corps to perform. Accordingly, we dickered with the club officials and reached an understanding. On the day before the arrival, when it was too late to hire any other music, the deal was suddenly called off. Why?

"Some mice got into the drums," we were told.

VI

The candidates came to town with a busload of their own music, fortunately, and drew a street ovation in a beating rain. Before the evening's speeches we presented them at a private dinner to a small group of the less timorous wets, taking care that the number also included a representative of each local *Saufverein* that had fallen prey to the drys. Painstakingly, every plank of the wet platform was picked to splinters for the instruction of these guests, and then we repaired to the public rostrum.

Here copies of the speeches were handed in advance to the yokel reporters who attended. During the meeting, we made it our business to see that these copies were checked, word for word, against any possible digression or rephrasing by the speakers.

In the course of his talk, one candidate pledged himself upon the bones of a Revolutionary ancestor to disregard in private life the Federal and State enforcement acts. In that phase of his declamation he said nothing whatever about the Constitution. His voice was loud and clear, his words plain, and not even a fool could have misunderstood them.

Yet despite all our precautions, next morning's headlines in the dry daily untruthfully quoted him as defying the Constitution, and binding himself upon oath to violate it!

Such errors, to say the least, are bad newspaper practice. But we didn't argue that point, for we were in Hintersdorf and face to face with Hintersdorf's ethics. We merely registered a protest, and applied for a correction, which was duly printed.

So the campaign moved toward its climax. Increasing were the demands for our time, for literature, for telephoned explanations of this or that platform detail to burghers who feared to be seen entering our headquarters, and for assurances that our candidates would not be bought off at the last minute. Out in the country, the wife of our host was slaving bravely alone, spending her own money on the harrowing task of converting the rural females.

Keeping pace with our work, annoyances also multiplied. Down-at-heel loafers harassed us day and night, threatening dire treachery unless we hired them as poll watchers at $10 a day. Petty precinct bosses cadged for handouts. Almost hourly, a Latin volunteer rushed in with many a dramatic "watta hal'," to report that some "sambeesh" was tearing down our placards. A moonstruck vagabond who professed to be an organizer for a hobo association was the worst pest; he dogged us with an offer of 300 voteless bums' support, for which he asked $300.

He and the other harlequins danced their crazy rigadoons against a restless background that was made up of panhandlers, cranks, phony war veterans, sidewalk evangelists, and plain, everyday talk-hungry idiots. It required great fortitude not to close up the headquarters and run off somewhere, anywhere.

There were hours when the four of us had wild, fantastic flashes of triumph, and other hours when despair and nerves tripped up all our hopes and sent them tobogganing. Always, State headquarters would assure us:

"Hang on! Anything can happen in politics!"

Anything is a word that covers a lot of territory, bad as well as good, and accordingly we tried to prepare ourselves. But not even Bawney, who had lived and fought alongside the most depraved and outcast of men, could stretch his facile imagination to suspect the snide trick that was in store for us. It was soon played by the Christian Soldiers of Hintersdorf, in the characteristic manner of the nether American ecclesiastic.

Their method was quite simple and familiar on the face of it: the Sunday before election they preached from the lying text of the dry daily's thumping misquotation.

The master stroke was this: before they flayed us with the evangelical weapons of calumny and vituperation, they carefully locked the tongues of their audiences, and bade the newspaper be silent.

Thus we were deprived of all defense, and then attacked. Although we had overwhelming proof of malice, we could get none of slander. Because not a word was published, we could not claim libel.

However, such things always leak out. A hint here, an anonymous telephone call there, and by election eve we possessed a fair idea of what had been said. But that availed us little, for we were still powerless to obtain evidence that would stand in court.

We might yet have made the motions of suing to show that we weren't down for the count, but it would have gained us nothing at that late date. Anyhow, we *were* down by sunset of the next day, when the polls closed.

There is hardly anything more to tell. The dry carried Hinter county. The straddler ran second, and our chief candidate third. After we had conceded defeat, one of our State leaders said to the press:

"We have aroused the wet sentiment to a realization that it must vote in accordance with its convictions."

Well, maybe. But not in Hintersdorf.

ORDEAL BY BUS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

MODERN business, as everyone knows, cannot be carried on without a great deal of scientific research into its problems. The most modern manifestation of the transportation industry, the bus business, is no exception to this rule.

The casual student of industrial trends, reading and hearing of the fierce competition between bus and railroad lines, and learning how the railroads are "girding themselves for battle", probably pictures the bus men on the other hand as spending all their time laughing up their sleeves. The picture is false. As a matter of fact, many of the problems of the infant coach business are vast and vexatious.

Consider, for example, the difficulty of working out with mathematical precision just how long a traveler can ride without going to the wash-room. The railroaders have nothing of the sort to wrestle with. In the earliest days of their craft they equipped every car with lavatories, labeled at one end "Men", and at the other end "Women", and called it a day. Occasionally the brush and comb might need disinfecting, or even be missing altogether; or there might be no liquid soap in the soap containers; moreover, the door to the cabinet always seemed to be locked when the train came near a station and was opened again only at the porter's or conductor's fancy. But at least you knew that it was there. The bus men, however, find the "rider-comfort" problem dogging every step they take.

They have tried putting lavatories in buses, but such equipment is still considered somewhat freakish. The trouble is that every time the layman hears of it, he begins reflecting, "What will our highways look like if in addition to being drenched with gasoline and oil they are also to be sloshed down all day with waste water from fleets of high-speed, rubber-tired wash-rooms?" Such speculations as these do not help the public relations of the bus industry. Nevertheless, there are plumbers—or, as they now call themselves, sanitary engineers—who still push "modern coach plumbing", declaring that "this convenience is more than merely an added comfort; it is fast becoming a recognized necessity". The big slogan that sells the goods announces that the bus fixtures of a certain big New York plumbing house "require no more space than that required to seat a single passenger".

Still, the problem remains one of the most pressing in the bus profession. It must be one of three things—lavatories in the buses, toilets in the terminals, or more stops. In nine States of the union the public service commissions have taken the matter in hand, and probably it will not be long before a reform sweeps the country like Farm Relief. In these nine States the intercity bus companies are required either to have their terminals equipped with toilets, or to have plenty of five-minute stops for the same purpose. The law even fixes the distance or lapse of time between such stops. The mathematically determined and scientifically approved limit, expressed in time, is from one and one-half to two hours, or, in distance, from fifty to sixty miles.

The railroads, barging along all these years, have been developing their service on the theory that what the traveling public wants is more and more comfort. But after contemplating some long bus trips across this country, and the droves of Americans who keep on taking them in spite of everything, one feels that it is easy to go wrong on this theory. In the last four years the number of interstate buses using the highways for long-haul business and patronized by travelers who used to ride on railroad trains, has increased 400%. At the beginning of 1930 they were operating more than 75,000 miles of route. In 1929 they carried 38,000,000 passengers and collected in gross revenue, the sum of $47,500,000.

This, mind you, included only buses classed as interstate. Buses that do not cross State lines but ply between cities within a State did a business more than three times as great as to revenue, and ten times as great as to passengers carried. The bus business, in truth, seems to be growing at a terrific rate, and nobody can tell where it is going to stop or when. Why it grows so fast is hard to say. Here we have the steam railroads producing comforts for travelers with all the ingenuity of a magician pulling silk flags out of a thimble. One of them put on exhibition the other day a new day-coach with plush reclining chairs made so that you can sleep all night without spending the price of a berth in a Pullman car, and with a lunch-counter at one end, where you can get lunch any time, day or night. Railroad operating men sleep with pads and pencils by their beds, and every arthritic twinge during the night brings them out of the sheets to jot down a new idea for softer cushions, fancier lights, or deeper curtseys by conductors. The bus men too, are wakeful, but they make nothing like as rapid progress. Not only is the average bus an uncomfortable vehicle to travel in, but it drops you out at uncomfortable spots. Indeed, wherever you turn to contemplate the problems of the bus business, you seem to find that they all begin and end with the problem of the "comfort-stop".

II

Up and down the highways of every American industry stalk Men of Vision pointing the way to Finer Attitudes, Higher Aims, Better Public Service. In the bus business they exhort the brethren to put more comfort into their comfort-stops. Mr. Lewis R. Freeman, a diligent student of the problem, reports that his comparison of two transcontinental journeys by bus shows comfort-stop conditions little if any better now than they were in 1925. Lack of big terminal stations such as the railroads have is largely responsible for this unpleasant situation. The number of stations is growing, of course, each with its waiting-rooms, lunch counters, cigar and news stands and lavatories galore, but such luxuries cost money and involve a substantialness and permanency that is slow to appear in the bus business, for it is still easy to buy a bus, fill it up with gas, and start a line.

These lines make casual comfort-stop arrangements with hotel and lunch-room keepers in towns and cities along the route. Thus, several times in the course of a day, a long-haul bus rolling through the dusty West will pull up in front of a small-town hotel, and out will clamber a crowd of disreputable looking pilgrims as stiff in the joints, as dirty and as wrinkled as though they had been riding across a desert on the backs of camels. Experienced bus travelers always wear their oldest clothes. On some long routes overalls are coming into style. All these gypsies, men and women, at once make a bee-line for the lavatories. But observers for the bus industry report that in 90% of the little hotels there are locks and nickel-in-the slot devices on all the doors, and in the other 10% there is just one single unlocked chamber that bus riders may use for nothing. So for the first few minutes of the comfort-stop there is considerable confusion; folks fishing in their pockets for nickels; and if they have none, going to the clerk in the lobby and making him change one-dollar and five-dollar bills without buying anything, if they are hard-boiled travelers; or purchasing a couple of nickel cigars if they are more timid, or buying one two-cent stamp if they like to torture the hotel clerks; then all rushing back to the wash-rooms.

Statistics show that 20 to 25% of the comfort-stops are always running out of paper towels. In another 20% the traveler has to drop a cent or a nickel in a slot to get a towel and a cake of soap. If it is afternoon and the place has liquid soap containers they will be empty nine times out of ten.

In only about 50% of these hotels can a disheveled bus rider get a drink of water without patronizing the dining-room. Where the comfort-stop is a lunch-room or restaurant the percentage of times he can get a drink without patronizing the lunch-counter seems to be virtually negligible. If he wants one he will have to buy food or else summon up nerve enough to ask for one without. This sometimes takes a good deal of gall, especially if the lunch-room proprietor is a Greek, and one happens to be the eighth or tenth in line. At gasoline stops it is not uncommon to see a thirsty bus rider clamber out, look wildly around for a drinking fountain, and then grab the filling-station hose provided for squirting water into the radiators, clamp his jaws on the nozzle and turn on the spigot; and he would be just as happy if it turned out to be a piece of gas tubing instead of a hose.

Critics of the bus riding business do not understand why these hotel and lunch-room proprietors do not do better by the loads of potential customers dumped into their laps by pre-arrangement with the bus companies. Even if all the passengers don't spend money, some of them will, and the comfort-stop place will get the trade to the exclusion of the other lunch-rooms and hotels. The forward-looking promoters of Better Public Service gently adjure the comfort-stop landlords to brush up on their public relations, fling wide their doors, turn on the free water, and wash out the brush and comb at least once a week, thus selling more pie and sandwiches, attracting more customers to the bus line, and so creating bigger and better business.

But most of the rest-stop magnates can see no farther than the width of their own cash registers. The Greeks seem to be particularly dense about this public service theory. At least one official comfort-stop is reported out in Nebraska—where the Greek proprietor, in a greasy apron with sleeves rolled up, and order book and pencil in hand, bravely awaits the arrival of each bus. Standing guard at the door to the lavatory, he beats off the attack, or at least slows it up, by demanding to know what each pilgrim is going to order for lunch. If that fails he waits for the pilgrims to emerge, and every one hardy enough to resist this second drive has to submit to a third-degree when he attempts to pass the cashier on his way out without paying a meal check.

What makes the modern American traveler such a glutton for punishment? What keeps him from returning to the railroads, where he has luxurious lavatories, free soap, attentive porters, comfortable smoking salons and elegant dining-cars? The bus men themselves do not know, or at least they didn't at the last annual meeting of the American Railway Association Motor Transport Division, held in Toronto. At that meeting P. J. Neff, assistant to the president of the Missouri Pacific Lines, and vice-president of the Missouri Pacific Transportation Company at St. Louis, declared that the bus moguls should give serious study to the character of motor coach traffic, and try to learn some sound reasons for the diversion of riding from railways to highways.

Back of this sortie into the field of research, of course, is the bus men's first shock at discovering customers returning eagerly for more after experiences with Greek lunch-rooms and comfort-stops. The real reason, of course, as all bus men really know, is that their passengers are the sort of people who like bus travel because it is cheaper than railroad travel. Linked with this attraction is also the lure of the open road and of the automobile ride. Most bus riders are probably not automobile owners. The constantly growing revenues of the long-distance lines come from the sort of people who regard the chance to take a motor tour for less than the cost of a train trip as one of the greatest boons to mankind since the discovery of America. The fact that the older rail route is more comfortable either never occurs to them or they sweep it aside and think of the bus ride as a great adventure, similar to the adventures of the old pioneers in stage coaches. Indeed, with a smart understanding of this psychic feature, many bus operators now call their routes stage lines.

But, of course, they want the high class trade as well as the riff-raff. The Men of Vision in the business do not hesitate to assure the operators that they will never attract discriminating and finicky travelers without a more scientific and effective approach to the comfort-stop problem. This is equivalent to an admission that the railroads, in their battle for existence, have been successful so far in keeping the cream of the riding business, and that is probably true.

Since the long distance bus business will never be completely successful without a large share of this *de luxe* trade, the bus manufacturers, bus operators and bus ballyhoo men now go after it with great diligence and ingenuity. Since gilt-edged service involves a gaudy front, and since that costs money, and the little fellows have little money, the whole trend is in the direction of mergers, the substitution of a few big companies for a lot of small ones. The year 1929 saw many such consolidations. Ninety-four poor little companies were melted down to 28 rich big ones. Most of the little companies were gobbled up by larger companies, but a few were absorbed by competing railroads. An interesting example of this sort of merger, which tells, moreover, the sort of romantic fortune-building story that most Americans like, was the purchase of the Interstate Transit Lines by Carl R. Gray's Union Pacific Railroad. The president of the Interstate Transit Lines was Russell J. Walsh. In 1913 Mr. Walsh started in the intercity bus business with $250, buying for that sum a bus line from Omaha to Nebraska City equipped with high-riding rattling vehicles that now make wonderful museum pieces. In 1929 the Union Pacific bought him out for $1,500,000. In sixteen years Mr. Walsh had become a bus baron controlling a network of all the major lines in his locality, and they were equipped with sumptuous leather-seated pneumatic-tired leviathans that comfort-stopped at all the best Hellenic hash houses in the great State of Nebraska.

III

Thus the ancient and marvelous science of transportation progresses. The bigger the coach companies grow and the more money there is behind them, the farther they will get from the lunch-room comfort-stop, with its armed sentries at the lavatory doors, its nickel-in-the-slot locks, its tariff for paper towels, its soapless soap-dishes. When a bus line gets big enough it goes in for bus terminals whose luxuries are calculated to rival the delectable retreats of bronze and marble provided by the railroads. There is more rejoicing in national long-haul bus circles over a new mid-city coach terminal than there is in Heaven over one sinner who repenteth. Terminals mean permanency and the chief bugaboo of the bus business is impermanence. Rails, yards, shops, huge passenger dépôts, these give an appearance of stability to the railroad business, but a bus line without a terminal is just a lot of buses that in five years or so will be worn out.

Naturally, the world's largest bus terminal is located in the United States. The honor belongs to Kansas City. It cost $3,000,000, and its men's and women's lavatories and free drinking fountains are the pride of the long-haul bus world. Here is a place where the arriving bus traveler, shaped somewhat like a man who has been over Niagara Falls in a barrel, may depart as erect as any other human being, refreshed and ready for another sixty miles of kinks in the joints. It has 400 hotel rooms, each with bath adjoining; shower baths in the lavatories for travelers who don't want or need rooms; a restaurant, maid service, stores, a three-story garage, and a system of loud-speakers for announcing arrivals and departures. Other bus terminals elsewhere are but lesser editions of the Kansas City mammoth, though the Omaha station boasts the distinction of a ninety-foot-long glass wall through which the traveler resting in the waiting-room can see the buses arrive and depart in the "loading concourse."

While straightening out their terminal problems the country's best stage-coach brains are also pressing against the question of man-power. As a matter of fact, a long-distance bus driver who gives complete satisfaction to his boss's customers and to the boss as well deserves immediate canonization. As Mr. W. E. Fuller, vice president of a company operating out of Chicago, said in a recent article, "Physically speaking, the drivers we employ must be practically 100% specimens of humanity. Requirements as to personality, character and the like are also strict, but unusual attention is paid to physique."

Incidentally, shrewd motor coach publicists are not neglecting a national campaign to inoculate the cross-country bus driver against anything like an inferiority complex, a state he is likely to fall into when angry mutterings begin arising from the sore, cramped, hungry, thirsty or scared passengers. "Hats Off to the Bus Driver," "Gallant Captain of His Bus," "The Trusted Pilot of the Highway"—these are some of the slogans of hope and cheer being wafted to the ears of the boys who keep the buses rolling. Some of the industry's enthusiasts are even tempted to compare them with officers of the Army and Navy. Plainly these bus boosters would gouge for the bus driver in the public servants' Hall of Fame a niche similar to that occupied for years by the old locomotive engineer of song and story—make him, in fact, a sort of rubber-tired Casey Jones. He deserves it. Torrential rains descend in the midst of his trips, washed out roads and bridges snip gaps in his ribbon of highway; he must drive through mud and water, buck prairie cyclones, dodge herds of wild flivvers, wet-nurse busted motors; if the bus breaks down he must get his passengers safely stowed away in hotels; he must find assistance if he needs it, beat off highwaymen, eat what is handed to him at his official comfort-stops, side-step romantic female passengers who twitter at sight of a uniform, smooth down bitter-tongued men who discourse about the rights of the public, get over the route, including detours and traffic delays, in the running time fixed by his company's schedule-makers, who have to keep an ear cocked toward the advertising office which keeps yelling for more speed; deliver his cargo intact and get back safely.

He cannot have strabismus, ankylosis, hay fever, goiter, fits or, indeed, any other disease or deformity; his reflexes, pupillary, patellar and plantar, must be O.K.; his coördination must be correct, and he must take written or oral examinations involving such questions as:

> What is a time-table?
> If you find it necessary to eject a passenger where will you eject him and how will you go about it?
> How much clear road should you have before passing a preceding car?
> Can you tell when a motor is missing?
> Have you a standard watch?

Accident prevention, of course, is behind all this paternal care about drivers. The bus operators claim that their buses are the safest vehicles on the nation's highways, and produce figures to prove it, but a large proportion of the general public is not interested in figures, and believes they are not safe at all. All bus men know of this attitude and it saddens them a good deal. A writer in *Bus Transportation*, the chief journal of the industry, says:

> Why the hue and cry and the hullabaloo about the menace of the bus on the road? The answer is fairly simple. The bus is new on our highway; it is large; and its schedule generally requires it to maintain the maximum permissible speed. The size and weight of the vehicle magnify this rate of travel, and its novelty leaves the impression vividly fixed in the imagination. . . . The driver of the bus knows exactly what his bus will do. He guides it around curves or through traffic holes which the less competent motorist would consider impassable. Not realizing this, that class of motorist is stricken with the same terror that a small child might experience under the illusion that the locomotive would leave its tracks and chase him across the back lot, or that the horse probably experienced at the approach of the early gasoline buggy.

This is all true and entirely rational but probably not reassuring to the class of motorist the writer has in mind, nor to any other sort of motorist who has had to wonder for a single desperate moment whether the monster speeding toward him directly in his path while passing another car was really going to make it.

But if publicity and the practice of public relations will exorcise the accident bugaboo and produce serene public confidence in the comfort, safety and general superiority of bus travel over every other form, the bus men may be depended upon for success. They are missing no publicity trick, and can exhibit huge stacks of clippings, from Southern and Western papers at least, all full of red hot motor bus news. Down in Florida not long ago, when that modest Commonwealth seemed sinking by the head after collision with a bank failure epidemic and a Mediterranean fruit fly quarantine, the director of publicity of a big bus company conceived the idea of a Statewide newspaper publicity campaign to restore faith and confidence in the land of eternal youth, sunshine and real estate opportunities. Needless to say, his cleverness and public spiritedness and the great value of his noble company were amply and publicly attested by many Florida statesmen, including Governor Doyle E. Carlton and the Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen, M. C.; and vast publicity grew out of the fact that the shrewd publicist had not permitted the name of his bus company to appear more than once in any one of the articles, and in some of them not at all.

"Travel stories," advises one of the promoters of bus publicity, "are gladly received by newspaper and magazine editors, when the publicity value of them is skilfully hidden." Propaganda denouncing buses because they use State highways and city streets without paying a proportionate share of taxes, is swiftly met with counter-propaganda showing the taxes the bus companies pay on equipment, franchises, mileage and gasoline. One bus publicity man advises, "If one knows that unfavorable propaganda is to be broadcast he should at once beat the anti-bus propagandist to the draw." In Chicago last Spring, when a fourteen-inch snowfall tied up traffic and so many automobiles were stalled on the car tracks that the street cars couldn't run, a big interstate bus company sent out twenty-two buses whose drivers announced loudly that people would be carried homeward along the main traffic routes without charge. This earned a lot of newspaper space, for the papers were full of blizzard stories. Down in Virginia this year a bus company that serves several cities on the Peninsula got pages of publicity in the Norfolk and Portsmouth papers by the simple expedient of taking six new coaches it had bought and parading them through town after town for a week. Another company drove several new buses through the country so the farmers along the route could see them, and pretty girls from the towns threw oranges from the bus windows at the pop-eyed rustics. The county papers were full of it—words and pictures furnished by the public relations' department.

IV

Taxation and public regulation occupy the bus men's thoughts in odd moments. Nobody seems to know how to tax the bus lines or how to regulate them. The operators are particularly galled by the often repeated charge that their vehicles use the public highways free, and they spend considerable time working out figures to disprove it. Nor are they grateful to the National Tax Association for emphasizing the theory that because the steam railroads pay 6% of their gross income for taxes and 10% for maintenance of way, buses and trucks should pay 16% of their gross in taxes in order to equalize matters. "Any State whose Legislature saw fit to apply this theory," threatens Editor Carl W. Stocks of *Bus Transportation*, "would promptly lose its bus service *in toto* unless a compensatory raise in rates were coincidentally authorized by the public utilities commission." But railroad competitors of the bus lines are suspected of believing that an authorization to raise rates is the last thing the bus companies want, for then the chief reason the public has for preferring bus to railroad travel will disappear. Hence, when the bus men cry out against equalized taxation, they are said really to be crying out against equalized rates, for the whole foundation of present successful bus competition is the cheapness of the bus ride.

Regulation of buses is as chaotic as taxation. There are almost as many brands of regulation as there are States. In some States public service commissions have jurisdiction, in others, cities handle the job through municipal ordinances. In some places fares are regulated, in others, not; some Commonwealths attempt to control types of service, others pay no attention to service. In Idaho, Oregon and Nebraska there is no limit to the number of bus companies that can operate; commissions cannot refuse anybody the right to run a bus line by arguing that there is plenty of bus service already. Time limits on operating certificates range from twenty years to three years in different States, but scarcely any State really issues a bus certificate or permit for more than one year at a time. Twelve States have one speed law for buses and another, more liberal, for private automobiles. In twenty-four States a bus chauffeur cannot be less than twenty-one years old. In other States anybody who can get a driver's license can drive a bus, which means that many bus drivers are seventeen or eighteen years old.

As a matter of fact, while much is made of these and other problems, while people denounce long distance bus travel as appallingly uncomfortable and inconvenient; as unsafe, especially on slippery roads in Winter, and as patronized principally by people who are undesirable traveling companions except for unparticular travelers, nevertheless the business grows swiftly. Are they accused of gassing the public? Along comes a Johns Hopkins scientist, Dr. J. C. W. Frazer, with the announcement of a new method of eliminating the deadly carbon monoxide from motor exhaust gases, so that a man can lock himself in the garage with his automobile still running and in the morning astound the neighbors by coming out to breakfast.

Is long distance bus travel said to be slow compared with the crack trains? Then we have the testimony of Mr. Freeman, the pro-bus publicist, who says that whereas it took him three weeks to travel by bus from coast to coast in 1926, he was able to do it in five and one-half days in 1929. Does the colored brother find himself barred from travel with white folks on long-haul bus trips? Then the Supreme Court of North Carolina (opinion by Mr. Justice Clarkson) declares the barring shall cease and the colored brother finds himself taken care of. Is long distance bus travel declared impossible at night because one cannot get Pullman accommodations? Then along comes a nite coach (the spelling is taken from the official advertisements), an incredible looking vehicle as big as a two-story cottage, shaped like a submarine, operating between Los Angeles and San Francisco, with full-length sleeping berths, dining-car service and toilets.

The operators of this line declare they are only waiting for the factory to turn out more nite coaches before establishing sleeper bus service over a dozen more routes out of Chicago, New York, Boston, Denver, Buffalo, St. Louis and Kansas City. An unbiased observer of one of these coaches might be pardoned for fearing that if a man or woman—not a stout man or woman, either, but a fairly slim one—were to turn over in the night, or if the porter should forget to put the non-skid sheets on the berth and the nite coach went a little fast around a curve, he or she would land on the floor, or perhaps in the berth across the aisle; it is quite a short hop. Something like this miniature apartment-house was bound to follow the miniature golf course. The builders have done marvelous things with space in the nite coach; they have almost entirely eliminated it.

The industry's spokesmen declare "it must be remembered that the motor bus industry cannot as yet be classed as one of the country's major industries". Yet annually now, more than 5,000,000 travelers enter or leave Los Angeles by bus. The industry's operating revenue in 1929 was $322,000,000, including city as well as intercity and interstate buses. On long distance trips alone, it introduced 422,000,000 Americans to the new joys of the comfort-stop.

The future of this huge competitor of the steam railroads, still in its infancy according to its own promoters, is known to no one. Its problems, necessarily briefed in this article, are clearly not insuperable. Its chief aim for the future is to wean private motorists away from their private motors and do it before the railroads can do it. Says a current bus builder's advertisement:

> Visualize the great future of highway transportation and its effect upon the nation! Giant vehicles carrying passengers conveniently nearer to ultimate destination! The restful luxury of well-cushioned seats! A soft ride over America's scenic routes, grown from pioneer trails actually to and past famous landmarks! At one-third less cost than rail transportation!

Slightly different in viewpoint and not quite so dizzy is the feeling in the breast of no less a business oracle than the Hon. Julius H. Barnes, at whose gentlest utterance great American industrialists fall into a great fluttering. He says:

> All this development, back to the covered wagon days, must be preserved in future progress by the same alert managerial qualities. The shadow of new competition to be measured and met rests on railways with their natural monopoly under public control, as it rests on other forms of industry free of that control. Airway competition, motor bus and motor truck competition on the thickening web of public roads built by public moneys, waterways publicly maintained for private carriers, rightly or wrongly,—all may prove to be destructive rivals, or perhaps instead, helpful feeders—Who knows yet?

Of this it may be said that the long distance bus men have no intention whatever of becoming "helpful feeders" to their rivals, the railroads; that they will see Mr. Barnes and everybody else in the bottomless pit before admitting that motor bus competition is "wrongly" permitted on public roads built with public moneys; and that they would like very much to be let alone for awhile to work out this comfort-stop problem.

THE LAW FLIRTS WITH CHANGE

BY B. H. STOODLEY

That justice and law should be identical was perhaps the earliest dream of civilized man. This dream possessed the common element of most dreams in that it proved impossible of realization. Justice, says Plato, is the harmonious functioning of all the parts of an entity so that no part aspires to action for which it is not fitted but performs with proper humility the function to which it is adapted. The Republic was Plato's dream. The Common Law is the Anglo-American realization of that dream.

One of the law schools of the country has written in bold granite upon one of its buildings the words, "Non sub homine sed sub deo et lege", and the various entrances are graced with the magic word "veritas". How anything can be under "law" and yet not under "man" calls for the best logic chopping of the legal profession, and how "truth" can be the goal of a group of men who hold in their hands the secret symbols of an occult science of self-deception and resist with adamantine force any attempts by well-meaning but misunderstanding reformers to simplify the involved system is beyond guessing. A well-known professor of logic in a New England university once said that lawyers have truth for their goal but are often led astray by the material demands of their lives. This is optimism of the noblest sort. It must be gratifying to those who are interested in the people to believe that the legal profession has its eyes on the stars, if frequently its rebellious hands grope for that which resembles the stars only in color.

But why bandy words or disguise facts? The law that has come down to us from the savage days of the Conquest is a law eminently fitted to embrace and conceal the machinations of the shrewd and unscrupulous quite as effectively as it conceals the aspirations of the noble. English law, as it remains to us, probably started with the assizes of Henry II and the periodic rounds of his judges, who heard disputes and settled them in the light of local custom. From this slow beginning tradition grew, and later came written decisions to bind posterity, not by memory but by indelible ink and dusty tomes. The law, starting with a superstitious people, was superstitious in essence. The ordeals of fire and water, the trials by battle, the intricacies of procedure, are historic evidence of early cruelty and a religious animism.

In these early days, if the jury brought in a bad verdict, you attainted the jury and the members might all be hanged. This was finally avoided by the device of the new trial. The judge, too, also found himself in a difficult position since it was possible to sue out a writ against him if he made an error and prove the argument by battle with him. Sometimes he had to fight the witnesses as well as the party complaining. The embarrassment of this position so impressed the judges that they hired champions to protect them, and a champion in armor by the side of the judge during the trial was mute evidence of what a party would face if he brought an action against the judge. The modern writ of error is a writ against the judge, but instead of resulting in a test of the judge's strength it removes the case to an upper court for review. The early law, then, was an opportunistic method of getting disputes settled which was both formalistic on its procedural side and formulistic on its substantive side. It worked because it was adapted to contemporary conditions.

Modern American law is merely a development and application of this early English law, which, with increase in complexity, became known as the great body of Common Law. The theories that graced the law of yesterday are firmly entrenched in the law of to-day. Coke, with a new cloak and a bald head instead of a wig, is as good an "incarnation" of modern American law as he was of the old Common Law. Yet, even while the old law seems so definitely enshrined, a change is taking place. While the legal profession is doing lip service to old traditions it is actually undermining and destroying those very traditions. This change is small as yet but the evidence is unmistakable and points toward a new American law.

II

One of the most interesting and characteristic features of the law is that criterion of guilt known as the action of the "reasonable man." This criterion, which is also a theory, is perhaps of paramount importance in the fields of torts and criminal law, but it permeates the whole fabric of law and denotes the channels of legal thought. In questions of negligence, in matters of unwise action, in issues involving almost the whole gamut of human action, the question that is inevitably thrown to the jury is, What would a reasonable man have done in these circumstances?

Who is this reasonable man and what are his attributes? If Mr. Jones drives his car along a main thoroughfare and upsets Miss Brown, who is on her way to an afternoon tea at the Van Andersons, the jury will be asked whether Mr. Jones was driving as a reasonable man would drive, and if he was not then there is an immediate basis of liability. Then the further question arises as to whether Miss Brown was not hurrying so madly to get to the Van Andersons to meet the boy with the curly black hair that she was unreasonable in her actions and so contributarily negligent. The jury, with the characteristic unreasonableness of juries, will consider the reasonableness of the actions of the various parties and after duly weighing the smile of Miss Brown against the frown of Mr. Jones will return a verdict for Miss Brown.

This theory of a "reasonable man in the circumstances of the defendant" is one of the most fallacious of logical expressions and yet one which the legal profession has accepted for many years. Since the standard of the law is notoriously low in respect to the degree of intelligence that it demands in others, it is safe to say that it considers sane men reasonable men. If Mr. Jones is sane, then it follows that he is reasonable. Perhaps at the time when he hit Miss Brown his attention had been logically and reasonably drawn to the opposite side of the road, where there was a new brick house of the colonial style for sale. Mr. Jones was thinking of buying a new house and liked colonial brick. His action, then, was reasonable *under all the circumstances*. The real proof that he acted as a reasonable man is in the fact that he acted at all.

To get at a criterion that was workable the law was forced to put aside a "reasonable man under the circumstances" and to apply a theory of a fictional man under certain circumstances. The dice were thus loaded. The criterion really applied to Mr. Jones is not whether he acted as a reasonable man in hitting Miss Brown, but whether a fictional man who did not like colonial houses and was not thinking of buying one would have been reasonable in failing to perceive her. This leads to one conclusion. The question that is really put to the jury is this, Should Mr. Jones have hit Miss Brown? And the answer is, No, Mr. Jones should not have hit Miss Brown because Miss Brown is a woman. In other words, we cannot foresee the result of a case if we apply a reasonable man standard as the law professes to do, but if we apply a moral standard and interpret it in the light of the intelligence quotient of the twelve tried men and true that compose the jury a correct forecast of the result is assured.

The conclusion that is inevitable, then, is that the reasonable man theory is not a "might have been" but an "ought to be," and where the judge tells the jurymen that they must decide what a reasonable man would do in the circumstances he means either what this particular defendant would have done under different circumstances, or what this defendant ought to have done for the good of the community under those circumstances of the case that have a social aspect. Both of these alternatives reduce to the same conclusion, that the law is stressing moral aspect under the guise of logical and reasonable action.

The conclusion reached may be corroborated by a short consideration of the evidence bearing on the issue. In the first place, we are confronted by a whole horde of cases presenting the defense of a mistake of fact. The law is firm upon the point that a reasonable mistake of fact is a good defense by a defendant in self-defense but not in the case of obnoxious contacts intentionally caused. So if I am struck by someone and knocked unconscious and upon regaining my senses believe reasonably that I am about to be struck again by a perfectly innocent bystander the law will protect me in the exercise of such force as would be necessary to avoid such an imagined attack. But if I hasten to the station to meet my wife after a long absence and, in the confusion, plant the most connubial of kisses upon the lips of another woman whom I most reasonably believe to be my wife the law will not protect me. Here I am held liable for my reasonable action. The reason why a mistake of fact is a good defense in one case and not in the other is not easily explained from the view of the reasonable man since I was equally reasonable in each case. But if we explore the field of morality ever so cursorily we must perceive the Anglo-American gyneolatry and can then easily explain this protection of that *sanctum sanctorum* . . . womanhood.

Beside making moral exceptions to the reasonable man standard the law is most inconsistent in the application of the doctrine. In the remarkable case of Regina vs. Machekequonabe the defendant was an Indian who believed in the existence of an evil spirit clothed in human flesh which would eat human beings. There was a report that this spirit had been seen. The prisoner was placed on guard with other Indians to protect the others from the invasion. Perceiving what he thought was the spirit or *wendigo* the defendant gave chase, *challenged three times*, and when he received no answer shot the figure. It turned out to be the foster father of the defendant! The judge charged the jury, "Assuming these facts to be found by you, I think I must direct you as a matter of law that there is no justification here for the killing."

In Commonwealth vs. Presby, however, the defendant arrested one Harford under the impression that he was drunk and was then indicted for an assault and battery, since it turned out that Harford was not drunk. The defendant was discharged and the judge said, "If he [the defendant] acted in good faith, . . . without rashness or negligence, he is not to be regarded as a criminal because he is found to have been mistaken." The facts in the two cases disclose no such difference in reasonable mistake of fact as to allow of contrary decisions. But in the case of Machekequonabe his action was unreasonable because the court did not *approve* of his belief.

The doctrine of the reasonable man is, then, nothing more than an attempt by the law to convince itself of its own objectivity. But this doctrine is only a cloak covering not the reasonable but the ethical man; it is enshrined in the law and so demands the lip service of the entire legal profession. But as a pure theory it is perforated with exceptions, and demands such hair-splitting as would shock even the didactic souls of the old seraphic doctors. It worked in the beginning because the law was naïve, simple, and consecrated to the obtaining of results by whatever means available; it works today because it is not applied.

French law has never been harassed by the doctrine of the reasonable man because it has never taken objectivity too seriously. The essence of the French system is to decide upon the principles laid down in the Code, and there is no time-honored criterion of the defendant's action. American law, making obeisance to the reasonable man, proceeds to decide the issue upon the basis of a moral code and the exigencies of the situation. The difference between the American and French procedures here is that the American law is forced to disguise itself, to assume the Protean form of the reasonable man and perform acute verbal gyrations to conceal the actual method of reasoning. American law is hypocritical by nature and by devotion to the past. When it lays aside this hypocrisy it will have adopted the French view on this point, not because it is French but because it is the only one possible.

III

Another fundamental theory of the Anglo-American law of to-day is the theory of *stare decisis.* This doctrine is based upon the premiss that all judicial decisions should be added to the sum total of legal knowledge already accumulated. This institution—for it may be called that—appears inevitable when it is realized that the English Common Law started with nothing more than custom for its basis. In early times legal decisions must either have gone back to previous decisions or to custom for their justification. It was logical that each succeeding decision should have fortified itself by an appeal to a previous case in accord. *Stare decisis* is, then, rather a structural part of the Common Law itself than a development of it.

The theory, looked at dispassionately, involves either a belief that courts are infallible or that law must be imperfect and it is safer to follow precedent than to correct errors. It is quite as difficult to force a legal man to admit the former as the latter. Even Anglo-American self-esteem can hardly countenance the belief that the decisions of the myriad law courts are all in accord with ultimate justice. The decisions themselves contravert any such possibility. But on the other hand it seems impossible to conceive of a people embracing a system of law which they perceive to be inadequate. The answer to the paradox is, I suppose, that the vast majority of people can perceive only the crypticism of the law, before which they bow down in humble worship, while those who live upon the law are either voluntarily blind to its defects or manage to escape the problem with the easy words that everything cannot be perfect,—which of course avoids the issue of how anything can be so imperfect.

It may be thought that although the fundamental basis of the theory is unsound, yet it may work out fairly well in practice. Such a pragmatic stand receives no corroboration by a study of the decisions. *Stare decisis* is not to be trifled with; it stands as a firm doctrine of the law. A clever court may play with distinctions—and most courts try to be clever at least once in a while—but inevitably *stare decisis* looms as a bugaboo to haunt the dreams of the most liberal judges. In the case of Sadler vs. Boston & Bolivia Rubber Company we find the following words by Judge Scott, who delivered the majority opinion of the court: "Of course we are bound to follow the rule of our own Court of Appeals. . . ." And at the close of his opinion he said: "Being bound, as we are, to follow the rule of the Court of Appeals as we understand it, we are *compelled* to affirm the order appealed from."

A doctrine that works so harshly can hardly expect cheerful acquiescence. The Supreme Court of the United States has led the way to what appears to be an almost complete disregard of *stare decisis*. In the familiar case of Lochner vs. New York, decided in 1905, the court held that an act of the Legislature of New York which provided that no employé should be "required or permitted to work in a biscuit, bread or cake bakery or confectionery establishment more than sixty hours in any one week, or more than ten hours in any one day unless for the purpose of making a shorter work day on the last day of the week," was unconstitutional because the act went beyond a reasonable exercise of the police power. In 1917 came the case of Bunting vs. the State of Oregon. This case hinged upon an act of the Legislature of Oregon which said that "no person shall be employed in any mill, factory or manufacturing establishment in this State more than ten hours in any one day. . . ." The case was substantially the same as Lochner vs. New York but the court rendered a contrary decision. It seemed obvious that it had so far refused to observe *stare decisis* as to overrule an immediate precedent.

But old cases die hard. In 1923 came the case of Adkins vs. the Children's Hospital of the District of Columbia. This case centered around a Minimum Wage Act for the District which provided for the creation of a Minimum Wage Board to investigate and ascertain the wages of women and minors and to declare minimum wages for them. Mr. Justice Sutherland, rendering the decision, said of Lochner vs. New York: "Subsequent cases in this court have been distinguished from that decision but the principles therein stated have never been disapproved." This was a clever method of avoiding precedent but it did not really dispose of the fact that Bunting vs. Oregon was contrary to Lochner vs. New York and decided after it.

The majority decision in the Adkins case was in line with Lochner vs. New York rather than with Bunting vs. Oregon. In his dissenting opinion Mr. Justice Taft said: "No one can suggest any constitutional distinction between employment in a bakery and one in any other kind of a manufacturing establishment which should make a limit of hours in the one invalid, and the same limit in the other permissible. It is impossible for me to reconcile the Bunting Case and the Lochner Case and I have always supposed that the Lochner Case was thus overruled *sub silentio*." Mr. Justice Holmes, dissenting as usual, allowed himself to grow slightly caustic. He said: "I should not hesitate to take them [differences between men and women] into account if I thought it necessary to sustain this act. . . But after Bunting vs. Oregon. . . I had supposed that it was not necessary, and that Lochner vs. New York would be allowed a deserved repose."

So has the Supreme Court squabbled over its own precedents. Most courts, when they overrule, overrule *sub silentio*. Then, since the American temperament demands some *grand bruit* upon significant occasions, such courts may easily convince themselves, should the necessity arise, that what is overruled *sub silentio* is not overruled at all. An antiquarian interest is now one of the dominant qualities of most courts, and the search for congenial decisions may lead to the excavations of cases that all but the legal fraternity had presumed long dead. Justice martyrs itself no longer; it prefers to make distinctions, or to preserve a discreet silence.

What then has happened to *stare decisis*? It is, like the fictional reasonable man, another remnant of the old law which will not be driven from the modern law. While courts now do lip service to it, it is becoming less and less a dominant factor in the law. Anyone acquainted with the history of the law and the legal profession would not expect that at any definite point in time a legal institution could be destroyed. The law is one of the most dignified—or portly—of all institutions. Its movement is so slow that only the eye of a trained observer can observe any movement at all. So it is too much to expect that what the law has once embraced it will soon discard. But an explanation must be made of the signal change in attitude that exists toward *stare decisis*.

There has been much discussion lately of the relative merits of *stare decisis* and *jurisprudence constande*. The theory of *jurisprudence constande*, speaking nontechnically, seems to be a confinement of *stare decisis* to a small field of highly detailed matters where it is more important to have consistent opinions than correct ones. Without that field there is no rule of faithfulness to precedents, but merely an interpretation of the rights of the parties under the comprehensive code. Common Law lawyers are open and almost unanimous in their confession that to them the theory of *jurisprudence constande* is unintelligible and unworkable. To a Common Law mind decisions under a general code rather than under specific decisions already established are logically impossible. To allow a judge to interpret and apply a code seems suicidal. On the other hand, lawyers trained under a general code—as in France—maintain that justice cannot possibly be administered by strict adherence to precedent. They point out that the true meaning of the popular legal dictum, "Hard cases make bad law", is that individual justice should be sacrificed to an abstract and unreal consistency.

Code theory, while not partaking of the divinity of the Common Law, is superior to Common Law theory. Except for England and America, code procedure has been generally adopted. The Common Law has clung only to that soil where its traditions were most deeply rooted; the Code Napoléon has spread its influence to innumerable regions of the earth where the tricolor never flew. Like Yorkshire pudding and beefsteak, the Common Law is peculiar to England and those countries nurtured wholly or in part by her.

But the American attitude toward *stare decisis*, as toward the reasonable man standard, shows a marked tendency toward code procedure. It cannot be supposed that there has been any real influence cast by Continental law upon American law. Such influence, if it existed at all, would be by way of repulsion rather than attraction. But an interesting fact is that most of the legal fraternity are as ignorant of the modern Continental law as they are of the law of the ancient Egyptians. A few lawyers and judges have a bowing acquaintance with it, but only a negligible minority understand it. So the impulsion which has been directing the Common Law technique has not come from the Continent; it has come from within itself.

At a time when there were no codes and the only law beside precedent was custom, it was natural that the mere paucity of material upon which to draw would force the courts to a consideration of their own decisions in prior cases. But as decisions multiplied and courts sprung up throughout the land a narrowing of *stare decisis* became inevitable. Courts came to follow only the decisions of those courts that were geographically in a proximate location or systematically of high degree. As democracy broke down with the growth of the population, so *stare decisis* broke down with the growth of the courts. Of course no one admitted it; no one ever admits anything in America.

But where the theory of *stare decisis* has been artificially limited by the growth of the courts it is now being actively limited by an antagonistic judicial attitude. For when courts, even the highest courts, begin to overrule their own decisions without so much as a word of comment upon the nefarious act, it is undeniable that there has been a change in judicial attitude. This change can only center about the belief that courts, with the aid of such legislation as there may be, and with the aid of, but not under the compulsion of, such decisions as recommend themselves, should be allowed to form their opinions in accordance with the aspects of the particular situation. With a realization of this trend and a discarding of its fundamental hypocrisy, American law will closely resemble Continental code procedure upon this point. *Stare decisis* will have been overruled *sub silentio*. In the meantime, professional rhetoricians should be hired to do the requisite logic chopping for the courts.

IV

One of the most interesting of modern legal developments is the American Law Institute. Its professed purpose is to simplify the law. For a decade now it has been working, notably on the law of contracts and torts, and by the sincere efforts of its reporters it has actually achieved in some fields a substantial clarification of existing law. The impetus necessary to form the Institute did not come from any desire to elevate American law but merely from a desire to make it understandable. The Institute has no philosophic theories, but only practical aims. It is not trying to kill but rather to revive the Common Law.

But, even if we admit that it does not embody a new principle, we must admit that it runs counter to the pure theory of the Common Law. The Institute puts a small relative value on precedent. Its reporters have studied the existing law exhaustively and then endeavored to decide the various points in accordance with the soundest principle. This does not mean that the Institute has made its own law, drafting its code as Napoleon did, for in no sense has this been done. Its reporters do not create, they assort, classify, simplify and *prefer*. It is in the exercise of preference that the Institute applies principles, and since there are few points upon which the law is not in conflict the exercise of preference is significant.

If its Restatement is accepted completely when its work is finished all previous decisions will practically cease to exist except for historians, and we shall find the Restatement existing in their place as a substantial code. Such a code would be one of the most peculiar codes ever formulated. It would be an expurgated edition of the Common Law.

Deists (that innumerable host who believe in the divinity of the Common Law although it never has been revealed) will want to laugh at the suggestion that the United States may turn into a pure code state. To hold the Restatement up as the possible source of this code will appear much like treason. But the Common Law is essentially unworkable in the United States of today, the various State codes—which are not to be confused with the code as it exists in France and those countries that have copied their legal system from her—only scratch the surface of old Common Law procedure, and in an attempt to make an obsolete system work the judiciary has narrowed Common Law rules, disregarded Common Law traditions, and finally organized a body to overhaul the Common Law itself. The American Law Institute is a step toward a code but merely a step. The work so far has been detailed and meticulous—almost as involved as the Common Law itself—but it is facing away from the past, and it is in this that we see a tendency and a portent.

The Restatement will not have and is not intended to have any more than persuasive authority in the courts. But it is impossible to imagine that a work so conscientiously carried on and so generally praised should not make its entry into the law courts as it already has done into the law schools. When the Restatement has entered the courts it will represent the reasoned opinions of the country's most capable legal minds. For this reason it is inevitable that the persuasive authority of the Restatement will be very great, even from the beginning. In this condition we will have concurrent code and Common Law. If the Restatement then gains enough influence to become decisive authority upon the points that it covers, the United States will have accepted a sort of Common Law code.

Present tendencies point to just such a development. The real worth of the Restatement itself and the powerful analogy to the national Constitution would be sufficient to preserve this code as a petrification of all preceding Common Law, and the makers of the Restatement would enjoy an immortality possessed also by the framers of the Constitution.

This trend toward code law that I have pointed out gives no reason for optimism. The calibre of the people is reflected in the law and a mere change in the direction of the law gives no cause for belief in a change in their intelligence and in the efficiency of the law. Americans love shibboleths and magic signs; the only time they are really interested in justice is when they are in the law courts with a good claim. Plato's dream is neither understood or admired. It is illogical to fasten upon lawyers and judges a system of law which really is the product of the people. The Common Law was ultimately the people's law and the law of today is still the old Common Law in essence and still the people's law.

Unconsciously and perhaps only for a moment, American law has turned upon its traditions and faced unknowingly across the sea. But this is change, not progress. The American people worship themselves and their incomprehensible institutions. Until they grow up the law may change, but it will not grow better.

EDITORIALS

The Uses of War

Having read of late, in an effort to purge and mellow my soul, large quantities of pacifist literature, I can only report that it leaves me unconvinced. On the one hand, it grossly exaggerates the costs and horrors of war, and on the other hand it grossly exaggerates the benefits of peace. The plain fact is that, to the young men who actually engage in it, war is rather pleasant than otherwise. True enough, it occasionally scares them painfully, but that is not often, and usually they recover without permanent damage. Those who are made *mashuggah* thereby, and take to writing war-books or to demanding pensions as public heroes, were neurotic in the first place, and would have been sent back from the training-camps if psychology were an exact science. The normally healthy young fellow emerges from the shambles in a sound state of mind, and looks back upon his adventures in an amiable and humorous manner, as a retired pugilist looks back upon his exploits in the ring. To the young and goatish, danger is not nearly so disagreeable as it is to the elderly eunuchs, whether male or female, who patronize peace conferences and believe in such rubbish as the Kellogg treaties. Nor do the young, at least of the male sex, object to a reasonable amount of filth.

I suspect that war is under suspicion mainly because, in the current age, it is intermittent. In the days when it was going on all the time, either near or far, very little criticism of it was heard. The people in the actual theatre of battle, to be sure, were more or less discommoded, and hence more or less unhappy, but elsewhere it was accepted as quite natural that men should do a certain amount of fighting. Adventurous youngsters took a few years of it as a sort of training in the manly virtues, and restless men of greater years kept at it continuously. This process drew off a lot of bad blood, and made for peace at home. The kind of youth who now becomes a gunman, a Prohibition agent or a newspaper circulation hustler was shipped to the front the moment his tastes became visible, and thereafter he was relatively harmless. If war cured him he came back after a while and settled down as a decent citizen. If he turned out to be incurable, he continued as a soldier and was presently wafted to Heaven by a bullet. It was a cheap and easy way to police the world.

It seems to me that the United States would be a great deal better off today if it had a war on its hands, somewhere or other, all the time. I do not mean, of course, such puerile buffoonery as now goes on from time to time in Nicaragua and Haiti, but real war, occupying say a quarter of a million or half a million men. That it would cost something is plain enough, but that it would be ruinous I doubt. A real war, run by professional soldiers, is seldom very expensive; it is only when civilians take a hand in it that the bills begin to mount up. Of the thirty billions that the United States spent in the World War probably not more than seven or eight went for actual military expenses. The rest of it was wasted (or, in large part, stolen) by patriots who never touched a gun. I believe a very fair war could be kept up, even in this era of high prices, for no more than a billion a year.

It would be cheap at the price, for we'd save at least half of it in police and jail charges. Most of the young men who now live by brigandage would volunteer, and it should be easy to round up the rest and thrust them into the army. The majority of the cops might very well follow, and with them the whole horde, now growing daily, of Prohibition agents, Secret Service snoopers, customs spies, and other such disturbers of the peace. The colleges would supply plenty of likely officers, as they did in the last war: no normal young A.B., having a free choice between the trenches and a stool in a bond shop, would hesitate an instant. As for the higher command, it might be handed over safely enough to the Napoleons who now wear out their kidneys in Washington, for the war, remember, would be continuous, and so there would be no call to force a decision. Victories, to be sure, would have to be announced now and then, but that matter might be well left to the press agents of the generals.

The late William James was greatly praised for an essay proposing certain moral substitutes for war, *e.g.*, coal mining, railroading, cod fishing, and so on. He deserved the kind words that were said of him, but he forgot that war itself is a moral substitute for many things that are far worse. While the late combat to free the world from Wagner, Koch and Nietzsche was being fought, no one heard anything about the Ku Klux Klan, or, indeed, about Prohibition. These horrors descended upon us when the Armistice was signed, and millions of morons found themselves without entertainment. The way to get rid of such nuisances, I believe, is to have war all the time, and to confine it very strictly to the military.

Here it may be urged that it takes two to make a war, and that the United States has no suitable enemy. But that is only a detail. I nominate Mexico forthwith. Soon or late we'll be over the Rio Grande: why not now? My belief is that a war with the Mexicans would be immensely popular, and that, conducted as I propose, it would engage and perhaps dispose of a great many citizens, native and naturalized, whose present activities are immensely costly and unpleasant. Moreover, if its management were restricted to the military, then it is quite safe to assume, from the achievement of General Pershing and his associates in March, 1916, that it would last at least fifty years, and maybe forever.

Medicine and Morals

Medical journals, like non-medical journals, are largely filled with bolony. I go through a good many of them, but seldom encounter a monograph of any noticeable merit, either as science or as prose. Most doctors write badly, not because they are illiterate, but because they do not think clearly about their business. Their compositions, only too often, show every logical fallacy known to the books. They generalize from insufficient evidence, and stretch the facts to fit their hopes. Thus most medical writing simply wastes paper, and no one ever reads it a second time. A great deal of it, in truth, is probably not read even a first time, save maybe by proof readers.

To this rule, of course, there are exceptions, and a few of them are brilliant. I point to one: a paper by Dr. Henry M. Fitzhugh, read before the Annual Congress on Medical Education, Medical Licensure and Hospitals, held at Chicago last February. It is a discussion of quackery, and what it says is clearly stated, sensible in content, and completely convincing. What good does it do medical men, asks Dr. Fitzhugh, to demand laws putting burdens upon Christian Scientists, chiropractors and other charlatans of that sort? Is there any evidence that such laws, once they are on the books, actually diminish the number of persons patronizing such frauds? And when, by his ignorance, one of them does genuine damage to a victim is there any lack of ordinary laws to punish him for it?

Obviously, there is excellent sense here. And equally obviously, not many medical men will give heed to it. Flogged by all sorts of professional reformers, especially in the State health departments, they commonly lend willing ears to every scheme, however absurd, to bring in the medical millennium by law. In some States there are already statutes which bear very harshly upon irregular practitioners, and in every State which lacks them there is an active movement to have them adopted. The theory behind all such movements is that a medical man is a sort of public officer, sworn to succor and save the whole congregation of the people, and that it is his duty to serve not only those who send for him and ask his aid but also those who pointedly neither send for him nor want him. This is a false theory, and the sooner it is abandoned the better.

The whole public hygiene movement is rapidly becoming a nuisance. As was inevitable, it is falling into the hands of men who are uplifters first, and scientific men only by a sort of afterthought. Their prosperity runs in direct ratio to the amount of dust they are able to kick up, and many of them kick it up with a plentiful lack of conscience, whether professional or otherwise. They not only talk with assurance of public benefits that every sensible medical man knows are impossible; they also perfect a technique for terrorizing those who, for good or bad reasons, oppose them. The result, it seems to me, is damaging to the whole medical profession. A guild of men whose trade is succoring people in trouble, and whose achievement, at its best, is the highest and noblest that modern civilization can show, is thrown into the false position of a gang of prying and intolerant busybodies. The friend of everyone becomes a sort of Prohibition agent.

It is no concern of the medical man, as such, whether his advice is sought or unsought, taken or not taken. His function is simply to cure, if he can, the patient who stands before him, and to make his knowledge free, if he has any, to his colleagues. If he is asked, it is his duty to state his honest opinion of any remedial scheme or device that may be offered to the public; he may, perhaps, go the step further of stating it without being asked. But when he undertakes, by whatever apparently altruistic process, to give it the force of law, then he gets clearly beyond his depth, and becomes something that is surely not a doctor. Too many American medical men, led astray by the public hygiene madness, are making this error.

There is no sound reason in science or morals why persons who want to patronize a Christian Scientist or chiropractor should be forbidden to do it. The death-rate among them is enormously exaggerated by the uplifters I have mentioned; moreover, the evidence is lacking that civilization would suffer if it were three times as high. Such persons, though they are stupid, yet have some inalienable rights, and whenever those rights are invaded in the name of science then science is degraded. The job before modern medicine is not to force itself upon those who do not want it but to make itself more useful and accessible to those who do. Every time it turns aside to dally with lawmakers it forgets its true aim, and exposes itself to the inevitable and justifiable scorn of the ignorant.

The Next Round

Nowhere in the world, so far as I can make out, are the rev. clergy more indignant about the Russian assault upon religion than in the United States. Not even the Pope himself has denounced the business more violently than certain Protestant divines among us. What moves these brethren so powerfully? My guess is that it is not so much a tender solicitude for their beleaguered colleagues of the Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church as uneasiness about their own future. They sense, I suspect, the first pulsations of a revolt against their high puissance, deep down among the peasants of the land. Pretty soon they may confront an active anti-clerical movement, and maybe even an infidel movement. What it lacks so far is not suitable recruits, but simply competent leaders.

The Hoover crusade, indeed, plainly paved the way for another and greater. It accustomed vast masses of the plain people to a bold and saucy way of thinking about ecclesiastical personages and ecclesiastical pretensions, and showed them that putting such thinking into words and even into acts was not followed by blasts from Heaven. More, it taught them, by countless shining examples, that the sacerdotal habit is not incompatible with certain common human weaknesses, including avarice and the lust for power—in brief, that gentlemen of the cloth, when temptation besets them, behave quite like other men. Did the Pope come out of the ruction with a black eye? Then Bishop Cannon came out of it with two black eyes and a bloody nose, and thousands of his fellow Wesleyans showed traumata still more unseemly. As for the Baptist fathers, many of them won their victory only at the cost of their hides, their jobs and their honor.

I believe that in the South especially an anti-clerical *jehad* would win millions of supporters and stir up a frantic and very entertaining pother. In the piety of the Ku Klux Klan there has always been an obviously false note. The typical klansman is not really a penitent at the mourner's bench, as he tries to convince people, including himself, that he is; he is a village Elk on a bust. White mule is necessary to his free functioning, and getting it while pretending to be against it introduces an unpleasant complication into his life. He would be happier with a jug openly in his hand—and that, I venture to predict, is where he will soon be carrying it. For his alliance with divinity has not only cramped his natural style; it has also burdened him with unnecessary expense. It costs a lot of money to support pastors, and especially political pastors. Their palms are ever out. And what goes into those hands is commonly accounted for only defectively, and when better auditing is resorted to there is usually a scandal.

Some day a bright young man in South Carolina or Mississippi, aspiring to Service in a soothing elective office, will heave himself upon a "To hell with the preachers!" platform. The first week he will have to dodge lynchers, but along about the tenth or twentieth week he will be leading a lynching posse of his own. I prophesy formally that the first altruist who takes this line will be elected with a bang. And that before he takes the oath of office a thousand more will be howling through the land. H. L. M.

BLACK WARRIORS

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Chicken-Breast

Chicken-Breast never seemed to get enough to eat. He was first in line at the mess-hall, morning, noon and night, and he fought like mad when others sought to dislodge him. When the door opened, he would dash down to the first table, arm himself with all the steaming dishes he could carry, and bear them down to his accustomed place. First, he would bank the potatoes or rice around the edge of his plate and then he would fill up the space inside with stew and whatever else was at hand. By the time the others got seated, he would be ready for a second helping. Between huge mouthfuls he would defend himself with his Arkansas drawl: "Ma-an, Ah'm hon-n-gry!"

As he was first at the table, so was he last to leave. He always got a third helping if possible. It was a marvel where he put the food. Only about five feet four inches tall, he was not at all corpulent. But his fat brown cheeks, prominent eyeballs and pouter-pigeon breast gave him a rather comical appearance.

Old Folks, the Mess Sergeant, could think of no way of keeping Chicken-Breast from leading the mess line. Ridicule failed to faze him. An hour after a huge meal he would be found astride of his bunk eating a pineapple or some guavas.

At night, between Tattoo and Taps, when the boys were wont to kid each other in low tones, Chicken-Breast would be the chief target. Some fellow would call his name. Hog grunts and pig squeals would come from all quarters of the barrack room. Then the kidding would begin.

"You know one thing?" a voice would inquire out of the darkness, "that niggah went hongry so long down theah in Arkansaw that it'll take him ah whole inlis'munt tuh ketch up."

When the guffaws had died down another worthy would remark:

"If Unc' Sam knew how much that joker eats, he'd discharge him tuhmarrah!"

"Tuhmarrah?" a third would exclaim. "W'y, ma-an, if Unc' Sam'd knew how much that niggah could eat he'd uh nevah inlisted him!"

Chicken-Breast took his kidding good-humoredly most of the time, but occasionally some lad would twit him so sharply that he would launch into a description of the love life of his tormenter's female relatives and the boys would have the fun of keeping the two apart.

Nor was his Gargantuan appetite restricted to food. He drank prodigious quantities of liquor without any apparent effect. He drank anything and everything. He it was who introduced lemon extract punch and the bay rum cocktail to the other members of his squad. When pay day was far off and he wanted a drink, he would get a dollar book of canteen checks from the Top Sergeant and buy a bottle of stomach bitters or vanilla extract from the Post

Exchange store. He would always drink as much beer at the Bucket o' Blood as anybody would buy him, and what he could do to a gallon of dago red was a caution.

One Saturday after a pay day, Chicken-Breast went to town in an automobile with several other fellows. There were sixteen saloons in Honolulu in those days and as a usual thing the boys played the game of trying to visit every one and take a drink in each. On this particular night only Dog and Buffalo, two of his cronies, were able to make the circuit with Chicken-Breast, and they passed out in Aala Park after leaving the last saloon.

The chauffeur managed to round up the whole gang by five o'clock in the morning with the assistance of the apparently sober Chicken-Breast, and they started back to the Post. The fresh morning air seemed to arouse Chicken-Breast's thirst. He glanced wistfully at the coöperatively purchased quart of Old Sunnybrook placed in his custody. About five miles out he tasted its contents. He kept tasting and tasting.

They reached the barracks after breakfast and when the chauffeur awakened them he found Chicken-Breast unconscious and the bottle empty. He was breathing faintly and was as limp as a dish rag. First-aid methods couldn't arouse him and even a bucket of ice water did not shock him out of his stupor. They were about to give up and have the Corporal in Charge of Quarters call the Post Hospital for an ambulance when Buggsie, one of the company musicians, entered.

"Wait a minute," he said, "Ah knows how to stir that niggah." And reaching for his bugle, he leaned over the prostrate form and blew Mess Call.

At the first blast Chicken-Breast's eyelids fluttered. At the second his eyes opened wide and he looked wildly about. At the third, he sprang from his bunk, staggered out of quarters to the mess-hall door and leaned there swaying from side to side. Nor could anyone convince him that breakfast was past and lunch a long way off.

"You niggahs caint fool me," he drooled. "Ah knows ah Mess Call when Ah hears it."

II

Tush Morton

In the vocabulary of the Southern upland folk, a tush is a tough fellow. Tush Morton, ranking duty sergeant of A Company, was all of that. He was about forty-five years old, stood six feet four in his stocking feet, and was as black as a dress shoe. He affected a fierce mustache that pointed upward in European fashion, and his pugnacious jaw, piano box shoulders, hamlike fists and bull voice added emphasis to his nickname. His first ten years of service he had spent winning all of the heavyweight boxing events in the Army, and his last ten years had been spent boasting about his record. He challenged anybody who doubted it. He had fought in Cuba and the Philippines, was a famous drillmaster and an Expert Rifleman. He was the model for all recruits who wanted to appear tough. They used his choice epithets and affected his belligerent swagger.

When the Bucket o' Blood beer-garden was opened a few yards from the fence of the military reservation and immediately besieged by eight thousand thirsty soldiers, Tush and an Irish sergeant of his type from a cavalry regiment were detailed to maintain order there. They did. It was especially a treat to see Tush go into action. At the first sign of a fight he would leap between the combatants, grab each by the scruff of the neck and either shake them like rats or bang their heads together. At other times he would bellow "You damn savages stop that!" and hostilities would immediately cease. If they didn't cease, he would lash out with his huge fists and soldiers of both races would scatter in all directions.

But most of the time Tush and his Irish colleague sat opposite each other at a table close to the bar and killed as many quarts of Budweiser as admiring young soldiers would buy for them. Tush's method of downing a bottle of beer was unique. Disdaining a glass as effeminate, he would turn the bottle up and drain it without lowering it from his mouth. Then he would nonchalantly toss the dead soldier over his shoulder and wiping his mustache with his forefinger, remark to his friend that he was as thirsty as a damn camel.

Many admiring disciples sought to emulate him but they usually choked at the second or third gulp.

"Why hell, you damn savage," he would reply to requests for instruction, "that's an ol' soldier's trick. It'll take a damn recruit like you ten years to learn it." And then he would astound the wide-eyed assemblage by swallowing another quart of Budweiser in the same manner and with as much ease as though he had drunk nothing in a fortnight.

One Winter when the regiment got a detachment of two or three hundred recruits, Tush was selected to supervise their training. There was an officer over him, of course, but everybody understood that it was Tush who was to make disciplined soldiers out of the riffraff, and, as he said, "put th' feara God in their hearts." The detachment was camped about two miles from the barracks on the target range. There Tush had them to himself. He entered upon his new duties with all his accustomed vim, efficiency and bluster. Hour after hour, day in and day out for weeks, he carried them through their paces, assisted by several other non-coms.

"Come on! Come on! Snap into it!" he would urge at the top of his voice as they ran up and down hill and across fields, chasing imaginary enemies as the tropical sun beat down on them. "This ain't no place for no damn mama's boy. . . . Get up in that line, you savage! . . . If you didn't want to soldier what'd you join the Army fo'? . . . Straighten that rifle, Jones! Aye God, I never see such worthless trash. How in th' hell did you people make ah livin' on th' outside? . . . Keep up! Keep up! . . . One, two, three, fou-r-r! One, two, three, fou-r-r! Hep! Hep! One, two, three, fou-r-r! . . . Wake up, there!"

The new soldiers did not take kindly either to Tush or to his training methods. Most of the bunch had been snatched from the back alleys of Baltimore, Columbus and Cincinnati, and they were a pretty tough lot. Certain of them said that he was a slave driver who treated his men like dogs in order to make a hit with the white folks. They were getting weary of the enforced tidiness and resented having him break up their gambling games and confiscate their liquor. If Tush heard that an absentee from drill or a formation was down at the Bucket o' Blood, he would stride down after him and rush him back to the camp by the shirt collar, booming out imprecations at every other step while the luckless rookie whined his protest.

It was almost inevitable that there should be a conspiracy against him. There was much whispered scheming in the pyramidal tents and the bolder spirits prophesied that Tush would soon get a sound beating. The plans were laid with care and one night when there was no moon, a dozen of the toughest mugs crept silently to Tush's tent, where a light assured them that he was within. Each one of the conspirators was armed with a sturdy oak brace about four feet long, taken from their folding cots.

"Oh, Sergeant Morton," the ringleader called innocently, "can you come out a minute?" There was a short silence during which they heard a movement inside the tent. Each man gripped his stick tighter and closed in around the entrance.

Then, "You're damn right I'll come out, you young savages!" bellowed Tush, and he swung the flap aside and stood silhouetted in the triangle of yellow light. He wore only an undershirt and a pair of khaki breeches. In his right hand he gripped a heavy pick handle.

The gang stepped back and for a moment paused in irresolution. Then he raised the pick handle and sprang toward them, cutting wide swaths in the air as they precipitously retreated into the darkness. He pursued them a few paces and then, with a roar of laughter that could be heard for a half a mile, he returned to his tent. "Aye, God!" he chuckled, "these damn young savages ain't like they was in my day."

The next morning, when the outfit lined up for breakfast, he swaggered up and down the line, with his sleeves rolled up and twirling his fierce mustaches, his bald black head glistening in the early sunshine.

"Any time any uh you savages wanta take ah crack at me just step right up an' git your block knocked off; but don't come sneakin' 'round my tent 'cause Ah'm liable to kill somebody by mistake."

A few days later we were having a feed at a restaurant in town. An ordinary meal for Tush was an extra large T-bone steak with two orders each of fried onions, French fried potatoes, peas, sliced tomatoes and apple pie, washed down with three or four cups of black coffee.

"How did you know that gang was laying for you?" I asked when I saw he'd taken the edge off his appetite.

"Hell!" he roared. "Whenever one o' these young savages calls me out in th' dark, Ah *always* have th' diff'rence in mah hand."

III

Pap Echols

The recruiting officer must have been drunk when he enlisted Pap Echols. The old fellow was forty if he was a day. You could have told that at a glance, even if his inexhaustible supply of anecdotes hadn't convinced you. He was short, brown and bowlegged and very closely resembled a gorilla. His head looked like an exaggerated nutmeg; his little red eyes were close together and popped out a surprising distance; his nose rambled over most of his face; his ears were elephantine and cauliflowered; his chin was rudimentary and his lips looked like frankfurters. He had very broad shoulders and long ape-like arms. He walked with a dragging, shambling gait acquired in the chain-gang. It was a gait which defied all of the efforts of the company's ablest drillmasters.

From the day old Pap was assigned to the company it was clear that he was well nigh hopeless as soldier material. Dredged out of the slums of Cincinnati, he was inured to vice, crime and liquor, and the constant threat of military prison did not cause him to mend his ways. When he got on a drunk, which was pretty often, he would tell the world about himself:

"Ah'm th' goddamdest, baddest niggah that evah come tuh this goddam Army. Ah don't give uh damn 'bout nobody er nuthin'. Bettah not *nobody* fool wi' me. Ah'll cutcha goddam hea't out an' stuff it down yo goddam th'oat. . . . Ah've spent mo goddam time on th' chain-gang 'n-mos' o' you niggahs has bin in the worl'."

The entire company was impressed. Everybody gave him a wide berth. Men who had known old Pap in civil life told in bated breath of his proficiency with knife, razor and gun.

He had a long string of anecdotes which he would relate when in reminiscent mood: that is to say, when he had two or three drinks under his belt. He would sit astraddle his bunk, talking out of the corner of his mouth, ever and anon exposing a row of tobacco-stained snaggleteeth in a hideous grin when he said anything he deemed humorous. He was very good at pantomime and armed with a mess kit knife would regale the boys by the hour with graphic accounts of the many murders and robberies he had committed.

He claimed to have beheaded a man one night in a Columbus dive and kicked his head under the bar rail. He swore he had shot one white man in Arkansas and stabbed another to death in Cairo. Once, while doing a year on a North Carolina chain-gang, he had brained the guard with a pickaxe and escaped. He had slaughtered so many Negroes, men and women, he declared, that he had quite lost count.

There were skeptics, of course. For instance, Bear, a young rat from the slums of Washington, would stand around sneering at Pap's tales and sometimes insinuate that the old fellow was only a blowhard. One pay day night, at a crap game in the gulch, he called Pap a liar. The old fellow's eyes narrowed, and rising quickly, he seized the box on which he had been seated and brought it down on Bear's head. Then, as his tormenter lay helpless on the floor of the shack, he kicked him in the face with his No. 12 shoes for good measure. It all happened with lightning swiftness and only the concerted effort of the witnesses kept Pap from doing Bear permanent injury.

The first demonstration of his boasted prowess did not fail to impress all of the tough mugs in the outfit. Some said he had taken an unfair advantage of Bear, but nobody told him so to his face. It got so that the boldest fellow would quail when the little old tough turned his malevolent glance upon him. Even some of the noncoms did not bellow as loudly at Pap as they did at others. He did about as he pleased around the company and except for a couple of short bits in the guardhouse for drunkenness and insolence, he was left alone.

Then the outfit went to town to drill and parade at the Carnival. In Honolulu at that time there was a tough crowd of young Chinese and Hawaiian hoodlums that hung out around Aala Park. Pap fell in with them the first night. They were birds of a feather and all went well. Just before Reveille the next morning, Pap shambled back to the camp, drunk and happy, announcing that "Me 'n 'em damn Japs is jush like that," holding up two crooked black fingers.

The fellows who knew their Honolulu warned Pap to stay away from the Aala Park gang but he ignored them. The next night he started out again. Since he had money enough to buy a couple of demijohns of dago red, he was cordially greeted and invited to make himself at home in a second floor flat that looked out on a narrow, dusty lane.

The gang sat around the floor punishing the dago red, swapping stories of crime, singing popular songs, and growing increasingly belligerent as the demijohns grew emptier. Pap jeered at their accounts of their modest crimes and declared that the "damn Chinks can't be bad . . . ain't got th' guts." The remark was resented and a fight was narrowly averted.

Shortly afterward, Sarah came in. She was a tough Chinese-Hawaiian girl who was rather pretty until she opened her large mouth and you saw how few teeth she possessed. She had no sooner entered than Pap, grown fond with wine, began making overtures to her. This consisted of a gorilla-like pawing. As her husband, unknown to Pap, was among the company, she shook off these embraces. Pap persisted and her husband intervened. Pap lashed out at him, missed him, and fell sprawling among the others. The little fellows piled on him with fists and clubs, and after beating him unmercifully, threw him off the second floor verandah to the lane below.

About eight o'clock the next morning old Pap came shambling sidewise down the street leading to the camp, shaking his head and talking to himself. His hat was battered and his head bristled with bumps; one eye was closed, his nose was cut and bleeding, and his uniform was rent in a dozen places and gray with the coral dust of the road.

"What's matter, Pap?" somebody yelled. "Didja meet some guy badder'n you?"

"Yoah damn right, Boy," groaned Pap through his puffed lips. "Th' whole Japanese Army must 'a jumped on me back tha!"

"Goin' backta clean 'em up, aintcha?" asked another.

"Like hell Ah am," he replied with emphasis, shuffling painfully into his tent.

From thence onward Pap came as near being a model soldier as was possible for him. With his loss of face, no more of his anecdotes were heard and he ceased boasting about his badness.

IV

Broken Glasses

Once, after an unusually large pay day winning, Rain-in-the-Face, our company gambling king, took a bunch of us to town to help him celebrate. We piled off the street car at the Totem Pole and our host led us into a well-appointed saloon. It was not a place frequented by the Seattle Aframericans. We bellied to the long bar, the five of us, and ordered whiskey.

The bartender surveyed us coldly and calmly waited on a white customer who had come in behind us. Finally he turned to us and asked sharply, "Are you lookin' for Sam?"

"Who's Sam?" asked Rain-in-the-Face. He was a smooth, black fellow of solemn mien and what apprehensive Nordics call a smart nigger. He hailed originally from Savannah and spoke fluently the geechie gibberish of Yamacraw. He boasted of a high-school education and interpreted current events at our Sunday morning barbershop forums.

"Sam's the porter," replied the gentleman in the white jacket, winking at the customer he had just served, "an' he's just gone home fer th' day."

"Well, he might come back," said Rain-in-the-Face, winking at us, "so we'll have five whiskies while we're waiting."

The bartender grimly set the drinks in front of us. We drank. Then he took the five empty glasses and one by one smashed them to pieces on the floor.

"That's what we do with our glasses when you kind o' people drink outta 'm," he explained.

"A'right," said Rain-in-the-Face, indulging in one of his infrequent grins, "we'll have another round. We don't care what you do with your glasses."

Five more glasses were filled, emptied quickly and returned to the bar. One by one they were picked up and deliberately smashed on the floor. The bartender glared at us and placed his hands on his hips.

"Make it five beers next time," Rain-in-the-Face ordered. "Th' big glasses cost more!"

The beer was served and the glasses promptly broken, but the bartender was plainly tiring of the play.

"Why don't you fellas go where yer wanted?" he asked.

"If we on'y went where we was wanted, we wouldn't go nowheres," remarked our host.

"Well, I don' care," the bartender replied. "We don' serve colored. That's the boss's orders."

"But we're soldiers in uniform," argued Rain-in-the-Face.

"Don't make no diffrence, yer colored."

"A'right," quoth our host, suddenly inspired with an idea, "we'll go, but we'll be back."

We filed out, much to the relief of the bartender, and assembling on the corner, Rain-in-the-Face informed us that he was going to fix that guy. Four blocks down the street he led us into a Negro saloon. It was full of soldiers from the First Battalion, most of them broke but eager for liquor. Rain-in-the-Face gathered about forty of them around him and with our gang in the van, retraced his steps to the exclusive barroom.

The forty-five of us crowded into the place and lined up with our feet on the long brass rail. The bartender was thunderstruck.

"What do you people want?" he asked weakly.

"Beer all around," ordered Rain-in-the Face, tossing a five-dollar gold piece on the mahogany.

The bartender scratched his head, grinned a little sheepishly, and drew the foaming lager. We tossed it off, set down the glasses, and waited.

"You win," said the bartender. "Have another on the house."

V

Sergeant Jackson

Everybody in the regiment expected Sergeant Jackson of the Machine Gun Company to be sent to the colored Reserve Officers' Training Camp when the news came in that there was to be one. He was a tall, smooth black fellow on his second enlistment and the idol of the regiment. He was originally from a small town in Mississippi, but he had been taken North early and had graduated from a polytechnic school in New York. He was an Expert Rifleman, a good pianist, short stop on the regimental baseball team, and a squad under his command had won the machine-gun contest the year before.

His name appeared on the first list drawn up and he was happy. He told me that night that he thought the war would bring about a better understanding between the two races. Because of the fact that we had both been turned down two years before when we had applied for permission to take an examination for commission in the Philippine Scouts, he had thought we might not get a chance at the bars. Now he saw himself a captain or major.

On the long journey to the training camp he grew more optimistic and declared again and again that a new day was dawning for the lowly Aframerican. He was soon spouting as much nonsense about democracy as a Four-Minute Man. The older non-commissioned officers would smile grimly and say nothing when he held forth.

At the training camp Jackson was in his element. There were a thousand young Negro candidates for commission there, most of them college graduates and the majority of them believing that a new day was at hand. To hear them talking patriotism one would have imagined that the Germans had treated men of their color worse than the Americans, English and Belgians. It was exceedingly dangerous for any of the skeptical to suggest that there possibly might not be a love feast of blacks and whites after the world had been made safe for democracy. There was no more outspoken patriot at the camp than Sergeant Jackson.

Even the fact that the Negro candidates were being given only infantry instruction, although they were scheduled to be officers in a division composed of all arms, did not arouse Jackson's suspicions.

When the six hundred candidates received their commissions, he emerged with a captaincy. His joy knew no bounds and he strutted around the barracks like an American who had just been noticed by a titled Englishman. He expected to be assigned to the artillery or the engineers because of his knowledge of mathematics and horses.

At the big camp in the East to which he was sent, he found himself assigned to duty with a battalion without men—a paper organization, while former non-commissioned officers who were good material for infantry officers but poor mathematicians were assigned to the Negro artillery units with full complements of men. Jackson still could not see through it all. Finally he was assigned to an infantry company and his spirits rose. He said he was aching to get a crack at the Kaiser.

During the Christmas holidays he went on leave of absence to see his father and mother, who had returned to Mississippi to live. The Jim Crow laws did not yield to the war sentimentalism, so Jackson rode into his home town in the colored coach. As he stepped from it, he noticed a number of white soldiers in the station.

"Look at that nigger in captain's uniform," somebody yelled. Jackson hurried through the colored waiting-room with his suitcase. At the street door a crowd of soldiers and civilians met him.

"Don't think we're gonna salute you, nigger," they warned. Jackson tried to push his way through but they pushed him back.

"Where'd you get that uniform, darkey?" they asked. "Why don't you make us salute you?"

They had completely surrounded him by now and he glanced helplessly to the right and left. There was not a kind look on any of the faces circling him.

"Let me through, please?" he requested, with as much dignity as he could muster.

"Oh, so yah wanna git away, eh?" jeered the ringleader. "Well, wait'll we git some souvenirs."

He reached out and took the insignia off one of Jackson's shoulder straps. Another hand took the other. Somebody snatched his hat off. Deft fingers unfastened his Expert Rifleman badge. Willing hands pinioned his arms while equally willing fists pummeled him. They were all laughing.

Jackson suddenly broke loose with a wrench and fought his way through the mob. Down the street he ran with the pack after him. Mr. Sanders, a friend of his father, saved him by pulling him in his automobile and driving rapidly off. Later on by a circuitous route he took him home. "Better stay in th' house, Wilbur," the white man said as he drove off.

Jackson was a sight. His well-tailored uniform was dirty and torn. He was bruised and scratched and one leather leggin was missing. His mother had hardly finished attending his hurts when the telephone rang. Old Mr. Jackson answered it.

"Dave," came a kindly voice over the wire, "bettah tell youah boy tuh git outta town 'fore it gits too late. They're comin' after 'im."

In a suit of his father's clothes, with a slouch hat pulled over his ears, Jackson caught the next train out of town. Christmas Day and the day after he rode in a dirty, cramped coach, getting to safer soil.

The day after New Year's Day, when the officers on holiday leave had returned to duty, the comedian of the mess, a jovial second lieutenant, was reading aloud one of the patriotic blurbs from the Creel Press Bureau in Washington and a few of the cynics were smiling. Jackson came in and sat down. He ate in silence. Then suddenly, to everyone's surprise, he blurted out, "For Christ's sake will you stop reading that bunk!"

VI

The Company Banker

Hodge had attended Tuskegee Institute and was full of the philosophy of the late and lamented Booker T. Washington. At all times he was ready to spout the Bookertonian maxims about thrift, labor and investment. He studied the success magazines at the Post Library and in the Recreation Room and related with gusto the various stories he read about men who started in life as newsboys, and by industry, thrift and wise investment accumulated millions.

He was never known to spend any money except for necessities and he was always scheming new ways of increasing his income. Unlike the other soldiers, he never went to town on pass and did not drink liquor, and the only time he ever used tobacco was when someone gave him a cigarette, which wasn't often. He never drew on his clothing allowance until his corporal commanded him to do so and as a result he usually presented a frayed and patched, though neat, appearance. Some of the boys said he would have laundered his own clothes if $1.50 hadn't been deducted monthly from his pay for laundry service.

Hodge seldom wasted a minute off duty. He had the company shoe-shining concession, he scrubbed canvas leggins and haversacks, polished gun slings and mess kits, cleaned rifles or did anything else along that line for which lazy soldiers would pay him. In addition to this he was the company banker. If one was in need of two or three dollars, one sought out Hodge. He lent money willingly and kept his accounts in a little red book. He charged 25% interest, and got it. On pay days he stood alongside the orderly room door and pounced on his debtors as they emerged with what was left of their money after paying the company bills. When he had made his collections, he would hover around the gambling games to catch those who had been frowned upon by Lady Luck and tempt them to borrow a few dollars to recoup their fortunes.

In the last year of his enlistment he pleaded for and got the job as company gardener. He had nothing to do but tend the vegetable garden and he lived by himself in a tent down on the farm, about a mile from the barracks. As this left him with considerable time on his hands, he continued doing a large part of his usual chores. On pay day he stationed himself, as usual, outside the orderly room door, collecting money. He was making two or three times his monthly pay by all this extra work and was said to be the only soldier in the regiment who had a bank account in town.

He loved to talk about his wealth and what he was going to do when he returned to civil life. "No more Army for me," he would say while polishing someone's shoes. "Nobody but a bum would reënlist. When you jokers are hikin' up an' down these hills 'n gulches, I'll be somewhere on the Outside runnin' a big business. You can't git nowhere unless you save your money. A poor man loses even what he's got. A man with money can always git more." A regular Calamity Jane, he would cast a cloud over any carefree soldier's extravagance by advising the prodigal to save his money for a rainy day. He was looked upon as a necessary evil in the company; a man altogether out of place but one who came in mighty handy when one was broke and thirsty.

Happy, the champion kidder of the outfit, was the only one who ever bothered to cross the company banker. "Das all right, nigguh," he would warn. "Youse talkin' now but yo' gonna sing anotha tune w'en yuh git out tha fightin' the Bear. Folkses whut's got mo' money dan you'll evah have has gone broke. Ah bettcha you'll be back heah hongrier 'n hell in t'ree munt's."

Inevitably Hodge's time expired. He was discharged in the Islands and took his ease while waiting for the next boat back to the States. Every Sunday he would come out to the Post to gloat over his former comrades. Arrayed in a cheap Summer suit and wearing a second-hand straw hat a size too small for his woolly head, he would stand around with his hands in his pockets jingling gold pieces and giving homely advice. Questioned concerning his reason for not being discharged in the States, he said he wanted to look over business possibilities in Honolulu. When mess call sounded, he made himself welcome at the company tables without waiting for an invitation from the Mess Sergeant. In town he always stayed away from the haunts of the soldiers for fear someone would ask him to buy a drink or to lend money.

Then for two or three weeks we didn't see him, and assumed he had returned to God's Country. The skeptical Happy prophesied that Hodge would be back pretty soon as raggedy as a jay-bird, but everybody else believed we had seen the last of him.

About a month after his last visit, when the company was on Guard, the Colonel's orderly brought us the news that our man-of-all-work was in the Adjutant's Office! Shortly afterward we saw him trudging up the road with a Sergeant-Major, still arrayed in his flimsy Summer suit, now much the worse for wear. He had reënlisted. Even Happy was astonished.

Probably to escape the unmerciful kidding in store for him, he went to another company, but a bunch of the curious surrounded him that night and demanded an explanation.

"I . . . I got broke," he explained, annoyed and hesitant.

"Boy," queried Happy, "how'd yuh git rid of a t'ousan' dollahs so damn quick?"

"Well," he continued, "you see it was this way: I was walkin' down King street an' me an' a Chink sees a big, fat pocketbook on the sidewalk at the same time. He claimed half and I claimed half. While we're arguin' another Chink comes up. . ."

"Say looka heah, Mistah," interrupted the incredulous Happy, "yuh ain' gonna tell me yuh fell fo' that ole pocketbook gag, is yuh?"

"Well, dammit," he retorted, "I'm back here, ain't I?"

HEARST: A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOTE

BY GEORGE P. WEST

CALIFORNIA that cradled him has received Hearst in the evening of his life, a career has come full-circle, and at San Simeon on the shore of the Pacific the strangest and perhaps the most significant figure of our times holds court in a Cecil de Mille magnificence with movie actors as his courtiers.

A towering vanity, fed for thirty years on dreams of the White House and the power of a Cæsar, rests at last on a veritable movie-set of Moorish palaces, rising above the sea to command his four hundred square miles, and on the flattery of that Hollywood circle which is both the creature and the wish-fulfillment of the mob on which Hearst has played all his life. And while he potters about among his ship-loads of transplanted marbles, or presides, pale and silent, amid the revelry of these puppets, his newspapers that once harried the captains of finance and industry until they trembled in their beds now lead the chorus in hymns to Mammon and genuflections before his high priests.

Plagued by business worries inherent in his huge and scattered enterprises, served by a pack of uneasy executives whom he distrusts and among whom his suspicion and sudden tempers breed a neurosis of fear and jealousy, looking hopefully but unassured for help from his sons, Hearst begins at last to take on a human quality and a dignity that he has hitherto lacked. It is the dignity of tragedy, or of near-tragedy, for he touches at times a true magnificence, and his failure and defeat are those of no ordinary man.

And it is failure, make no mistake about that. The illusion was complete; the man had visions, saw himself noble and exalted, craved not merely power but the love and respect of his fellows; and if at sixty-seven he is without honor except the fawning of those who fatten on his favors, from the newest movie star to John Hylan and Calvin Coolidge, it is because the fates at his birth gave him a twisted and partial vision, left something out of him, blinded him to values and proportions that move even the mob when it turns thumbs up or down.

Dusty files tell the story of his hope. It was 1906, and he was running against Charles Evans Hughes for Governor of New York, when Arthur Brisbane wrote of him in the pages of the *North American Review*. It was a hostile and incredulous audience, and Brisbane knew it when he deliberately penned these words:

> There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives. He is the most popular man in the United States today.

Did Hearst believe it? Of course he did, and if he read the editorial in the same issue he probably laughed when the editor, frightened by his temerity in admitting the Brisbane piece, demolished him as a demagogue and added that, "as a journalist, he is a blazing disgrace to his craft."

It was in the same year that Lincoln

Steffens broke through Hearst's guard and listened as the silent, finger-drumming man talked of Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, frankly admitted his ambition, and argued that Cæsar was a popular reformer who was killed by members of the Old Gang. He had the dream, and he labored prodigiously to make it come true. With his rich man's contempt for any means save money, he multiplied his newspapers, infested the labor movement and the Democratic party with his paid agents, built a new party that he owned body and breeches, made a war with Spain, harried the trusts not only in cartoons and editorials but in lawsuits as the people's tribune, bought stolen papers to expose and destroy Archbold, Foraker and Bailey, forced a revision of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to allow fortifying the Panama Canal, used Ambrose Bierce to whip Collis P. Huntington in Congress, controlled Tammany for a season, and as recently as 1922 forced his name on the party slate as Democratic candidate for United States Senator from New York.

It is merely a detail that it was Alfred E. Smith who forced it off and returned again and once again to deliver the *coup de grâce*, giving the quietus to his political career in blistering sentences that only Hearst could draw from the amiable Al. It is merely a detail, for the end was predestined.

But it is irony that his final defeat should come at the hands of Smith and Jimmy Walker, boys from those sidewalks of New York where Hearst's *Journal* had been supreme, while the stuffed shirts and the plutocracy that were his chosen target for thirty years stood aside, or even commiserated with him in the person of his dear friend Judge Gary, head of the largest of all the octopi.

II

On the hills above San Francisco Bay there lived for a few years a jovial and impoverished poet. Cashiered from a British warship for fighting a duel, Daniel O'Connell came to San Francisco from the China station, ornamented the Bohemian Club bar, and lived on the bounty of friends at Sausalito. When he died there they erected a beautiful granite seat, in a sweeping semi-circle, on the spot where he had sat looking out on the passing ships and the distant city, and in the granite they carved the verses of his last graceful lyric. Strangers pause and read it, women sit in the sun with their children, and Daniel O'Connell's memory is fragrant. Not a stone's-throw away, where the hill slopes sheer to the water, well-kept live-oaks, their trunks neatly whitewashed, march down the hill to great stone bastions and retaining-walls, and from this silent and deserted spot signs warn off the trespasser with threats of jail.

It is the site of Hearst's boyhood Summer home, a three-story frame building, torn down in 1921. Here he played as a child, and here he lived during the years when he was getting his stride as publisher of the *Examiner*. Nowhere is there a reminder of him, and about the place are no stories, save the whispered apocrypha of some newspaper veteran, grown garrulous late at night in a speakeasy. Only a real estate agent, passing the place, tells strangers parrot-wise: "This is where Hearst sowed his wild oats." It is a vague and slightly sinister phrase, carrying a forgotten bad odor, and the town forgets.

A bad odor. Yet it hangs about a man who has done a thousand gracious and generous things (for those he could control), whose wealth and power have been poured out time and again to aid the humane and libertarian movements of his time, whose personal modesty is extreme, who is adored by the handful of satellites who have walked with him down the years.

Hearst was born in San Francisco in 1863. He attended the public schools there, and except for a few years at a school in New Hampshire, where he could not get along, and at Harvard, from which he was expelled, he lived in San Francisco until he was thirty-two. He learned his trade there, amazed his teachers with new tricks, and wrote a brilliant chapter in newspaper history, and it was a San Francisco staff that he took with him to man the *Journal* when he invaded New York in 1895.

The revenues from his California paper pulled him out of many a hole, and today he publishes five dailies in the State, two each in San Francisco and Los Angeles and one in Oakland. And for the past ten years he has spent by far the greater proportion of the time at his California ranch at San Simeon, on the coast midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. He is one of the largest land-owners in the State, by far its largest publisher, and all his background is there. His eldest son is publisher of the parent *Examiner*, his next son is a graduate of the University at Berkeley, and both married California girls.

In his heredity Hearst is so completely Californian that a novelist wishing to catch up the State's history in an individual could not have invented a better case. George Hearst left his father's Missouri farm to join the gold rush and spent the fifties as a miner in the foothills of the Sierras, a tall, bold adventurer with the strong acquiline nose of the Southern mountaineer. He was of the Southern faction by birth and temperament, and when, loaded with millions, he married a genteel girl of Virginia-Missouri stock and built his mansion in San Francisco, he had little in common with the men from Yankeeland who lorded it over the State as owners of the new railroad.

He was intransigent in his loyalty to the old traditions of the mining camps. He would not buy himself a dress suit, not even for his wife's finest parties in Washington, where he went as Senator. He rebuffed dandies and pretentious people addicted to decorum and dignity, and he spent his happiest hours to the last among old mining cronies at the bar of the What Cheer House. By them he was adored. Mrs. Hearst took care of all that social nonsense, and he gave his amiable consent to her ideas and doings without for a moment committing himself.

The young Hearst, an only child, inherited this maverick streak from his father, although it took different forms, and he was a notorious dandy until political ambition put him into a cowboy hat. He added to his father's contempt for decorum a great shyness that concealed an enormous will to power. If psychology were a science, it might be possible to say what gave the lad his inferiority complex, his towering will under some pressure that made him uneasy, bashful, with a passion for creating discomfort and astonishment in those whom he tried to ignore and despise. Awkward, lymphatic, with big hands and feet, perhaps it was a mere matter of glands. From the first he was uncomfortable with his equals. A San Francisco contemporary remembers how Will Hearst as a small boy would collect two or three ragamuffins of his own age, lavish candy and soda-pop on them, and take them to the best seats at the theatre. He had a genuine kinship with the lowly.

Neat explanations of the mysteries of personality are the order of the day, and, more than half convinced, I present Hearst as in part at least a product of the California frontier and the Missouri-Far West stock and tradition, born into a more effete world, an organized world in which he became merely one more millionaire. So in journalism he found his métier, and he invented yellow journalism as a substitute for the racy, anarchic, flamboyant life of the mining-camps.

The difference was that he was never disciplined. He missed the earlier years when his father was the poor prospector, learning respect for others and winning their respect in turn by observing the code. The young Hearst commanded a substitute for respect from the first, by the sheer brutal power of the money jingled by a rich man's only child. He could not adapt himself to boarding-school, where a crude money patronage failed him, and he came home undismayed, just as later he left Harvard undismayed. He would show them. And he did.

At Harvard he had been fascinated by Pulitzer's New York *World*, and after his expulsion he went to New York and met some of the men who were hatching yellow journalism. Thus he met Sam Chamberlain, handsome, debonair, resourceful, who had been James Gordon Bennett's secretary, editor of the *Evening Telegram*, editor of *Le Matin* in Paris. Chamberlain came to San Francisco as Hearst's editor as soon as the young man had pursuaded his father to give him the *Examiner*, then a feeble afternoon sheet maintained by George Hearst as an organ of the Democracy that had sent him to the Senate. And Chamberlain taught Hearst more than Harvard.

The *Examiner*, made into a morning paper, jumped from almost nothing to 30,000 circulation within a year. Soon it was at more than double that figure. Hearst gathered about him a brilliant staff.

III

To talk with one of the survivors of that crew is to get the flavor of a happy and extravagant world, now gone forever. The *Examiner* office was a madhouse inhabited by talented and erratic young men, drunk with life in a city that never existed before or since.

They had a mad boss, one who flung away money, lived like a ruler of the late Empire at his house above the water at Sausalito, and cheered them on as they made newspaper history.

When Senator Hearst died, in 1891, the star reporter selected to write the story of the funeral was overcome by the strong waters which the occasion seemed to prescribe, and failed to show up. Chamberlain thereupon turned the job over to Eddie Morphy, a graduate of Dublin University but just arrived from New York, the dust of the train still upon him, who sat down and swiftly dashed off a moving account of the obsequies as older members of the staff stood by and provided him now and then with some ineluctable fact.

It was the same Eddie Morphy (now editor of the weekly *Argonaut* in San Francisco), under orders to fill a Sunday page with seven parallel columns of town characters, who, stumped for material for the last column, invented the orphaned McGinty boys and wrote a story, "The Last of the McGintys", that brought tears to the eyes of Hearst's mother, living then on the top floor of the old Palace, so that she sent over five clinking twenty-dollar gold-pieces for the McGintys, into which the dismayed Morphy and his colleagues made heavy inroads for refreshments as they scoured Telegraph Hill for two ragamuffins who would look McGintyish in the pictures that were now demanded. And Morphy remembers a tall, solemn, long-nosed young man in a dog-cart, waiting grimly outside a crab-seller's on the Sausalito water-front until the recreant reporter had to emerge at last and submit to being taken back to the *Examiner* office and locked in a room with whiskey and sandwiches until he had completed a dissertation on California wild-flowers. Wild-flowers! The paradox meets you on every page of the man's life.

Ambrose Bierce celebrated his withdrawal from the Hearst pay-roll after twenty years by writing some fugitive memories and judgments of the man, to be included in the complete edition of his works. He remembered that "at one time on the *Examiner* it was customary when a reporter had a disagreeable assignment for him to go away for a few days, then return and plead intoxication." He relates that the excuse remained valid until one day Hearst met a man, cold sober, who was reported off on a spree. "On the scamp's assurance that he had honestly intended to be drunk, but lacked the price, Mr. Hearst gave him enough money to reestablish his character for veracity and passed on."

Bierce recalled, too, his first meeting with Hearst. A tall young man appeared at the door of his lodgings in Oakland one evening and mentioned the *Examiner*. "You come from Mr. Hearst, then?" Bierce queried. His account continues:

"That unearthly child lifted its blue eyes and cooed 'I am Mr. Hearst', in a voice like the fragrance of violets made audible, and backed a little away. Twenty years of what his newspapers call 'wage slavery' ensued, and although I had many a fight with his editors for my right to my self-respect, I cannot say that I ever found Mr. Hearst's chain a very heavy burden." But, he concludes finally, "I am not sorry that, discovering no preservative allowable under the Pure Food Law that would allow him to keep his word overnight, I withdrew."

Yet he kept a certain admiration for the man, felt the paradox. He tells how a celebrated quatrain he had written, predicting the assassination of McKinley, was seized upon by Hearst's enemies and used as the heaviest gun in a campaign that almost destroyed him after the shot at Buffalo. Hearst, he says, never mentioned the matter to him, and Bierce adds: "I fancy there must be a human side to a man like that, even if he is a mischievous demagogue." And again: "Never just, Mr. Hearst is always generous . . . In San Francisco and New York his habit of having the cleverest obtainable men advanced the salaries of all such men more than 50%. Indubitably he did get the brightest men."

Once, says Bierce, he caught a manager stealing, discharged him, then reappointed him. Bierce expressed his surprise:

"'Oh, that's all right', Mr. Hearst explained. 'I have a new understanding with him. He is to steal only small sums hereafter; the large ones are to come to me.' In this incident we observe two dominant features in his character—his indifference to money and his marvelous sense of humor. . . . The money to which he is indifferent includes that of others, and he smiles at his own expense."

Bierce's contempt extended to Hearst's writing. "As to Mr. Hearst's public writings, I fancy there are none. He could not write an advertisement for a lost dog. The articles that he signs, the speeches that he makes, well, if a man of brains is one who knows how to use the brains of others, this amusing demagogue is nobody's dunce." I think Bierce's prejudice here carries him too far. Hearst's editors are convincing in their denials, and since Bierce wrote in 1913 there have come to light a number of confidential telegrams from Hearst to his editors, sent from distant roadsides where no staff was available, that disclose a capacity for very clear and trenchant expression.

Bierce closes his remarks with the following:

> With many amiable and alluring qualities, among which is, or used to be, a personal modesty amounting to bashfulness, the man has not a friend in the world. Nor does he merit one, for either congenitally or by induced perversity, he is inaccessible to the conception of an unselfish attachment or a disinterested motive. Silent and smiling, he moves among men, the loneliest man. Nobody but God loves him, and he knows it.

As to this, I asked one of Hearst's oldest employés if he had ever followed another man's lead, sincerely, and with admiration or affection. The reply was an emphatic affirmative. I was told that he worshiped William Jennings Bryan in the 1896 days, and that he had once ordered $5,000 worth of orchids for Mrs. Bryan!

IV

The eight San Francisco years were only a rehearsal for what began in New York when Hearst bought the *Journal* in 1895. The best men of the San Francisco staff were brought east, with Chamberlain in charge and Arthur McEwen as editorial writer, and then Hearst began that brutal use of money that has provided his sole access to talent ever since.

With more than $7,000,000 at his disposal from the settlement of his father's estate and his doting mother's generosity, Pulitzer's *World* was at his mercy. Sam S. Carvalho came over in April, 1896. Morrill Goddard, Pulitzer's brilliant Sunday editor, was bought the same year, and moved in with his entire staff. It was Goddard, a scholarly, retiring Maine Yankee, who invented the truly Hearstien and wholly diabolic use of type and "art" to amaze the vulgar with huge lay-outs illustrating the more erotic scenes of history and the more exotic discoveries of explorers and scientists.

It remained for Arthur Brisbane, lured away from Pulitzer in 1897, to achieve headlines half a page deep and similar audacities, while Brisbane's own scholar's baggage matched Goddard's as he rewrote Marx and Voltaire (in those earlier years) in short crisp sentences for the editorial page. To supplement such staff reporters as Karl Decker, James Creelman and Alfred Henry Lewis, Hearst raided the magazines and his money poured into the pockets of all the best writing-men of the day.

The lives these men lived and the extravagant things they did make a saga of American journalism. It is a masterpiece of the picaresque and the disreputable, with Hearst's pale face and long awkward figure dominant at the center. He drove them, inspired them, bribed them with huge salaries and complete freedom to go off on sensational sprees, to indulge their temperaments, and to resign periodically, provided only they came back and continued to boom circulation. He was a prodigious worker himself, and he demanded demoniac energy in his men.

Thus he developed what he called the New Journalism. Not content to wait for news, they made it. In San Francisco they captured a grizzly bear and presented it to Golden Gate Park, dispatched a special train to dig transcontinental passengers out of the Sierra snows, and sent Annie Laurie as a fainting street girl to the Emergency Hospital to expose its cruelties and lecheries. In New York they solved murder mysteries, sued the coal, ice, and milk trusts, sold coal for a few cents a bucket, and finally brought on the Spanish-American War by sending Karl Decker to Cuba to rescue the imprisoned Señorita Cisneros from an Havana prison and by a dozen other such inflammatory devices.

All this was amusing enough, but history must deal with the question whether we did not have here, in the work of these brilliant young men with their crossed fingers, the birth of a technique, almost a cult, of hokum that has infected the nation with its most salient vice. Critics of democracy in the Machine Age will say it was inevitable. But Hearst started it on the grand scale, and he accelerated it through the success of his journalism until it captured three American newspapers out of four and stamped the journalistic tribe with that appalling cynicism which is its curse today. For the nation there could be no more deadly channel of contagion than its press. Robert Louis Stevenson speaks in "The Wreckers" of a newspaper editor in San Francisco of the late seventies who was "a dull, sober, Christian gentleman singularly intent on imparting the truth." Not all of them were sober. But they were respectful in a degree to the manners of a gentleman. Even the blacklegs who then abounded gave lip-service to decency, knew their betters, lacked the courage of their raffish impulses.

It is impossible to conceive the New York tabloids with their frank appeal to the illiterate, to what William Allen White has called "the new, raw, happy, moron Middle Class," in the days before Hearst. Certain recent advertising campaigns, the racket system, the very mood of our bright young men of business, can be traced to an essential spiritual identity with the callow diabolism of Hearst's yellow journalism. Back of it all was an unscrupulous contempt—for codes, for principles, for the truth, for the public good.

Hearst was perhaps the first man to exploit the discovery that the minority of honorable and intelligent men can be disregarded in a time and country given to mass production and the rise to power of the lower classes. In his own tastes he *was* the lower classes, and he will not be understood by those who miss his personal preference for the gaudy features that sold his papers along the Fourteenth streets of the land, and who suppose that he consciously and sardonically stooped to a plane below that on which he lived. There was never a really successful demagogue who was not sincere. Always the lower reaches of the theatre have provided Hearst with such substitutes for cronies as his walled-in personality has allowed him, and without wealth he might have been a clog-dancer, or, in these later days, a saxophone player.

His assault on good taste and veracity disguised itself during those early years as the high spirits of young men intent on raising cain for its own sake, and it had an attraction because it was done so gayly and hit so many hypocrisies and stupidities. But essentially it was, as Milt Gross would say, a business, and it hardened quickly into the ugliness of a calculated technique for exploiting the sex-cravings, the envy, the savage tribalism, or any other convenient half-cocked emotion of the mob. "What we are after," said the brilliant Arthur McEwen, "is the gee-whiz emotion." But the gee-whiz emotion was the best of it, and often it was something baser than any open-mouthed oafish amazement at which they aimed. They aimed with a special leer at the crowd's moral indignation, as when Winifred Black, sent crusading against Mormonism in Utah, wrote (for the oriental Mr. Hearst!) under a flaming headline: "Protect the Home! Crush the Harem!" It was all immensely audacious and clever, and hugely successful in getting circulation. And it has filled our newspaper offices, the Hearst offices in particular, with swarms of callow and blighted young cynics, men whose outlook is expressed by their sweeping verdict that everything is the bunk.

Stultified and all but concealed by that blight loom forty years of journalistic achievement without a parallel in brilliance. From Ambrose Bierce to Bernard Shaw Mr. Hearst has printed for the enlightenment of his vast popular audience a hundred words of intelligent exposition and analysis—of "good stuff," in the language of the trade—where his nearest competitor has printed ten. The record of the good things he has fought for, of battles won against greed or stupidity, is a perfectly amazing one. From the day when he plumped for Bryan in 1896 against the warnings of all his staff to his stubborn resistance to the war-fever in 1917, he has been utterly impervious to fear in following the lead of his own baffling prejudices, whims, or convictions. We can only guess at our debt to him for whatever toleration and freedom we enjoy at the hands of the urban masses and their leaders.

Isn't it at least of some significance that the most backward parts of the country are those in which the Hearst newspapers have not penetrated? Arthur Brisbane is tedious enough these days in his endless repetitions of the creed of the realty boards, but in his time he has been the greatest journalistic propagator of a realistic and rational view of the universe and the most effective agitator against the Yankee notion that God is a rich banker and poverty a sin.

Hearst is still capable of sacrificing revenue by a sustained attack on the power companies and an exposure of their propaganda, but the impulse grows feeble and a majority of his newspapers are in the hands of men who decline to get their feet wet. They are, indeed, usually members of the inner circle of the business *cabala* that controls the flow of gravy and tells the lunch clubs what to think. And they use the Hearst newspapers with great effect to propagate the current American faith that there is no sin, sickness, or death for those who trail along with the big fellows, but always the chance of winning places nearer the head of the trough. Hearst's three California papers of largest circulation have remained eloquently silent all through the years in which the Mooney-Billings convictions have been exposed as the most grotesque and venal miscarriage of justice in American history. What there is left of the man's liberalism is so erratic that it seems as cynical and calculated as his periodical "moral" campaigns to keep the church people in line. Even when his personal sympathy is engaged for a liberal cause he will allow a local editor with the mind of a police sergeant to fly in the face of it.

V

The truth is that the man himself is in conflict. In the interview of 1906 he told Lincoln Steffens that his papers did not suit him and that he would probably have produced a journal nearer his desire if he had not expanded so rapidly. There is no question about it. Hearst is almost always better than his agents. In 1906 he had papers in Chicago, Boston and Los Angeles as well as New York and San Francisco. Today he publishes twenty-four newspapers and nine magazines, and owns half a dozen wire and news reel services extending all over the world. In the earlier years there is every evidence that he took a fierce pride in his outlandish but brilliant performances. Then ambition stung him, his papers became merely means to an end, and circulation began to mean votes. He invaded Chicago at the request of Bryan, who wanted a mid-Western organ in 1900. His political ambition became an obsession. He even changed his dress. In the *North American Review* article of 1906 Brisbane gave him away:

> More than six feet two, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck. . . . His hair is light in color and his eyes blue-gray, with a singular capacity for concentration. Of late his dress has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cow-boy's soft slouch hat.

But political ambition here gave the impetus to an expansion that probably would have occurred in any event as this restless and enormously able and energetic man tried in vain to satisfy his ego. Always a spendthrift (he lost $7,000,000 in the movies and his San Simeon place has cost him millions more), he has never laid up a large surplus, and for years he has been bedeviled now and again for ready money. His enterprises are vulnerable in proportion as they are huge and scattered, and this weakness is the key not only to the growing conservatism of his papers but to the general deterioration that comes of standardization on a mediocre plane. He keeps shoddy go-getters in power because he needs the money and has no illusions about the taste and intelligence of the business clan through which a paper's revenues are funneled.

In later years he has permitted cautious advisers to persuade him, against his inclination, to take the safe course, as when he withheld support from La Follette in 1924. A withdrawal from personal editing that began when his rôle as statesman absorbed him has continued ever since, confirmed now by the impossibility of running twenty-four papers as he ran the *Examiner* and the *Journal*. Today he sees his papers objectively and impersonally, as business properties, and turns his back in cynical and amused indifference when his executives resort to shoddy methods to get and keep advertising, as when a dramatic critic is also held responsible for theatre advertising or the automobile pages are filled with the Elks Club sapience of high-pressure gentlemen from Detroit.

Aggravating his failure here is his dislike of personal contacts and his cold suspicion of men. Friendship, the hearty chemical expansiveness and sympathy that draw men to a leader, is beyond him, and he employs men whom he half despises and then watches them, sets them against one another, keeps them frightened by sudden shifts and demotions. There were years when he gave his trust wholeheartedly to men who grossly betrayed it, and doubtless these betrayals destroyed his faith, always shy. It could function in one office, where daily contacts reassured him, but in administering his vast string he has not known how to control men except by inciting in them the hope of large rewards —he is said to pay a hundred men more than $30,000 a year apiece—or by instilling the fear of instant and humiliating dismissal or demotion. A very few break through this distrust and are let alone, and doubtless many more would win his confidence if the system he has adopted did not restrict his list largely to those who deserve no better treatment.

With the standardizing of the Hearst papers and business-office control has come greater decorum and better manners. Outrage has gone from them along with the old brilliance, and an old lady who saw Hearst with horns in the nineties would be surprised on examining one of his sheets today to find nothing to alarm her. This is particularly true of his morning papers, for on the evening side he meets the challenge of the tabloids with whole pages of pictures designed as of old to titillate the oaf and the ogre. All his papers still bristle with bright features, and in the morning field, God help us, Hearst is today the most liberal and enlightened publisher of anything like his range in the United States. Yet to compare even the best of his papers with the New York *Times* or the Baltimore *Sun*, is to realize that on the technical and craft side of the business he has left no solid and lasting achievement. A study of the *Times* discloses not a single feature, typographical or editorial, for which he can claim the credit.

The Hearst sheets, indeed, remain shoddy in the extreme. From the beginning they have scorned the cardinal principle of good newspaper work—a respect for the objective fact which the good reporter shares with the scientist. Hearst bought all his talent, and the fact discloses him as a business man and not an editor. For the latter's greatest pride is the discovery and development of talent. It requires a genuine interest in others and a generous respect for them that Hearst's nature could not compass. Ambrose Bierce's experience was exceptional and perhaps unique. Others have had to swallow their integrity and write instantly what Hearst wanted written. He has a pet phrase that exposes his attitude toward the business eloquently. He will telegraph an editor: "Please *make* an editorial." In that hideous phrase taken from manual industry is all his contempt for the professional or craft status of journalism, and for the integrity of the men who work for him. Writing is merely a commodity that he can buy, as he buys paper and ink.

He will turn on even a high executive ferociously, and in public, and he will discharge a dramatic editor, as he recently did in San Francisco, instantly, by peremptory telegram, for not praising extravagantly enough a motion picture in which he is interested. It is the other side of his high salaries and quixotic indulgence—this tyranny that fills a Hearst office with fear, and turns an executive staff too often into a pack of snarling, back-biting intriguers. As for the underlings, they are despised menials, and they know it.

There enters here a decisive new factor in journalism, introduced by Hearst, although it was inevitable. Time was when every editorial staff numbered men whose talents were essential to the paper's success. Their skill at good writing, of features, comment, news stories of love and humor and tragedy, even obituaries, was the paper's strength, and they were respected by everyone in the shop from the publisher down. Such men have been scrapped by the syndicated feature, dating from Hearst's discovery early in the century that his high-priced New York menagerie of artists and writers could be used for all his papers with as good effect as if the stuff were prepared in the home office of each. It was a routine discovery in mass production, and it has revolutionized and all but ruined the newspaper trade. Said Brisbane to a young reporter many years ago:

> When I was a young man on the old *Morning Sun*, a reporter went out and talked with the people he was to write about, and came back and wrote his own story. He had plenty of time and he was encouraged to write into his story whatever quality of emotion the situation held—humor, pathos, romance, and so forth. Young men got excellent training and the news columns sparkled with good writing. Now we find that it is cheaper and more efficient to give our readers their daily ration of humor, pathos, love-interest and what-not in the form of syndicated features. And the news, for the most part, is cut down to mere bulletins, the facts gathered by a leg-man and telephoned in to a rewrite desk.

So the star reporter takes his place with the dodo. Often he was a boozy and irresponsible wretch, ungrateful and as inconstant as a spoiled child, and the uneasy suspicion presses on me that Hearst's latter-day contempt for the species and their craft is a reaction from knowing them too well in the days when he would jump into a hack with them and dash to the scene of the crime.

VI

When John K. Winkler's book on Hearst appeared in 1927, the old guard of Hearst idolaters were delighted. It had been out some time when one of them asked Hearst if he had read it and, receiving a negative reply, commended it to him. But he shook his head.

"If it doesn't tell the truth, it will make me mad," he said, "and if it tells the truth, it will make me sad."

Pondering this story, I believe at least in his sadness. It is the undertone of many stories that drift these days from San Simeon, stories indicating a humorous, philosophical, almost humble mood. Hearst, defeated and facing the end, becomes at last a human being. "I am afraid," wrote James Branch Cabell recently, "that human nature, since it is alike the offspring and begetter of all failure, cannot ever deal in utter justice with the flamboyantly successful." Perhaps Hearst was never that, but many men feared and resented his power, while he himself deafened us to his virtues by blaring them into our ears through the noisiest megaphone ever devised by one man for his own glorification. Since he gave up the White House, that clamor of self-praise has died away, and the man gradually emerges. Perhaps in time he will even discard the frock coat and the cow-boy hat. And when the history of our times is written he will go down as not merely a very extraordinary man, of prodigious energy and surpassing boldness, but even as an engaging, yes, a tragic figure. And to achieve that status is the best that any man can hope in this world dedicated to human frustration.

Already the archives are full of records like that of Bierce, by men who disliked Hearst and resented him; for the uses of understanding we need a chronicle and commentary by one who loved the man. None? There are a few, and among them none so well qualified as Mrs. Bonfils, who, under the names of Winifred Sweet, Winifred Black and Annie Laurie has filled his newspapers with spirited copy for forty years. She worships Hearst and she should, for their relations have been starred through the years by his distinguished kindness. Many pertinent things could be said by one able to get by that primary dislike which marks the general run of his critics.

I have remarked that in his personal tastes the old Hearst *was* the lower classes. Well, so was Charles II and many another whom the world acclaims. And there is something kingly in the disdain with which he has gone his private way. There is much to be said for the gay crowd of movie players that gathers about his lavish board at San Simeon. Hidden by snobbery is the plain truth that these are amusing young people, without pretension or self-righteousness, and far better company than the aging statesmen and moneybags with whom a more orthodox publisher spends his declining years. I'd rather, for instance, spend a week-end with Hearst at San Simeon than with the saintly Cyrus H. K. Curtis in the comely but depressing suburbs of Philadelphia.

I wish Annie Laurie would let herself go. She would not convince me, but her record would be an important item in a solution of the riddle that Hearst remains.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

Mature thoughts of the Hon. J. W. Musselman, editor of the *Pacific Dry Cleaner* of San Francisco, "issued every month in the interests of the Western Cleaning and Dyeing Trade":

> Woman is God's supreme gift to the world. She has inspired, with her kindly instincts, civilization through all centuries and generations now forgotten in the flight of time, hallowing each age with her mystic, unseen power and animating men with faltering faith to move forward. Her thoughts are things apart that men can little understand, winning her way into every heart, where love may grow in beauty, strength and power; teaching the higher joys of life, in rhythmical cadence of mother-love, pointing the way to future glory.
>
> She falters not at care but holds to faith, the best in life, taking the blows that come, silent in pain, greeting the morning with a smile, laughing when life is fair but ever moving serenely onward, not intruding, into the paths where men may fear to tread, always with a halo around her head. Women have led humanity from out the fog of forgotten days into the goodly present and will continue to lead with faith undimmed, but should she fail, then backward we must lapse into abysmal oblivion.
>
> As men, we exaggerate our misfortunes or our successes, either being wretched in mind or buoyant with pride, blundering as we pass through youth, struggling in our prime or making older age a patchwork of regrets and rising betimes for plaudits that should more justly accrue to women. Man is the embodiment of conceit, woman of modesty. Her way is the implanting of love in every heart that it may grow into the fullest beauty of character, reaching beyond this world of ours.
>
> Honor to women of every land for they bring to us evidence of eternity, inspiring faith that cannot be denied, opening the door to the future, pointing the way to happiness and guiding those who desire to travel the pleasant paths to life everlasting.

Literary chit-chat in the Hollywood *Film Daily*:

> Alec Moss's hobby is literature. He is a profound student of literary works and was a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* for several years.

Ecclesiastical news from ever-marvelous Los Angeles, as reported by the *Times*:

> "God was the first user of anesthetics," declared Dr. John Snape in his sermon yesterday at Temple Baptist Church. To prove his point, Dr. Snape said that the Creator caused a "deep sleep" to fall upon Adam and that while the sire of humanity was in that condition the Lord took one of his ribs and "closed up the flesh thereof."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Effects of the Hoover Prosperity within the shadow of the White House, as reported by the alert Associated Press:

> Five thousand women, many of whom had remained in line all night, today stormed the office of the Civil Service Commission to apply for 200 positions as charwomen in government buildings. The line began forming at eight o'clock last night and by midnight had increased to several hundred. Most of the early job hunters stayed awake all night while the others slept on nearby grass plots. Only 1,000 application blanks were distributed and in the scurry for them several hundred women not in line attempted to crash the gate. Police struggled with them before restoring order.

The Rev. Joseph R. Sizoo, D.D., pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, describes the workings of the Holy Spirit in the national capital:

> The leaders of our national government today are, almost without exception, devout, religious, God-fearing men, and one of the most striking things about Washington at this time is the essentially religious attitude of most of our political leaders. There is not a church in the capital—be it Hebrew, Roman Catholic or Protestant in denomination—that does not number in its list of regular members at least one important leader in the political life of the nation.
>
> Politics and religion are closer today than they have ever been in the history of our country, in my estimation, and from my personal observations at the seat of government I would say that no man can aspire to political leadership today who does not have a devout and profound sense of religious experience. The political leader of today leads some branch of government during the week and on Sunday you can find him leading a Bible class or group in some church.

FLORIDA

Resolution of the Associated Dailies of Florida in convention assembled at Jacksonville:

> Whereas, the American people have advanced physically to a point where prehensile members no longer are part of the anatomy:
>
> And, whereas, caudal appendages also have been deleted by the remorseless and inexorable process of evolution, and
>
> Whereas, it has become the custom through countless ages for the people to make their habitat in adequate dwellings, leaving trees, caves and unprotected mountain tops to the lower order of animals, and
>
> Whereas, there has arisen in Florida a recrudescence of ape-like tendencies on the part of the younger generation for publicity purposes only, whereby the youth of the land sit in trees and sit and sit, in the hope that their sitting will be directed to the attention of the community.
>
> Now, therefore, be it resolved that it is the sense of the Associated Dailies of Florida, that its members refrain from publishing any further items concerning tree-sitters, unless and until they or any of them fall and break their necks: with the view of protecting the children of the several Florida communities from the possibility of reverting to original type.

GEORGIA

Incident in the life of a free American citizen of Dahlonega, as reported by the *Nugget* thereof:

> A certain party in Dahlonega, wishing to get an early start to Gainesville on business and eat breakfast there, rose before day and after hurriedly dressing grabbed up his tie and handkerchief, as he thought, aiming to dress up his neck in due time. But think of his surprise and embarrassment when he reached into his pocket after his tie and pulled out one of his wife's stockings. Then poked his hand down in his other pocket and brought up her pretty white thin dress.

The progress of science in this great State, as recorded by the *Georgia Alumni Record* of the State university:

> The minds of University of Georgia students may be studied through their fingerprints if the schools accept a recommendation submitted at Commencement to the Board of Trustees by Governor L. G. Hardman. The Governor, a physician and chairman of the research committee of the trustees, recommended that a department be created at the university for a study of students' fingerprints as they are "related to the mind." The chief executive said many scientists had shown in experiments that there is a definite relation between fingers and brains, and suggested the fingerprint study in connection with psychological tests. His recommendation was referred to the university's committee on law and discipline.

ILLINOIS

Instructions to artists by the director of the Chicago Musical Festival:

> THE CHORUS IS TO RISE ON A BIG CHORD FROM THE BAND. I WILL SIGNAL THE BAND FOR THE

CHORD—WHILE THEY ARE HOLDING THE CHORD I WILL RAISE MY OTHER ARM HIGH—WATCH FOR THAT OTHER ARM AND RISE WHEN I RAISE IT. LET'S DO IT AS A UNIT. Read the rest of this carefully.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS—IMPORTANT

All singers, spiritual chorus, prize winning chorus, soloists, and those sitting in the north chorus section are included in the Hallelujah chorus. If you ever sang the Hallelujah chorus, sing it this time as you never sang it before.

Remember that you are singing outdoors and it requires much more volume to produce the same result as indoors. So for a few moments sing for all you are worth. If you are TOO loud I will indicate by the usual sign.

Remember that many of you are *farther away from the band* than others are. Those who are farthest away will hear the accompaniment AFTER those who are nearest. Will you PLEASE WATCH the conductor and sing WITH his beat and DO NOT DEPEND ON THE BAND? Go with the conductor.

SINCE WE HAVE HAD NO REHEARSAL, I want to call your attention to the following things about the music:

1. Accent the syllable "lu" vigorously whenever it occurs. Give it a "KICK" which will amount to almost a jerk. This will impart rhythm and help us keep good ensemble.

2. Do *not* ACCENT the "jah" syllable.

3. In the phrase "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth" let each part throw this forth with *stentorian* tones wherever it occurs. And DO NOT rush it. Follow the leader.

4. About the third page from the end, where the sopranos mount higher and hold the note three times in succession while the rest of the chorus sings "Hallelujah," REMEMBER that the THIRD time they mount up high the chorus sings its "Hallelujahs" the SAME as before except the LAST "Hallelujah" of the group. This LAST "Hallelujah" ends on TWO QUARTER notes, whereas all the other "Hallelujahs" have been ending on eighth notes. This gives us all an opportunity to put a GREAT BIG "lu" syllable on this last "Hallelujah" of this particular series. Watch me, and DO IT.

5. Now remember the very last "Hallelujah" of the chorus (not the one mentioned on paragraph 4, but the very last one sung). There will be a GREAT BIG PAUSE before we add this final finishing "Hallelujah." WAIT! WAIT! WAIT until I give the signal, and then we will all hit it on the nose until they will hear us up on Michigan boulevard. And HOLD the LAST big chord—HOLD! HOLD! HOLD—get some more breath, if necessary, and come back in again—then watch for that final release of the baton. And WHEN we release I want everybody to throw their voices into that last release like a mighty KICK—and do it EXACTLY with me.

NOBLE CAIN

PROGRESS of radio music in the same marvelous town, as set down for posterity by the *Tribune*:

> Chief Eskimo Harry Reser recently imitated a locomotive and a steamboat with his banjo, but this last week he reached a fine climax by imitating a couple of swinging doors.

KENTUCKY

THE united Baptist pastors of Louisville favor the eminent *Courier-Journal* with an authoritative account of the operations of the universe:

> 1—We recognize the natural laws governing rain and we are in accord with any true scientific explanation of the drought, but we also declare that God, who created the universe and established its laws, is greater than these laws and that He has from the beginning been vitally and constantly in supreme command of them. (Gen. II:5.)
>
> 2—We likewise recognize that a drought has a natural tendency to prolong itself and that, parallel with this, history is replete with occasions when God has, without setting aside His natural laws, withheld rain from the earth. (Amos IV:7.)
>
> 3—We recognize that God has never withheld rain from the earth except in a gracious effort to bring His own people back to ways of righteousness and holiness and the pursuits of the abundant life. (I Kings XVII and XVIII.) We are not dog-

matic about this matter but there is abundant evidence that leads to the conclusion that the carelessness and waywardness of God's professed followers, and also the utter disregard of godliness by the world in general, gives sufficient grounds for such a divine intervention as recorded above. We are certain from the opinions expressed by Christians and others, that a widespread belief has arisen that God must intervene to save us from the immediate results of the drought and the horrible destitution and pestilence that is to follow.

4—We are just as humble and just as confident in facing the facts that God can and will answer prayer for rain, but we likewise assert that every promise of God is given on condition. II Chronicles VII:13, 14: "If I shut up the heavens so that there is no rain, or if I command the locust to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among My people, if My people, who are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sins, and will heal their land." We, after examining our own hearts and determining within ourselves that we too need a closer walk with God, state frankly that it is our opinion that nothing but a turning from godless recklessness to godliness will ever assure us of that prosperity and that happiness and that contentment which is so acutely desired by growing multitudes today. We are confident God answers prayer for rain, but we interpret prayer, in its basic principle, to mean right relationship with God.

5—We believe that God's people, everywhere, personally and directly, individually and collectively, should in genuine humility turn from their wicked ways to God for relief from the drought. And, being not unmindful of God's blessings toward the righteous and the unrighteous even at this season, we beseech our loving Heavenly Father to look on us in mercy in this our time of need as we confess our sins and acknowledge our shortcomings.

GUARD GREEN,
Pastor of Lyndon Baptist Church.
S. N. MOHLER,
Pastor of Third Avenue Baptist Church.
R. H. TANDY,
Pastor of Weaver Memorial Baptist Church.
M. P. HUNT,
Pastor of Eighteenth Street Baptist Church.
CHARLES F. LEEK,
Pastor of Buechel Baptist Church, president of the conference and chairman of the committee.

MARYLAND

THE *Mountain Democrat* of Oakland discovers a local Crichton:

> Mr. Yoder is a graduate of the Repard School for Auctioneering in Indiana. Aside from his work as auctioneer, Mr. Yoder has been a competent clerk for the past year in the Deifenbach grocery-store.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE collapse of Christianity in the former home of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, as disclosed to the world by the advertising pages of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

> WILL TAKE 6 Jewish in a private Christian camp in Massachusetts. Apply at once. Y 141 *Herald Tribune.*

MICHIGAN

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the Mt. Clemens *Daily Leader*:

> After raiding a place at 70 Market street, where they seized a small quantity of beer and whisky, Prohibition agents yesterday arrested Pete Bender, of 45 Crocker boulevard, who was in the alleged joint at the time of the search. The raid over, the dry moppers told Bender to get in their car, that he was "going for a ride." Pete got in. The dry agents talked to him but apparently Pete didn't do what they wanted him to do, and so, when they were several miles south of the city on Gratiot avenue, they stopped their car and told him to get out. Pete got out and walked home, thus paying the penalty for being in a place where liquor is sold.

Extension of the Hoover efficiency to the scientific realm in up-and-coming Pontiac, as reported by the Associated Press:

> The Oakland county adenoid and tonsil clinic has scheduled more than 300 operations on indigent children of the county for the first five days of this week. By operating the clinic on a production basis, the doctors claim to have reduced operating costs to slightly more than $6 a child and operating time to 15 minutes each. Dr. John D. Monroe, county health commissioner, promises a total saving of $18,000 for the county under the new plan, and has chosen 25 local doctors and 16 county nurses to assist.

MISSISSIPPI

The Baptist millennium dawns in Laurel, as disclosed by the Jackson *Daily Clarion-Ledger*:

> The churches of Laurel will not have one bit of competition today. This fact became known yesterday when Mayor M. W. McLaurin announced that Mississippi's Blue Sunday laws must be obeyed to the letter. The lid will be clamped on soda fountains and cold drink stands, golf links, magazine stands and other places of business. Newsboys will not be allowed to deliver their Sunday routes and the reading public of Laurel will have to wait until Monday morning for the news of the world. Bootblacks will also have a day of rest.

NEW JERSEY

Social news item in the Caldwell *Progress*:

> The Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society held a novel golf meeting Tuesday evening on the lawn of the home of Robert Pettitt of Fairfield avenue. As each member put the ball in a hole, he had to recite a verse from the Bible or lead in singing some hymn. The ninth hole was the stop for refreshments for the players. The programme was planned for the group by J. Garland Hamner, III.

NEW YORK

The eminent New York *Times* on the advantages of the higher learning:

> Young man (college graduate preferred); to grow mushrooms. J 392 *Times*.

Literary query in the People's Voice column of the celebrated *Mirror*:

> I have read the Tarzan books in English, but I should like to read them again in Polish, if they are published in that language. Could any of your readers advise also where a whole set of Burroughs books in Polish can be purchased?
>
> Helen Kline.

NORTH CAROLINA

Scientific note in the Greensboro *Daily News*:

> *Editor of The Daily News:* In the year 1925, I had a message from Heaven, by which I was warned that a sore calamity was to befall the United States in the near future year. And again, I received other messages more powerful on the same line. In one of those visitations of the spirit, I was warned to set watch on the sun and calculate its movement. And here is the sum of the matter:
>
> The sun from December 21, 1929, to June 21, 1930, descended 11,625,000 miles nearer the earth than heretofore noted. This decline equals one eighth its entire altitude, and increases heat 12½ per cent. God alone can tell why this movement is made. Get your Bible and turn to Revelation xvi, and read verses 8-9-10. The message I have is too long to write just now. For further information.
>
> J. S. Wilson.
>
> *Bailey, N. C.*

OREGON

Business card of a scientist gracing the town of Waldport:

> *Owner Big Stump and San Marine Ocean Beaches*
>
> DR. C. E. LINTON, PH.G., M.D.
> Waldport, Oregon
> AUTHOR OF WESTERN STORIES
> "The Ocean Cave"
> "The Storm's Gift"
> "People of the Stars"
> "Rescue of the Cave Woman"
> "Three Weeks Inside the Earth"
> "Hermit of Chimaso Island"
> "Cape Perpetua" and others.

PENNSYLVANIA

Associated Press dispatch from the illustrious city of Philadelphia, the former home of Thomas Paine:

> Thirty-day sentences in the county prison were imposed on the managers of two semi-professional baseball teams and an umpire today when they refused on advice of counsel to pay fines of $10 and costs for playing baseball on Sunday in violation of the Sunday law of 1794. Their attorney is considering asking the arrest of the policemen who arrested them under a law of 1706 which provides a penalty of 30 shillings for policemen making arrests on Sunday.

SOUTH CAROLINA

A consecrated sister in the celebrated *Baptist Courier*, the pride and glory of Greenville:

> *Dear Dr. Cody:* There are some good preachers who set me in mental agony by the manner in which they emphasize the high points of their sermons. Rather than hitting the hard wood of the pulpit they use the Book of God to break their emphatic blows. I know a preacher whom I believe to be a splendid man, and sincere in his noble purpose, who has literally frazzled a beautiful Bible by using it as a sort of anvil to hammer out the best points in his sermon. Now, I think a worn Bible speaks of constant use and is an admirable thing, but a *torn* Bible speaks of ill treatment and disrespect for God's sacred pages and is a deplorable thing. It is true that I have seen college and seminary bred preachers hurl all their physical strength into resounding blows upon God's Holy Writ—so if I am too destructive in my criticism I am anxious to be set right. We insist that school children treat their books kindly, and we urge congregations to go easy on the new hymnals, and I wonder why the Book of ALL BOOKS must suffer such treatment at the hands of them who love and spread its gospel messages.
>
> *Sincerely,*
> Dora May Berry,
> *Cheraw, S. C.*

TENNESSEE

Letterhead of the champion thinker of Johnson City:

> BILL RALEY, LL.B., M.H.E., M.S.A.
> *Author, Psychologist, Philosopher, Sociologist, Salesman, Historian, Humorist,*
> *Lecturer, Public Speaker, Traveler,*
> *Wounded World War; Disabled Soldier.*
> Temporary Mail Address
> NATIONAL SANATORIUM
> Johnson City, Tennessee

VIRGINIA

Brother William J. Kilgore of Esserville issues a last clear call to sinners in *Crawford's Weekly* of Norton:

> *Editor Crawford's Weekly:*
>
> There can be laid out a great circle, inclosing and binding on four equal circles, in area containing many times as many miles extending into an infinitude of infinite or endless space. In the geometrical set of circles, an inner circle may be inclosed by a greater set of circles than that of the last preceding set of circles, and in like manner leading on continuously forever.
>
> The geometrical ratio of such proceeding and of such succeeding sets of circles is two, that is each set of the succeeding sets of circles would contain twice the area of the last preceding set of circles and would be continuously extending in all directions of endless space that could not afford a measuring unit for the endless space of God's supercelestial universe. In this life we know but little of numbers and much less of endless planetary systems, eternally revolving in their orbits of endless space. Should we not, therefore, while in the flesh, so live that when we go beyond these mundane shores, we may obtain in vast eternity a perfect knowledge, not only of the glory and majesty of God, but of the great and adorable handiworks of our Creator and the city of golden streets and of many mansions and pearly gates, where the children of God will ever rejoice to be with Jesus Christ the Son of God, their Redeemer and Saviour?
>
> Wm. J. Kilgore
> *Esserville, Va.*

WEST VIRGINIA

Workings of the Holy Spirit in the rising town of Elkins, as published to the world by the Randolph *Enterprise*:

> The ten-months-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thompson of Montrose, which choked to death on a toy bell one day last week and was brought to the Davis Memorial Hospital in Elkins in a car and operated on and brought to life by pumping air into its lungs, thirty minutes after being apparently dead, was taken home and is getting along fine and the age of miracles has not passed yet.

PORTO RICO

Young Teddy Roosevelt, having got a swell job in Porto Rico, goes native with a bang:

> We of this Island are citizens of the United States, but our cultural foundation is not that of the North. Here our cultural foundation is Spanish. Our rich tradition comes originally from Spain. The ancestors of our people were the Conquistadores whose adventurous daring opened a continent to civilization, and spread Spanish speech from Tierra del Fuego to the Río Grande.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

American refinement captures Quebec, as revealed by a news dispatch from that up-and-coming town:

> Henri Daple won the corncob chewing contest from Edward Duval. He ate seven corncobs, washed down with whiskey, and grinned as Duval stopped at the fifth. Then Daple collapsed and died of acute indigestion.

The United Press reports the arrival of the Methodist *Kultur* in Hankow:

> It now costs any Chinese, male or female, at least $25 to kiss in public in Hankow. A decree pronouncing outdoor kissing a social vice was issued by the Public Safety Bureau, the ban being a part of the gigantic campaign launched by the Chinese authorities against all immoral practices. The first offenders under the new law were a newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Chen Chang-hang. Chen was caught kissing his bride in a hired carriage. The couple was placed under arrest and later at the police station they were fined $25 each. In addition, they had to furnish a guarantee that in future they would not again commit the "crime."

Dispatch from Brighton to the London *Star*:

> Because he used a traffic constable's outstretched hand as a hat rack, William Wool, aged 70, a retired Brighton county-court officer, of Selwood street, Brighton, had to appear today before the local police-court, where he pleaded guilty to obstructing a constable in the execution of his duty.
>
> The case was dismissed on payment of 24s. costs.
>
> Mr. J. R. Bishop (prosecuting) said the case was most curious. Wool was old enough to know better.
>
> The traffic signalling apparatus at the bottom of West street, Brighton, was put out of action yesterday, and the constable on duty there had to adopt hand signalling.
>
> While he was busy controlling the traffic Wool stood behind him and began a conversation. Then suddenly Wood removed his hat and hung it on the constable's hand.
>
> "It looked very ridiculous," said Mr. Bishop, "to see a police officer controlling traffic with a bowler hat on his hand."
>
> The officer took the hat off his hand and put it back on Wool's head, whereupon Wool became abusive and raised his stick as though to strike the officer. He was arrested.
>
> The defending solicitor said that neither he nor Wool could account for such strange behavior.

THE HOLY WAR OF 1898

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

In the late evening of February 15, 1898, the U.S.S. *Maine*, riding at anchor in Havana harbor, was shaken from stem to stern by a series of terrific explosions and quickly sank to the floor of the bay. The ship's commander, along with most of the officers, was spending the evening ashore and was thus happily spared: not so, however, were 258 men of the crew and two officers. These poor fellows went down with their ship.

The American and Spanish naval courts of inquiry that were quickly convened could not, of course, agree. The Americans reported to their government that the ship had been destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which, in turn, had set off two or more of the *Maine's* forward magazines. The Spaniards reported to their Queen that the explosion had been internal. It is curious to note, nearly thirty-three years after the event, that the question as to what actually blew up the ship has never been decided.

Granted that the Americans were right. Who planted the mine? Was it set against the hull by Spanish officers, by the Spanish loyalists who filled Havana, or by Cuban insurgents who hoped to involve the United States in their struggle for independence? The American court of inquiry didn't say, for there was no evidence on this point: but the American public knew well enough. It decided that the accursed Spaniard, resentful of the *Maine's* presence in Cuban waters, was responsible. "Remember the *Maine*!" became a battle-cry, and from February 15 until April 25, when war was formally declared by a somewhat bewildered Congress, the phrase was never off men's lips. For ten weeks jingo politicians and journalists kept up the din. Thus there was no question in McKinley's mind, when he sat down to write his war message to Congress, that war with Spain was just the thing the American nation wanted.

The popularity of the war aside, the question still remains to be answered: Why was it fought? The United States might have gone to war for one or all of the following more or less legitimate reasons: 1. To clean up the Cuban nuisance. 2. To free the Cubans from Spanish despotism. 3. To get revenge for our slighted national honor. 4. To protect American economic interests in Cuba. 5. To expand our colonial possessions in the Pacific by seizing and holding the Philippines. Such are the customary humanitarian, nationalistic and imperialistic motives for which modern nations enter into battle. But an examination of the circumstances leading up to the Spanish War forces the conclusion that none of them was of much importance in bringing it on. I am afraid, indeed, that one is compelled to conclude that the war was fought almost entirely in the interests of the domestic political situation. In other words, it was a Republican party manœuvre contrived by the party hacks, a trick to which McKinley gave his approval when he was convinced that the nation was eager for blood.

There was no question, to Americans of the post-Civil War generation, that Cuba had all the ear-marks of an unpleasant nuisance. From 1868 onward the island was in continuous turmoil, and that turmoil involved us in needless international complications and placed in jeopardy the business interests of American nationals. For ten years Spanish soldiers and Cuban insurgents carried on a guerrilla warfare that cost the lives of 80,000 Spanish soldiers and more than half a billion dollars in gold.

American diplomacy followed a tortuous course. Grant, when President, was inclined to look on the cause of the revolutionaries with favor and in 1869 was on the verge of recognizing their belligerency. But the more worldly-wise Hamilton Fish, his Secretary of State, succeeded in checking his ardor. In 1873 we made threatening gestures toward Spain because a Spanish gunboat had had the good fortune to capture and hang the crew of one of the innumerable American gun-runners that kept the Cubans in munitions.

Two years later, we sounded out the European Powers on the question of American intervention, but our feelers met with a chilly reception. For three years thereafter American coast guards made a serious effort to check filibustering, and with American diplomatic support out of the question, the Cuban rebels agreed to a peace. Spain promised a political amnesty and various governmental reforms. But no one took either of these proposals seriously and most of the leaders of the insurrection went into exile, a large number settling in Florida and New York and taking out American citizenship. From these vantage points the scheming for Cuban independence went on.

Had American business men with Cuban interests been really concerned the American government's stand undoubtedly would have been less vacillating. But—and the point is important—from the outbreak of the first insurrection in 1868 up to the eve of the war with Spain those business interests wanted to see neither Cuban independence nor American annexation. They were much more at their ease in dealing with Spanish politicians than they felt they would be with either Cuban or American patriots. The American business man who had any concern with Cuba wanted, above all, a stable government there, and, along with the middle-class Cubans, he believed that this could be obtained with the least expenditure of money under Spanish rule. At that time American business interests in the island, while fairly important, did not loom nearly as large as those of British, German and French nationals.

From about the sixties on Americans had been interested in Cuban sugar, not as growers but as factors and merchants. American wholesale grocers at Boston and New York financed the Cuban growers, extending credit for the purchase of provisions, lumber and machinery, and taking up the raw sugar when it reached the American shore. It was not until the eighties that Americans began to buy sugar estates themselves or to invest in Cuban ore lands. There was no American bank on the island until after independence, nor was American money to be found in Cuban rails or public utilities. In 1898, when war was declared, the entire American interest in Cuba did not total more than $50,000,000, of which $30,000,000 was invested in sugar lands, $15,000,000 in iron mines, and $5,000,000 in other enterprises, for the most part tobacco. Of the million or so long tons of sugar produced on Cuban estates in 1895, American growers were responsible for but 10%. The American Sugar Trust did not invest in Cuban lands until the war was over. By way of contrast, one may note the fact that at the present writing American holdings in Cuba run to $1,250,000,000 and that the following industries are dominated completely by American capital: sugar, public utilities, iron mines, railroads and tobacco.

True enough, in the nineties the American-Cuban trade had already reached significant proportions. In the year 1893, for example, its total value had been more than $100,000,000. We bought the whole Cuban sugar crop and sold the Cubans food and some machinery. Under the beneficent operations of the Tariff Act of 1890, which placed raw sugar on the free list, this trade flourished. But the Democrats came into power in the elections of 1892 and they proceeded to write a new tariff law for one of those obscure reasons that only politicians can explain. The Democratic Tariff Act of 1894 was, in general, not much unlike its Republican predecessor, but it placed a duty of 40% on raw sugar.

For a time the poor Cuban sugar-growers were hard hit, for they had come to depend increasingly on the American market. Indeed, the Tariff Act of 1894 was one of the principal reasons for the outbreak of the second Cuban insurrection in 1895. But the McKinley victory of 1896 assured the return of prosperity, and the very next year the Tariff Act of 1897 restored raw sugar to its place in the free list. Thus, after a hiatus of three years, the year 1897 (one year before war was declared) saw the American-Cuban trade on its old footing, with free sugar, Cuban dominance of the American market, and most-favored-nation treatment accorded American exports to Cuba.

I have been at pains to clarify the situation in order to dispel any notion that economic interest may have demanded our meddling in Cuban affairs. Our stake in Cuba was not very large, in the first place; in the second place, the Republican Tariff Act of 1897 had removed any causes for complaint that might have existed on the score that American trade with the island was suffering. Finally, it was on the direct advice of American business men in Cuba that we kept our hands off, beginning with 1895, when the second insurrection broke.

Edwin F. Atkins, the leading American sugar planter on the island and a Bostonian like Olney, Cleveland's Secretary of State, had the ear of the administration and was in large part responsible for the shaping of our Cuban policy. It was upon his advice that Cleveland refused to recognize Cuban belligerency; in fact, Cleveland sternly rebuked Congress when a joint resolution was passed in 1896, recognizing the existence of a state of war in Cuba. Cleveland saw eye to eye with Atkins on the following: that American gun-running was not to be countenanced, for it only succeeded in prolonging the Cuban disorders; that the insurgents had established no claims to recognition in that they had no functioning government, held none of the important towns and had no fixed sources of revenue; and that they were not receiving the support of the conservative elements in the Cuban population.

Atkins had convinced Cleveland that the best interests of Cuba—and of American capital—would be served by the grant of a measure of home rule, under Spanish sovereignty, for the island. This was Cleveland's Cuban policy until the close of his administration. There is no question that home rule would have come to Cuba—as it came to Porto Rico—had it not been for a series of fatal blunders and mishaps whose net result was the focusing of American attention on the noisy island off our shores. But we may dismiss the thought that Wall Street had anything to do with the war.

The so-called War of Independence broke out on the island on February 24, 1895. The American Tariff Act of 1894, by placing a check on sugar importations and encouraging the planting of domestic cane and beet sugar, brought hard times to Cuba. The discharge of sugar laborers, a mounting cost of living and the continuance of unemployment played into the hands of the patriots.

It should be said for the Spanish government that it made a determined effort to break the back of the insurrection by all the devices of civilized war. General Martinez Campos, Spain's greatest soldier, was supported with plenty of money and in time his army came to number 200,000 men. He found it difficult, however, to cope with the venality of the local officialdom and with the guerrilla tactics of the insurgent leaders, Maximo Gómez, Antonio Maceo and Calixto Garcia. The revolutionary bands were wise enough not to risk their fortunes in battle but took to the hills and brush and lived off the countryside. They relied upon an economic breakdown to force the hand of Spain—and they hoped for the embroilment of the United States. Thus, with an eye towards the latter, Gómez issued orders against the grinding of sugar cane, countenanced levying assessments on the sugar planters and, in November, 1895, issued a proclamation calling for the destruction of plantation buildings and railroad connections and the shooting of all plantation laborers who persisted in working in the fields.

In January, 1896, Campos was recalled to Spain, to be succeeded by General Valeriano Weyler. Weyler met terror with terror, in the hope of bringing the rebels quickly to book. His devices were two: he built series of blockhouses, joined together by wire entanglements, across the island with the thought of corraling the insurgent forces in a gradually restricted area; and he took measures to stop the rebels from living off the country by ordering the concentration of the island's population into camps under the surveillance of troops.

This was the famous *reconcentrado* order which so outraged American opinion. The order was a brutal one, not because it in itself was barbarous but because its consequences were so unhappy. Spanish indifference, ignorance and impecuniousness led to inadequate preparations being made for the care of the civil population, with the result that the toll taken by hunger and disease was a heavy one. But Weyler's position is not hard to understand. The Spanish dynasty hung on a thread and the quick cleaning up of the mess was necessary. The rebels had simply refused to come out and fight, and short of smoking them out by firing the whole interior, starving them seemed the method most promising of success. American interference always was an eventuality to be reckoned with if the rebel depredations were permitted to continue.

II

Weyler made one mistake. Cuba was not the Philippines, simply because Cuba was so near New York. Events there were news and the recently-developed yellow press made the most of its opportunity. Batteries of correspondents and photographers invaded the wretched island and sent back sensational stories and doctored pictures of the carryings-on of the Spanish Butcher. Hearst, for his New York *Journal*, spent a million dollars satisfying the American palate for horrors; Pulitzer's New York *World* reached a circulation close to a million on the basis of its Cuban atrocity stories.

The naturalized Cubans, despite their short stay in the United States, had learned something of the art of pressure politics themselves. They organized local committees or juntas, emitted bonds, engaged in propaganda, employed eminent counsel, visited Congressmen and Senators, enlisted volunteers, bought munitions, and fitted out filibustering expeditions. Of the total of more than $2,000,000 that these Cuban patriots in New York and Florida raised, very little reached the insurgents in the eastern end of Cuba. How much was used for making and holding the American friends of Cuban freedom will always remain a discreet mystery.

Suffice it to say that the Cuban nuisance soon raised such a stench that the Spanish Conservative government fell and the Liberal ministry that succeeded immediately sought to placate American public opinion by recalling Weyler. In November, 1897, General Ramon Blanco was sent to Cuba with orders to abandon the concentration camps and to release from the prisons all Cubans carrying American naturalization papers. The American minister at Madrid was assured that home rule would be granted the Cubans as soon as the insurrection was in hand.

III

A series of events occurred early in 1898 that made the Spanish diplomatic position exceedingly trying. On February 9 Hearst printed in his New York *Journal* a copy of a letter that de Lôme, the Spanish minister at Washington, had written to a friend, in which McKinley was characterized as a "caterer to the rabble and . . . a cheap politician." That the letter had been stolen, of course, didn't matter; nor, so far as diplomacy was concerned, was it of real moment that it had been written earlier in the Winter and had been a personal communication, to boot. The Spanish minister became *persona non grata*, and was immediately recalled—and the whole incident gave the jingoes further cause for the wringing of hands over Cuba Libre. Then, on February 15 came the blowing up of the *Maine*. On March 17, before the naval court of inquiry had filed its report, the respectable and conservative Senator Proctor of Vermont delivered a speech in the Senate in which he described at length the horrors of the concentration camps.

Finally, in distant China, following the slaughter of two German missionaries, Germany took formal possession of Kiaochau (March 6) and Russia, not to be outdone, seized Port Arthur (March 27). These last events meant nothing to McKinley, who would have been hard put to it to locate the two ports, but to the Anglophiles, John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt and Whitelaw Reid, the hour had at last struck. If we fought Spain and seized the Philippines we, too, along with England, Germany, Russia and France, would become a Pacific Power!

Certainly McKinley's lot at this time was not to be envied. It was apparent that a choice had to be made and that in either case the responsibility would be entirely his. There is no question that in the beginning the President was a member of the peace group. Here he was in the company of most of the respectables of his own party and of the nation generally. The group included the whole Cabinet (except for the stupid and incompetent Secretary of War), the Vice-President, Speaker Reed of the House, and Senators Hanna, Allison, Aldrich, Fairbanks, Hale, Hoar, Platt of Connecticut, as well as the bankers, the Cuban sugar growers and the American Sugar

Trust. On the other side were arrayed the yellow journalists, the Anglophiles and the Republican party hacks, who were already looking forward to the congressional and State elections of 1898 and the presidential election of 1900 and were weighing the effects of a successful war on Republican fortunes. The most importunate and the noisiest of the last group was the Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger of Michigan.

On March 27 a note was sent to Spain. Its purport was: that the United States did not seek the acquisition of Cuba; that our sole interest was the pacification of the island; and that we therefore urged an armistice with the Cubans until October 1 and the immediate revocation of the "reconcentration" order. Four days later the Spanish government replied that: 1. Spain was prepared to submit to arbitration the differences arising over the sinking of the *Maine*. 2. The "reconcentration" order, as it applied to the western provinces of Cuba, had already been revoked. 3. The Spanish government was planning to take up with the Cuban Parliament, called to meet May 4, plans for the permanent pacification of the island. 4. Spain raised no objections to the work of American relief agencies. 5. An armistice would be granted only if the insurgents asked for it.

This last was the heart of the matter and the Spanish government really could not yield at once without debasing itself before Europe and at the same time running the risk of fomenting disorder at home. Thus our minister at Madrid wrote to the State Department on April 3:

> The Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs assures me that Spain will go as far and as fast as she can . . . I know that the Queen and her present ministry sincerely desire peace and that the Spanish people desire peace, and if you can still give me time and reasonable liberty of action . . . I am sure that before next October I will get peace in Cuba, with justice to Cuba and protection to our great American interests.

Meanwhile, other forces were at work. The Pope, for example, had made representations to the Spanish Queen on Cuba's behalf. It was indicated to the Spanish Crown, through the German Foreign Office, that Spain could not expect a demonstration by the European Powers against the United States. English officialdom was openly friendly to the Americans. The upshot was that on April 9 Minister Woodford at Madrid was able to cable to Washington the glad tidings that Spain had granted an immediate armistice. Lest the import of his message be lost, Woodford cabled to the President himself on the next day, which happened to be a Sunday, as follows (the italics are mine):

> In view of action of Spanish government as cabled Saturday April 9 I hope that you can secure full authority from Congress to do whatever you shall deem necessary to secure *immediate and permanent peace in Cuba by negotiations*, including the full power to employ the Army and Navy, according to your judgment, to aid and enforce your action. If this be secured I believe you will get final settlement before August 1 on one of the following bases: Either such autonomy as the insurgents may agree to accept, or recognition by Spain of the independence of the island, or cession of the island to the United States. I hope that nothing will now be done to humiliate Spain, as I am satisfied that the present government is going, and is loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it can. *With your power of action sufficiently free you will win the fight on your own lines.*

But McKinley, by now, had given in to the war party. The very next day, on April 11, he went to Congress to ask for permission to use the American military and naval establishments for the purpose of restoring order in Cuba. In reciting his efforts on behalf of the island, McKinley made only passing mention of the Woodford cable of the day before: he said nothing, in fact, of what was really Spain's complete surrender. The presidential message meant a declaration of war. On April 19 both houses finally agreed on the wording of the war resolution, whose fourth article contained the significant promise of American withdrawal from Cuba as soon as pacification had been effected. None the less, pacifist sentiment was so strong in the Senate that thirty-five votes were cast against the resolution with but forty-two votes in its favor. On April 25 Congress formally broke off diplomatic relations.

Let us review, at this point, the political, diplomatic and economic situation on the eve of the opening of the war. 1. The "reconcentration" policy had been abandoned. 2. An armistice had been ordered. 3. Full permission had been granted American relief agencies to carry on their work in Cuba. 4. A Cuban Parliament had been summoned. 5. There were no American citizens illegally held in Cuban prisons. 6. Arbitration on the *Maine* controversy had been offered. 7. The European Powers had refused to organize a demonstration in Spain's behalf and outside aid was not to be expected. 8. The new American tariff policy promised a return of Cuban prosperity as soon as order was reëstablished. 9. American business interests in Cuba did not seek war. 10. There existed no illusions in American government and business circles concerning the success of the Cuban revolution or the ability of the Cubans to govern themselves.

On this last point there may be cited the testimony of Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, who wrote in a private letter to a Boston friend on April 15:

> As to the matter of recognition of independence, there never has been a time when the President could do that. Even Consul-General Lee [at Havana] has given his opinion that there should be no recognition of Cuban independence. We can't recognize independence on the part of a people who have no government, no capital, no civil organization, no place to which representatives of a foreign government could be sent.

Prompted by similar doubts, Congress, when it came to draw up the war resolution, refused to recognize the Cuban Republic.

On April 15, in the letter quoted above, Long had also written:

> Do you realize that the President has succeeded in obtaining from Spain a concession upon every ground which he has asked; that Spain has yielded everything up to the present time except the last item of independence for Cuba; that she has released every American prisoner; recalled Weyler; recalled de Lôme; changed her "reconcentration" order; agreed to furnish food; and ordered an armistice? . . . If the history of the last six months means anything, it means constant steps toward her retirement [from Cuba] . . . I honestly believe that if the country and Congress had been content to leave this matter in his [McKinley's] hands, independence would have come without a drop of bloodshed.

If Long, who was in the President's confidence, knew these things certainly McKinley was not unaware of them. Why then did the President go before Congress, knowing as he did that such a step meant war? One may hazard the following conjectures: 1. He had no faith in the sincerity of the Spanish government, whose previous procrastinations did not augur well for the future. 2. He could not believe in its ability to carry out its whole programme in the face of a hostile public opinion, not adequately prepared for such a *démarche*. 3. He had no assurances of the permanency of the Spanish Liberal ministry. But one may dismiss all these doubts on the simple grounds that had the President been entertaining them he would have placed his perplexities before Congress. Instead, he suppressed the Woodford cablegram and refused to tell Congress that Spain had yielded on every point at issue.

Undoubtedly, McKinley had an ulterior motive in wishing a war with Spain. 1. Either he saw, in the humiliation of Spain, an opportunity for imperialistic aggrandizement through the seizure of the Philippines. 2. Or he looked to what would be a short and successful war to secure the Republican party's triumph at home and the stabilization of his own position as his party's chief.

IV

There is no denying that imperialism was in the air at the end of the Nineteenth Century, and that a small and select portion of the American population had assimilated some of its vocabulary if not very much of its significance. To the European Powers the rivalry for colonies that had set in in the last quarter of the century was an important corollary to their continued economic expansion. England, France and Germany scrambled to divide Africa, the Levant and the Far East among themselves for the following reasons: 1. Colonies were required to supply raw materials. 2. They were important as centers for capitalistic enterprise. 3. They were needed as outlets for surplus populations.

But, in the eighties and nineties, indeed up to the outbreak of the World War, the American capitalistic economy was confronted by none of these problems. At the end of the Nineteenth Century we were a debtor nation and American capital surpluses were so slight that we had but $500,000,000 invested abroad as against the $3,300,000,000 that foreigners owned in American securities. In raw materials—foodstuffs, cotton, minerals, vegetable oils and timber—the American continent was fabulously rich. And the American domain could seat as mighty a population as China's without real discomfort: in fact, the growing needs of American industry required the continuous importation of foreign labor for another twenty years. In other words, none of the impelling motives that forced imperialistic policies on the European Powers was in existence in the United States.

None the less, the United States had its share of imperialists, and they employed all the jargon of a Joseph Chamberlain, a Wilhelm II and a Théophile Delcassé, even if they didn't know exactly what they were saying. Captain Alfred T. Mahan had arrived at the philosophy of imperialism by a series of syllogisms. Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge and Whitelaw Reid had picked up the idea from their English friends. These Anglophiles operated on the theory that whatever England found it desirable to do was worthy of imitation. And they played into England's hands by frustrating German imperialistic ambitions in the Far East, for it was known to the chancelleries of Europe that Germany had marked out the Philippines as her very own. England's uneasiness is quickly grasped when one remembers the proximity of the Philippines to Australasia.

Not enough has been made of the influence of this Anglophilism in the shaping of certain notions in our recent American political history. Suffice it here to point out that Roosevelt, Lodge, Hay and Reid regarded themselves as heirs to the best English political tradition: they thought of themselves as high born, as statesmen, and as men of letters. Hay was McKinley's ambassador at St. James's and the astute

English lost no opportunities to tell him that they looked on him as a worthy successor to the pompous Lowell; Reid almost fell sick of vexation when Harrison sent him to Paris instead of London, but he got to St. James's at the first decent opportunity as a special envoy at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and Roosevelt finally relieved his distress by naming him American ambassador. And as for Henry Cabot Lodge, he was rushing off to London whenever the chance offered. How he could roll the names of the English swells on his sharp, little tongue! Thus, foreshadowing Walter Hines Page, he wrote to Roosevelt in the Summer of 1895:

> It was really a very perfect dinner and very handsome. I was glad to see once more the people they had. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire—the Duke of Sutherland—Lord and Lady Cowper—she very agreeable, and so on, and then Sir Frederick Leighton and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whom I took in . . . I sat next to and talked with the Duke of Devonshire after dinner . . . The pleasantest dinner I have been to was last night at Lord Grey's. He is most pleasant and so too was Lord Landsdowne who was there—who has been, as you know, Governor General of Canada and Viceroy of India.

This little group of Anglophiles, then, had hit upon the notion that the future of America's greatness depended upon the acquisition of the Philippines. In season and out, during 1897 and the early part of 1898, they talked the Philippines to whoever would listen. We needed the islands, it appeared, for strategic reasons (against Japan), and because they were the key to the Chinese trade. It is not necessary, here, to elaborate on the absurdities manifest in both these claims. That the Philippines have had nothing at all to do with the exploitation of China the veriest tyro in the study of foreign relations knows. But this confidence in them led to the commission of a startling error by none other than John Hay himself—and his conduct proves how completely ignorant the little band of Anglophiles was of the implications of the European imperialistic doctrine.

In 1899, as Secretary of State, Hay announced the American policy with regard to China in the so-called Open Door circular. It was not necessary, he said in effect, for Americans to indulge in the partition of China along with England, Germany, Russia and France so long as the treaty ports were kept open to all nations. In other words, from the Philippines as a base we could hope to share in the Chinese trade as effectively as did any European nationals. Hay failed completely to understand that the European spheres of influence in China were not carved out for trading purposes but to furnish outlets for capitalistic exploitation. Really, the Europeans were interested in building harbors, railroads and tram-lines and in working mines with their excess capital. When American capitalists were ready to go into China, in the second and third decades of the Twentieth Century, they found that with Hay's acquiescence the door had been shut in their faces. The Europeans, according to the original treaties and concessions, had the right to hog everything in their particular spheres of influence.

However, that imperialism meant nothing in those days to the average Middle Western politician may be taken for granted. Examples might be multiplied to show that American Congressmen and Senators looked askance on our rôle in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines and displayed an indifference towards these possessions that must have made the sensitive Reid, Lodge and Hay look forward with relief to their regular flights to England. The burdens of empire, apparently, were not designed for American shoulders.

McKinley, certainly, found it difficult to understand all the imperialistic nonsense about the Philippines. With the conclusion of the war, the American peace commissioners were dispatched to Paris with only the vaguest instructions as to the islands. McKinley thought originally that the retention of Manila would be adequate for our purposes; later he expressed himself as being content with Luzon. However, the peace commissioners did not get around to the question of the Pacific for almost two months and during that time interested persons were at work on the President's education. Admiral Dewey was cabled to for advice and he replied with a miscellaneous collection of facts designed to demonstrate the value of the whole archipelago. Reid, who was one of the peace commissioners, succeeded in persuading two of his colleagues that the group was needed for the advancement of our Chinese commercial relations.

V

These three—with Secretary of State Hay at home no doubt helping—finally convinced McKinley that the whole archipelago should be ours. The result was that on November 21 the American delegation demanded all the islands, point blank, from the amazed Spanish conferees. The sequence of events shows plainly enough that the retention of the Philippines had not entered the head of the President until fully more than a half-year after war had been declared.

Thus, McKinley had to undergo a course of instruction to teach him our proper duty towards the benighted Filipinos. But in the devious ways of domestic politics none was his master. He had served his political apprenticeship on the floor of Congress and in the rough school of Ohio politics and none had watched out more tenderly for the interests of those groups that looked to the Republican party for aid and comfort. He had been a protectionist, a friend of the Civil War veteran and a tower of strength, in time of need, for the Ohio public utilities. In the campaign of 1896 he had carried aloft the sacred banner of the gold bugs.

He belongs in that considerable company of American politicians that have filled both gubernatorial offices and the presidential chair: mediocre, circumspect, friendly little men who make politics their livelihoods and their careers. It is not unlikely that the nation's gratitude, in the shape of the presidency, would sooner or later have been visited upon him, even without Mark Hanna's aid. He really was an available candidate with enough virtues to please the most exacting. Yet the fact of the matter is that Hanna had been of spectacular assistance to him in 1896. Hanna's prominence on men's tongues, when the administration was spoken of, annoyed McKinley. More often than not—in Opper's brilliant political cartoons, for example—Hanna was represented as dominating the scene, with the President cast in the rôle of a minor retainer. For the first twelve months of the McKinley administration it was Hanna who was really the party chief and not McKinley.

Beside, the Republican party was not at all safely entrenched. It is true that the Republicans controlled the executive as well as both houses of Congress, but in the Senate the margin was too slender for safety. So slender was it, indeed, that the Republicans had not dared to enact currency legislation legalizing the gold standard—over which the election of 1896 had been fought —lest silver Republicans combine with

Democrats and Populists to pass a free-silver bill. The Republican achievements in the first year of the McKinley administration had been nothing to brag about. The Senate had refused to accept the treaty annexing the Hawaiian Islands; the Dingley Tariff Act, with its wool and refined sugar schedules, had aroused sharp criticism; the administration of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law had notoriously broken down. Populism still flourished in the trans-Mississippi West and the wild applause that greeted the public appearances of Bryan showed that the Boy Orator of the Platte was not to be lightly dismissed in future calculations. The congressional elections of 1898 were approaching closer and closer; so indeed, measured in terms of presidential ambition, was the year 1900. The Republican party undoubtedly needed strengthening. So did McKinley's reputation.

If not a war to revenge the affronted national honor, or to clean up Cuba, or to bring the haughty Spaniard to book, why not, then, a war for the everlasting glory of the Republican party? General Alger, Secretary of War, whispered these things into the presidential ear, as did too, no doubt, many a lesser political light. War was exciting; it would take men's minds off vexing domestic concerns; it would create jobs for the faithful; it would stimulate business; it would entrench the Republican party.

Never was advice more prophetic! For the Spanish-American War did all of these things. Republican Congresses were elected in 1898, 1900, 1902, 1904, 1906 and 1908; Republican Presidents were elected in 1900, 1904 and 1908; business boomed; Hawaii was annexed under the guise of war necessity; the Civil Service was raided; a Gold Standard Act was passed. And as for Mark Hanna—his proportions were scaled down until men began to regard him as just the junior Senator from Ohio.

From the middle of 1898 until his death in September, 1901, William McKinley did not share the bridge of the ship of state with anybody. All in all, it was a very successful little war.

THE LAST CRASH

BY JOHN HERRMANN

The station agent at the Junction raised the window of the ticket-office and leaned over close to the grill work.

"It'll be another hour at least. Maybe more. We won't know until they get the bridge fixed there at Newark." He closed the window carefully with no noise.

The people he spoke to were waiting for friends and relatives from New York coming out for Thanksgiving dinner the next day. They were all sitting in the ladies' room because the fire was out in the other room. After the announcement there was a short silence.

"It's a long wait all right," somebody said.

Sam Roamich, the garageman from Frenchtown, looked up but said nothing. He was there with a friend waiting for the friend's wife.

A young city man who had a country place down the river spoke up.

"It sure is a long wait."

He had one foot on the rail of the big station stove, warming it. A local doctor, one of the rich men of the town, walked slowly over to the stove.

"It's nice and warm in here," he said.

"It's very comfortable," the young man said.

"It's pretty cold outside though," the doctor said.

Sam and his friend nodded. The doctor was rich and Sam and his friend didn't feel that they had anything to say to him, but they were very respectful. The young city man figured at first that the doctor might be a local minister because he started in telling about a sermon he had heard. He had heard it a long time ago in the days of horses and carriages, out on the Princeton pike some distance from town. The regular minister was away and a reserve had delivered the sermon.

"He offered to give a talk for us on account of the preacher being away," the doctor said, "and it was on Hell. He said there was a Hell of cold, he thought. He told us how he had been out one awfully cold day in the snow and cold and after that day he thought there was a Hell of cold perhaps. It was to show that you get some of your Hell on earth, you see.

"And he also told us how one time he was picking blackberries and he climbed way up on a mountain and on his way home he had to pass through a blackberry swamp and it was so thick he couldn't get through it. You know how mean those thorns are, and when he started back climbing way up the mountain again he said he guessed there was a Hell of blackberries too. It was to show that we get part of our Hell on earth."

The doctor leaned comfortably toward the hot stove and put one of his feet on the rail.

"And he told about other kinds of Hell. And you know of all the sermons a man hears, he hears them, and they just go in one ear and out the other so many times, and I've remembered that one all these years. It was an interesting talk on Hell. He was a reserve for the regular preacher."

"Here it comes," Sam said.

It was a fast milk freight.

"The milk freights have precedence even over passengers," said the doctor and everybody looked up at him.

A meek man whose daughter worked for the telephone company seconded the doctor's remark with a nod.

The young city man said he had heard they shipped milk to New York from way out in Iowa and he supposed the reason the milk trains were given precedence was because of the little children needing milk and it would be pretty bad if they didn't have their milk.

"Yes, that's about the size of it," the doctor said.

The meek little man nodded his head the way Sam and his friend had at the start of the conversation, when it was about the weather and the trains. They were stone silent now and looked at the floor as people do when conversation gets above their level.

II

The doctor and the young man were getting along fine and doing practically all the talking. And everyone was beginning to feel comfortable and at ease. The heat from the big stove made them somewhat drowsy and when the door opened, letting in a cold draft, they all looked up. A big man opened his fur-lined coat and importantly drew off his fine leather gloves. He moved up to the stove.

"Good evening doctor," he said in a loud blustering voice.

"Good evening," said the doctor.

The blustering man looked at the meek man and nodded slightly and didn't recognize anybody else in the room.

"How did you come out of the stock market bust up, doctor?" he said.

"I'm very conservative," the doctor said. "But I took some pretty heavy losses on paper. But they are good stocks; they will come back. I was reading just the other day in the *Times* or the *Sun*—I take them both—that the country was in as good shape as ever. The money is here and everything will come back."

"Oh yes," the blusterer said. "But it gave some people a pretty hard crack just the same."

"Did you get hit pretty hard?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, not bad. I dropped a few thousand, not to speak of the paper losses I suffered all down the line. But I heard your son got it. Not from him, understand, he didn't tell me, a friend of his. But it's a good thing. I say a young fellow needs it. He ought to lose a few thousand. It's a lesson. It'll do him good."

"Oh yes, it'll do him good," the doctor said. "But my son didn't get hit very hard. He made it all back. It was a friend of his sold him some stuff. But he sold it out and he made it up. You mean on the first break, don't you?"

"No, no, this last break."

The doctor shook his head back and forth and you could see he didn't know his son had lost anything on the last break and didn't believe it. "I don't think he did," he said.

The blusterer smiled a wise smile and said, "It'll be a lesson. Young fellows ought to have lessons like that."

"Yes, a lesson is a good thing," the doctor said.

A small pinched gentleman had followed the blusterer into the room and had kept still up to this time. The meek little man whose daughter worked for the telephone company was looking down at the floor with Sam and his friend. The young city man had been very quiet during this last conversation but had been in it with his eyes and gestures of his head. The small pinched up fellow announced that he was a lawyer and intimated that he was a pretty big corporation lawyer and knew all about these things. He said that the financial expert on the New York *American* was a young fellow and a joke as far as financial advice was concerned.

The young city man said he probably knew as much about such things as the next man.

"No, this fellow knows nothing," the lawyer said.

The young man said he never read the *American*. The lawyer said that the *American* had a big circulation and was an important paper.

"It's quite influential," the doctor said.

The blusterer looked as if he were sneering but he just wasn't interested. He said, "It was a good thing for your son. A good thing for him."

"But I don't think he lost much. I think he made it back," the doctor said.

"No, this last break," the blusterer said and he was sure the doctor's son had suffered pretty badly, and that was all there was to it.

The doctor's wife came shivering into the waiting-room. She was a big expansive woman and broke right into the room telling everybody that she was simply freezing sitting out in the car. She had a Summer dress on and a Summer coat and was awfully cold. She pulled back the opening of her coat and everybody saw that she had just a light dress on under it.

"I didn't think we would have to wait all this time or I would have worn my fur coat. Burr, it's cold!"

She spoke to the blusterer and called her dignified husband Bill. She nodded very casually to the little meek man and the lawyer because they were neither of them of her circle, and when she saw the young man was a stranger and quite citified, she smiled expansively at him. She merely glanced at Sam and his friend but they were still looking at the floor, studying it.

"Well, how did the stock market hit you?" she asked the blusterer.

He grinned and said, "I heard your son took quite a loss."

"Oh," she said, acting surprised, "do you mean his Texas Company? That was on the first break, but he made it back."

"No, I mean this last break. It was a good lesson for him."

She looked questioningly at her husband and he looked at her in the same way. She didn't let him answer but broke out, "No, he made it all up. He may have lost a little on paper, you know, but he couldn't have lost very much."

"Well, all I know about it is what I heard," the blusterer said. "The colonel took quite a loss, they say."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor and his wife.

"Shook was hit pretty hard," he said.

"He was wiped out, we heard," the doctor's wife said.

"No, no, he wasn't wiped out. Nothing to it. All on paper. He's all right." The blusterer acted as if these people might think he had been wiped out if they thought Shook had been. "I didn't lose so much. Only a few thousand," he said.

"How about your Third Avenue?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said the blusterer and he grinned sheepishly, "that was a lesson for me. I dropped six thousand on it. But a fellow needs a lesson now and then."

Sam moved his foot at the mention of the six thousand and his friend looked straight at the floor. The meek man looked as if he would like to have that much to lose and the lawyer started to say something but the doctor's wife spoke up.

"Well, we're very conservative. Why, I have got stocks, Pennsylvania and this road too, that my grandfather bought and we wouldn't part with them for anything. We keep buying in every chance. I would, even if I had to mortgage my home—and that's one thing: even if we aren't people who go in for swanking and show, we do have a comfortable home and furniture."

"I took a lesson once," the doctor said. "In Midvale Steel. I had bought it at forty. This was years ago, but it was a lesson. It hadn't been paying dividends for several years and I could trade it in on Bethlehem Steel. That was paying dividends, two shares for one. Two of Midvale for one Bethlehem, you know. And I did that and it wasn't a year and Bethlehem quit paying dividends. You see, that way my Bethlehem was only worth twenty. I mean the Midvale would have been only twenty, paying two for one that way. So I sold it and bought furniture. Something we could get some use out of. But you take T. & T., now that's something to hold on to."

The blusterer couldn't help breaking in. He said, "You take anything like that, a monopoly, no competition, that's the stuff you can't go wrong on."

The doctor's wife said, "We bought it when nobody thought electricity was going to be everything the way it is. And we bought Westinghouse too."

"Not so good," said the blusterer. "Look at all the new model telephones. Thousands of the old ones out of the going, on hand and no good. That cuts down the earnings, believe me."

The lawyer spoke up.

"Millions of those old telephones on hand and worthless now. A big loss. I've had experience with big corporations. I know about them."

III

The doctor's wife cut in. "Well, we held on to our T. & T. and I'm buying in as fast as I can afford to. But I'm conservative."

"Yes we're conservative," said the doctor.

"It pays to be," said the blusterer. "If I had a couple millions I'd let the other fellow have a chance."

Sam's foot moved again.

"I wouldn't speculate then, I'd invest. I used to. So did a lot of people, but the stock market bug hit them. Look at Riordan. What about him? He loses a couple of millions and kills himself."

The doctor's eyes were very kindly and he looked toward the ceiling. "Riordan advised a lot of people on stocks that were no good and he killed himself, he couldn't face them. He was a friend of the Governor's and all those people, but it's terrible the way this has hit people. We were in New York the other day."

"Yes, we were in New York the other day," the doctor's wife said. "And down in Wall street. We were down at Morgan's and I started to walk into the room where the board is, but with all those men I couldn't get in. Some of them were crying and they looked terrible. There they were and you could see they were losing millions. It was terrible."

"Sure," said the blusterer.

"It was terrible," said the doctor. "I had to get a hat and I thought I would go to Rogers Peets there on Wall street, or just off Wall street, down in the district. They are a pretty good place to get a hat. I walked in and there was only one other customer in the place. And about twenty clerks standing around. They told me that the other customer and I were the only customers in there all day. That's the way they were hit there. Really it was a real panic."

"Well, it's a lesson to them. The fools all lost their money," the blusterer said.

The doctor and his wife looked at each other.

The blusterer saw this and said he hoped he wasn't stepping on anybody's toes. He meant that the fools were out of it. He said he had lost quite a bit.

"I must have dropped twenty thousand myself," he said.

"No, really?" said the doctor's wife.

"Is that right?" said the doctor. "Well, we didn't, except on paper of course. But they are all good."

"You have to lose big if you make big," said the young city man. "R. E. Olds told me once that even if he had made a lot of money he had also lost a lot more than people gave him credit for losing. And he made a good pile."

The blusterer looked at the city man and figured that the young fellow might be worth including in the conversation.

Sam had become very uneasy listening to all the talk of millions and thousands and his friend looked as if he had gone to sleep. The meek little man had an awfully sad look on his face as if he didn't have more than a quarter in his pocket. The lawyer had his knees crossed and was jiggling a foot up and down and looking very wise and knowing.

"Well, I'm conservative," said the doctor's wife.

"Your son got it good," said the blusterer. "But it'll do him good. I say every young fellow ought to lose a few thousand for a lesson." He looked at the young man, who nodded back at him.

"But he made that back," the doctor said.

The blusterer shook his head. "No," he said positively.

"Bill, come out to the car, I've got some apples there," the doctor's wife said.

They went out. The blusterer looked at the young city man. "Listen here, young man. The doctor's son was cleaned out. I know."

"That's tough," the young man answered. "The old folks don't believe it."

"They got it along with him, I'll bet," said the blusterer.

The doctor and his wife came in. It was plain they had been talking about something serious. The blusterer looked away as if afraid they might have heard what he had told the young man from the city.

The doctor's wife had some apples and started offering them. Sam and his friend refused meekly and quietly and were not pressed to take one. The young city man refused but was pressed and had to say he didn't care much for apples.

"But they are very good."

"I know it, but I wouldn't care for any, really."

"Where the devil is the train?" said the blusterer.

The agent lifted his window again and said it would be another half hour.

The doctor's wife tried to make the blusterer take an apple. He refused. "Do you want to get rid of it?" he said.

"Sure," the doctor's wife said.

He knocked loudly on the agent's window. It opened.

"You want an apple, don't you?" he said.

"Sure," said the agent and started to close the window.

"Hold it," said the blusterer. He reached for the apple but it wouldn't go under the window and the agent had to walk in through a door. He took it, smiling and blushing slightly.

"Here it comes," said Sam, meekly. It was another fast freight. The doctor said, "Milk," and then remembered that that had already been gone into.

"There were a lot of people lost money," said the doctor's wife.

"It's the fault of the bankers," the blusterer said. "Let me tell you. Do you know, three years ago my banker used to come to me and he would say, 'What's the matter with you? Why don't you borrow some money? Aren't you doing any business?'

"I borrowed as high as five, ten, twenty thousand at a time and he came around begging me to take it. I goes to him a few months ago for five thousand and do you know I had to give my pedigree and everything to get it? They don't want to give it to you. They can get thirteen, fourteen percent in Wall street for call money. What do they want to let it out for six or seven for? You take all these new subdivisions. When a fellow can't meet his first mortgage he turns the key in the door. He can't get any more money from the banks and they won't renew. They won't give him anything. They want the money to bring them thirteen, fourteen percent naturally. It's the banks."

"That's a shame," the doctor said. "But the country is fundamentally sound though, I was reading that the other day."

"Yes," said the doctor's wife, "you take my brother and sister. They live in California, but they came here this Fall, through the canal, by ship around. When they were in Panama they heard about the break and it hit them hard. They had everything in Cities Service and were selling it out year by year to live on. They haven't any children and they might as well use it. They instructed their broker to sell it out for them and now it's at twenty and their income is just cut in half. They have only six thousand now, so you see how it has made them suffer. Just cut their yearly income in half."

"They shouldn't sell it," the blusterer said.

"But they have no one to leave it to," the doctor's wife said.

"Well, yes," said the blusterer.

"Here it comes," Sam said again, hopefully. The only opening he got was when a train pulled in.

IV

The people all went out on the platform. The train had twelve people for the Junction aboard.

The doctor and his wife were down at the end of the platform alone, waiting for their son. He didn't get off the train and they walked slowly back to their car. The chauffeur had the engine going and they drove away.

The blusterer's daughter came and the two stood watching the other passengers get off. He turned and watched the doctor and his wife as they went toward their car. The friends of the young man from the city and also the wife of Sam's friend were among the passengers.

While the young city man was starting his car, which, because of the cold, was slow in starting, the blusterer walked up to him. With a sweep of his left hand he indicated the now rapidly moving car of the doctor and his wife.

The chauffeur had neglected to turn off the flood-light in the rear of the limousine. The doctor and his wife could still be plainly seen sitting at opposite sides of the wide rear seat, both with their heads bent slightly forward as if both were separately and intently studying out some problem. The doctor's wife was holding tight to her collar to protect her throat from the cold.

For a moment the blusterer held his hand out toward the moving car without speaking. Then he said, "I knew he was cleaned out, young man. He wouldn't come home here for Thanksgiving dinner after that. The turkey won't taste very good to any of them, I'll tell you."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychology

COLOR

By Knight Dunlap

Color preference, like most other preferences, is merely a matter of convention. We have formed the habit of being pleased by certain combinations, and so we go on being pleased thereby. As in the case of other conventions, there were original causes for the development of this one, but it is lasting, like the others, long after the reasons for its development have passed away, holding on as a mere matter of education or training.

Certain colors, for whatever cause, became pleasing to our ancestors. We were brought up on these combinations and find it hard to break away from them. The original causes of most conventions were economic, but the conventions themselves last long after the causative economic conditions have radically changed. Thus, our marriage and divorce conventions are based on economic conditions to which, in the early days, the conventions were adequate. These conditions have now disappeared, but we cling to the conventions and resist attempts to reform them to fit present conditions. Just so, we deem certain color combinations beautiful (which is a declaration that they please us), and others ugly, merely because we were trained that way.

In the attempt to produce inflexible rules for the use of colors, theorists from time to time have concocted principles according to which colors produce certain specific effects in addition to being pleasing or displeasing. Thus, in a recent popular article, similar to others which have appeared in popular or pseudo-scientific journals, we are told that green and blue-green are quieting, blue sobering, purple depressing, yellow cheering, red and orange exciting or stimulating. On the basis of such assumptions it is easy to formulate rules for the use of colors for the walls of bed-rooms and dining-rooms, for the dresses of women, and for many other uses. It happens, however, that this sort of systematization is mostly what Al Smith calls boloney, with just enough basis of fact to make it seem sensible to the layman.

Certain colors do have certain types of emotional effect on certain persons, but these effects are due to the type of learning which we call association. Fire, with its orange and yellow tints, has long been a welcome stimulation to man, and many emotional associations still cluster about the open wood fire, but with the supplanting of the fire-place by steam heat these associations are no longer formed by civilized man, except in so far as literature and oral traditions maintain them, and the whole system is on the way to eventual disappearance.

The blue of the sky has led to early associations with this color; and the green of grass and trees, and the blue-green of ocean water have been centers about which other associations cluster. The fact that the majority of luscious fruits are red, orange, or yellow has also been important. Red or crimson are the colors of blood and therefore acquired exciting or fearsome associations. In the stages of human development when "artificial" colors were few, and the natural colors predominated, these associations perhaps led to the setting up of general emotional attitudes, but this old order has passed for civilized man, and the attempt to apply antique rules to modern life results in a maze of contradictions.

The supposition that red is generally exciting runs contrary to the effects of roses and many other flowers, not to mention the sunset. Red cloths excite the bull: but black cloths are just as efficacious, for to the bull red actually looks black. The conventional red signal checks the motorist, and green stimulates him to go. The reverse system would work just as well, if it were conventional. Under the deep blue sky of Summer people are stimulated more than by the gray of Winter; but they are cheered as much by the green landscape of Maryland as by the yellows and browns of California. Purple grapes and green watermelons are as appetizing as are yellow apricots, red cherries, or oranges, and if the sea were persistently yellow it would have the same emotional effect it has now.

It is true that a few casual experimenters in the past have reported finding in their laboratories that red, as seen, has stimulating or exciting effects and that green and blue are quieting. But more careful investigations have always led to negative results. The only effects really discernible are determined by the associations which the individual has with the colors, and by their pleasingness to him. Both of these factors (and they are, of course, closely related) vary from individual to individual. Hence, various color therapies, evolved to work upon the emotions of the patient by the hue of his surroundings, have seemed to work in a few cases, but have broken down in wider application. One man may be soothed and comforted by a blue environment and so he may be materially assisted in his return to health. Another man may receive the same effect from brown or purple.

The attempt to find simple rules according to which colors produce effects of a mechanically determinable sort receives apparent support from the known physiological effects of colored light. Certain rays of the spectrum, for example, tan the skin; others do not. The violet and ultra-violet are more important for the activation of certain useful substances in the blood than are other rays. These are specific, determinable effects, not dependent on association or on pleasingness. Why not, then, assume that equally specific emotional effects are produced by the other colors of the spectrum?

This argument from analogy is fallacious. Even the physiological effects mentioned are produced only when light-radiation of considerable intensity, as from the sun or high-powered electric lights, is directly applied. The light reflected from wall-paper, women's dresses, automobiles, and other objects making up our environment of seen colors is so feeble that its physiological effects are entirely negligible. Color applied to the skin in intensive direct radiation is one thing: color as ordinarily seen, which is due to reflected light, is quite another. Colored objects absorb the greater part of the radiation falling on them, and their colors are due to the minor residue they do not absorb. The most violently violet wall-paper will never tan or otherwise affect physiologically the dweller in the room papered with it.

If you like a red or yellow bed-room, and dislike a blue one, choose red for your walls. If reds and yellows are pleasant in your dining-room, by all means have your decorations of those colors. If you are pleased by purple, use it freely. There is no other rule, and if the notion that you *ought* to like certain colors or combinations is foisted upon you, reject it for the silly superstition that it is.

Scientifically, we know a great deal about color. We know exactly the complementary color for each hue in the spectrum, and we know that a combination of complementaries enhances the intensity of each, and so gives a more "striking" effect, whereas other combinations subdue or "kill" each other. The most striking of all combinations, however, is black and white, which is the reason why the traffic cops wear white harness, and posts and pillars close to the roadway are painted with black and white stripes. So also, the most eye-arresting combination a woman can wear is black and white. But do we like the strong color or the weak best? This depends on a great many other and variable factors, and there is no simple rule.

Although color preferences, and color effects, as concerns colors as ordinarily seen, are entirely matters of fashion, there are reasons why these fashions developed. The first reason, aside from the colorations of important natural objects, was the availability of dyes and pigments. This explains also the so-called "primary" colors. Red, yellow, green and blue are in no physical sense primary. Nor are they all primary in the psychological sense of being the "simple", or unmixed colors of which the others are blends. The true primary colors are red, blue, and a color which would ordinarily be described as a yellow green or green yellow. The four primaries of popular notion are merely the colors of pigments which are early and widely available, or of natural objects of distinct human importance, which were early given names in various languages.

The combinations of the few primitive pigments were pleasing, and by force of habit they still remain pleasing. But other combinations have slowly arrived at the status of being pleasing likewise, in spite of the conservatism which resists change of convention. Contrariwise, certain combinations, once approved, have become temporarily unliked in certain localities. Red with blue, for example, which is very pleasing to primitive man, came under the ban a generation ago in the United States. But in general, with increasing width of experience, man adds to his pleasures instead of subtracting from them, and we may confidently expect that the number and range of pleasing combinations will steadily increase.

There will always be combinations that a given individual will prefer to others. The reason for these preferences is to be sought in individual experience and training, and usually goes so far back in youth that it can hardly be recovered. Even the whim that certain women must wear certain colors, and not others, is mostly a matter of convention, and when it is more than conventional, it depends on the color limitations of the woman herself, and not on any intrinsic color effect. If a woman's eyes are blue, and we are pleased by the emphasis of her eyes, then there are certain colors which should be worn by her, in order to bring out the blue. If the red of a woman's hair is pleasing to the beholder, those colors which accentuate it are desirable. But if the red hair is not attractive, then a different costuming is in order. If, as is generally believed, red-haired women are of more ardent sexual temperament than others, their red hair will always be attractive and stimulating to men. If, on the other hand, careful investigation should show that there is no truth in the ancient hypothesis, red hair will be no more generally attractive than brown or black.

In general, in spite of factors such as those just detailed, the notions which women have as to the color they can or cannot wear are mere conventions. When the color fashions change, women find that they can wear colors they could not wear before. And the "suitability" of various color combinations is just as much a matter of fashion, because the pleasingness depends largely on the conventions.

It has been suspected that there are racial factors involved in color preferences, but these also have turned out to be matters of convention, based often on the practical matter of availability. Under the same conditions of habituation and of supply, the color preference of Negroes, Indians, Slavs and Polynesians are the same as those of whites: that is, they are just as catholic and as variable.

Even so-called color-blindness, in its typical form, makes no difference, for although the appearance of the colors to the so-called color-blind is quite different from their appearance to normal persons, the color-blind form the same associations and attachments to the colors they see on the objects of their environment as we do to the colors we see on the same objects. The only difference is that the color-blind person has less variety in his world, and variety and novelty are important determiners of preference and pleasure, along with custom and habit.

Language

SPORTS SLANG IN LATIN AMERICA

By Richard F. O'Toole

In a South American metropolis, not so many years ago, two brawny sons of swing-and-sock were occupied in amusing the local fans with a Marquis of Queensberry conference. Up to this period, the local impresarios had not discovered the possibilities in an alliance between the manly art and philanthropy. Thus, in the absence of a sheltering respectability, the plebeian hosts lacked a fringe of smart and opulent uplift. The weather, too, was most unkind. Still, the attendance was remarkably large—a circumstance to hearten the gladiators.

For a few bewilderingly fast rounds they so viciously jabbed and jolted each other as to convince the crowd of their mutually sincere lust for blood and glory. A continual series of crescendo roars attested that their efforts were satisfying. So far, it appeared, no material advantage had accrued to either.

Whether from fatigue or from caution, the tempo in the next round became less furious, and from then on, slackened perceptibly. Finally, it dwindled into a dull and listless wrestling, occasionally interspersed with harmless cuffing. A clearly outraged clientèle raucously and emphatically bellowed its disapproval.

Then, suddenly and simultaneously, as though roused to action by the rabble's taunts, two right, gloved fists shot out, traveling on opposite courses. With equal suddenness, two inert, perspiring bodies lay outstretched on the floor of the ring. A surprised and badly rattled referee, recovering from a momentary hesitation, began tolling off the seconds—a bobbing arm extended over each reclining form. A decisive "ten," unrecognized by either combatant, quickly melted into echo. Each had knocked out the other!

For the local sports scribes, the outcome was as rare as an odorless onion. Boundlessly and riotously they wrote. From the opening tap of *el gong* to the end of the third round, *el bout,* they agreed, was most excellent. In the fourth and fifth, however, *la performance* was very bad, for had not *los boxeadores* limited their activities to *el clinch?*

But that glorious sixth round! What a finish! The *doble nockout* certainly was *un record* from Patagonia to the Rio Grande. And as for the decision, *el referí* was right. Unquestionably, it could be nothing else, under the circumstances, but *un match nulo.* But where in the whole of *el mundo boxeril* had any referee been confronted with so perplexing a problem?

Strange as it may seem, this medley of English and Castilian was quite characteristic of the language of sports in Latin America. Nor was it an affectation, arising out of the importation from an English-speaking world of popular athletic diversions. Lacking in their own tongue the simple and direct idioms of our sports language, they were practical enough to levy upon the latter. The result was and is an interesting and unique vernacular, peculiarly their own.

Hence, of a Monday morning, when all the Latin-American journals are heavy with week-end sporting news, one's eye is apt to be arrested by *el score* at *los links* of *el country club.* Some local cup-collector, who knows his Scotch polo, may be featured at some length. *Su pivot,* one learns, leaves nothing to be desired; he is *un swinger rápido,* too, and always makes *un espléndido drive.* With such a reputation, one can hardly feel surprised to read that he won yesterday's match *por walkover.*

Nor are the less proficient left to plod along unsung. Of another knickered, though less brilliant hero, the shameful news leaks out that *su drive fué pull quedando en el bunker.* With the persistency of mediocrity (and a merciful omission of his score), he seems to have finally landed on *el green,* since he holed-out *con cinco putts.* Under the circumstances it is reasonable to assume that his remarks, if any, were expressed in somewhat adulterated Castilian.

The devotees of lawn-tennis and their *clubs tenistas* are by no means slighted in the matter of space. At every week-end several important *partidos de singles* are played off on *los courts cubiertos* under the watchful eyes of *los umpires,* who loll about on their lofty thrones. One hotly contested affair, it seems, was frequently punctuated by *veloces smash,* not to mention a number of *brillantisimos forehand drives.* Hats off, then, to the white-flanneled Tilden who managed to win *tres games con score 6/2, 6/4, 6/1.*

In the spoken idiom, a prevalent unfamiliarity with the English language and its complexities, has brought about an unnatural (though natural enough in one sense) pronunciation of the alien words. This, in turn, has had its influence upon the written word, so that there is a growing tendency to substitute for the incorporated English a simplified spelling.

Thus it is that our own most favored pastime has been metamorphosed into *beisbol,* and the participants into *beisbolistas.* Apparently, though, some features of the game are immune. A Texas Leaguer continues to be *un Texas Leaguer,* while a fly seems hopelessly destined to remain *un fly* whether *delante del home* or *un fly al right. Un passed ball* too, is still good for *un base,* while *un home run* appears to good advantage *en el box-score.*

In *fútbol* the points scored may be so many *goals* or *goles,* depending upon the preferred orthography of the scribe. Likewise, *un shot* (of the ball) may or may not be *un buen shot* or even *un magnífico shot.* Let *el referí* spot anyone committing *un hand* and *su team* will pay *un penalti.*

The pink-sheet professors have succeeded in concocting many irregular verbs that are potential sources of headache for the bewhiskered sages of the Spanish Academy. For example, to shoot the ball (football) is *shotear*, or, according to some authorities, *schotear*. Again, to foul becomes *foulear*, and the victim has been *fouleado*. Likewise, to dribble the pigskin is *driblear*. And when the megaphoner steps out to announce the battery for the home baseball team, like as not he will say that Juan Doe *está pitcheando* and Ricardo Roe *está cachando*. Or, let us assume that a Firpo meets his Dempsey; should a swishing right bring sweet and prolonged repose, the sleeping beauty may sooner or later learn that he was *noqueado*.

Rather more immune from this taint of alien tongue are those recreational activities entailing a more or less sizeable investment in live stock or shipping. But they do have their moments. At any rate there is *el match de polo*, wherein each duke of horse golf is, in theory, *un polista*. Further, the so-called sport of kings idolizes *el jockey* when he parades his mount *frente al paddock*. Lastly, *La Federación de Yachting*, with a slight inconsistency in spelling, sets forth the rules for entries of *los yates* in *la regata single-handed*.

On occasion, this salt-and-pepper vernacular arouses a spirit of crusade among the columnists. Not, however, to defend the chastity of the mother tongue, but rather to instil phonetic decency into an illegitimate intruder. With this apparent purpose in mind, one learned scribe lately set forth in print a complete exposition of the English terms of Associated Football, their significance, and the spelling of each term. Omitting the technical descriptions, the following are a few of his examples:

Association	Associeción
Ball	Bol
Draw	Drou
Fault	Folt
Forward	Fouard
Free kick	Fri kik
Goal	Goul
Ground	Graund
Half back	Jaf bac
Half time	Jaf taim
Knocking	Nóking
Linesman	Lainsman
Off side	Of said
Out of play	Aut of plai
Penalty	Penalti
Punt	Pont
Shoot	Chut
Team	Tim

It would seem that other and even more controversial opportunities lie in the path of the Latin sporting editors. From the capital of a free and sovereign South American nation, there lately emanated from the pen of one of them an amusing and interesting criticism. Upset over the laxity of pronunciation among his fellow citizens, and apparently not accustomed to do things by halves, he wrote:

> Since sport is not at variance with grammar, it is lamentable to find such barbarous words as those employed by the sports critics of Argentina when they write *halves* instead of *halfs!*

HESPER GARLAND

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

I WAS only thirteen when Ernie Garland brought Hesper to our town. My mother and Ethel and Aunt Edna clicked their tongues and said, oh, no good could come of it; she smoked and a woman must be crazy to wear some of the dresses she does. Ernie Garland married Hesper and they went to the Dells on their honeymoon and when they came back to town Hesper and Ernie went to live with Ernie's folks. Ernie's folks lived in a white house with lightning rods on the roof and they were old, so that old Mr. Garland didn't work but spent most of his time pushing his hard, scabbed hands into the black earth in the Springtime, leaving seeds of onions and cucumbers and ground cherries there, and in the late Summer old Mrs. Garland pickled the fruits they bore.

Hesper always came to my mother and said, oh, how happy she would be if only the people would like her, and my mother would slip her thick wedding ring from her thick finger and put it on again and say, "My, but you've got a fine husband. You should be glad because he may own the creamery some day."

Ernie was assistant manager of the Wausau Creamery, and on Saturdays he brought home heavy red cheeses and pale yellow balls of cheese. He used to tell Hesper how they were made and why they were red and yellow, and he would laugh because Hesper wanted to put her fingers into the soft cool stuff. "Some day I may own the creamery and then we'll have money and we can have a home of our own and we won't have to live with the old folks any more."

"Yes," Hesper would say.

Then Ernie would put on his shapeless velour hat and Hesper would put on her green-and-yellow knit shawl that old Mrs. Garland had made for her and they would walk out into the soft blue Summer twilight of the town. They would walk under the full maple and chestnut trees that bordered the sidewalk and Hesper would let her fingers hit against the rusty iron spikes of the fences as they walked past the old houses. Ernie would talk about the money they would have when he owned the creamery and how they would live alone, and Hesper would breathe the sweet air deeply and listen to the night-sounds, the egotistic chirping of the grasshoppers and the beetles, now in unison, now alone, the shrieks of the children, the old ones playing "Run, my good sheep, run" on the corner, and the young ones zigzagging past her with their candle-lit toy trolley-cars. "Oh, if only the people would like me!" she would murmur to her husband. Then she would hold tight on to Ernie's arm for a block and she would say to herself, I am all alone, I haven't a mother, I haven't a father, I was alone in the Big City and now I'm alone here. "Ernie, do you love me?"

Run, my gutschibrun!

She would hear the cries of the children from the corner and she would say to the inside of herself, Please Ernie say you love me please Ernie say you love me.

"Of course I love you. Didn't I marry you?"

As the people from the village passed them in the dark they would call hello to Ernie and only nod to her. Then Hesper would put her hands to her waist where her child was, and she wanted to cry out, What will you do when my baby comes? You will say hello to me too because the child is part Ernie's.

Run, my gutschibrun!

Soon I will have a child and you must let my child play Run my good sheep run on the corner with you. Watch out, little girl, the candle has tipped over in your trolley-car, it is burning your trolley-car, don't cry, little girl, my little girl will have two trolley-cars!

At nine o'clock they would go into the drug-store and Ernie would have a chocolate soda and she would have a hot fudge pecan sundæ. Once in a great while my mother or Ethel or Aunt Edna would sit down at the white table with them and then I would press close to Hesper and smell the sweet heavy smell of her hair. Her hair was gentle red, the color of the pheasants on the wallpaper in our living-room. "How is the cheese business?" my mother would ask, and "How is the old Mrs. Garland?"

Oh, thought Hesper, why won't the people like me, they hate me because I come from the city. "Ernie, give me a cigarette. Do you mind if I smoke, Mrs. Keefer?"

"Oh, not at all. I don't think smoking is half so bad as taking a drink," my mother would answer. "I smoked a cigar once. Just to be crazy, of course."

Then my mother and Ethel and Aunt Edna would giggle and Ernie would frown and give her a cigarette. As soon as Hesper lit it my mother would purse her lips and blush and say goodnight very sweetly to Ernie. Then we would gather our parcels together, the hen for the soup, the cabbage and the rye bread, Dr. Barker's tooth powder for my father, and busily we'd walk from the store.

II

Ernie, she cried, and then she didn't know why. She reddened and pushed her hands between her breasts, ashamed of being so happy.

"It isn't fair," he mumbled.

What wasn't fair? Oh, why should anything not be fair? She pressed herself against him, she wanted to put her hands on his where they held on to the steering-wheel and she laughed inside of herself. Oh, the snow was blanket fresh.

"It isn't fair."

"What isn't fair, Ernie? Why not?"

"They should have promoted me at the creamery this Christmas."

What does it matter, she asked herself. How happy, how I love Ernie. "How I love you. You'll own the creamery some day."

"Everybody says so."

"Of course, everybody says so. How clean the snow is, Ernie. In the city the people's feet melt it and make it dirty." She leaned far out of the Ford, closing her eyes as the soft snow hit against her eyes, her nose and her chin. "Oh, I never saw clean snow at Christmas-time before."

They drove slowly through our village, bumpily, and Ernie didn't see the red houses becoming pinkish-grey from the snow-blurs, nor did he see the long branches of the pine trees becoming big with snow. Hesper wanted to weep, how fresh everything was, how good, how good Ernie was, maybe even the people would take her in their arms today. "Maybe someone will kiss me."

"What are you talking about?"

She leaned her head back, she pulled her blue hat from her head and shook her gentle-red hair out to the cold air. She laughed loudly and she put her hands to her sides and then she put one arm around Ernie and held the other on his knee.

"How silly! How foolish I am! Ernie, I am so happy. I never saw clean snow before. Maybe they will like me today. One Christmas day in New York I had to eat all alone. I went into Sherry's and I spent four dollars and a half on dinner. I wore a cherry-red dress, with silver medallions ——"

They were driving to my house. They were driving to my house, because my mother had invited many people, my mother was having a Christmas Day party and she had said to my Aunt Edna, "Will I have to ask Ernie's wife, too?" and "Yes" my Aunt Edna had said.

I was standing behind the parlor windows when they came, next to Mrs. Greeley with her black dress and her opal pin on. Mr. Greeley had died four years ago and Mrs. Greeley had worn the black dress and the opal pin ever since. The room was full of the chattering of all the men and women, with the children screaming and jumping in their play on the floor.

I grabbed on to the lace curtains as Ernie and Hesper drove up to our stone stepping-block in their Ford, and my mother called to me, "Don't touch the curtains, Emo!"

"They're coming! They're here!" I cried.

"Oh," said Mrs. Greeley beside me, and she wet her dry lips with her tongue.

The chattering in the room stopped, and I felt my face get cold. I said to myself, someone must say something nice. I was only thirteen.

My mother stood up erectly and straightened her new serge dress and pursed her lips and said to my father, "Ollie, open the door for them."

My father opened the door and Ernie came in first.

"Merry Christmas!" my mother called.

"How is old Mrs. Garland?" asked Mrs. Bird. She sat timidly beside Mr. Bird on our horse-hair sofa, pulling her handkerchief between her thin blue fingers. Mr. Bird ran his dirty fingers around his coat collar and then glanced at his wife's fidgeting fingers. He reached out and took her hand and then held it between his in his soft lap.

Then Hesper came in, and even the breathing stopped in the room. She had taken off her coat, and her hair was still crisp and tangled from the wind, her green silk dress had large daisies embroidered on it and was stretched tight across her full breasts.

"Oh," said Mrs. Greeley, wetting her lips again, and then she clasped both hands in front of her.

On Hesper's face was a clean bright smile, like clothes falling off from her and leaving her naked. The people tried to mumble casually, and they smiled broadly and nodded their heads, Mr. Peters tugged at his pale blue arm bands, and Mrs. Klemin, who was going to have a baby, gnawed at her lower lip.

I glanced nervously at my mother, and then cried out, "Everyone is glad you came!"

The company looked at me and then turned their heads to stare at her again.

Then they noticed her golden slippers. Every pair of eyes fell simultaneously to her feet, and Mrs. Bird wrenched her hand from Mr. Bird and began tugging at her handkerchief again. Hesper moved one of her feet slightly and threw her head back and laughed.

"Oh," Mrs. Greeley whispered.

"Ernie got them from the city for me for Christmas," Hesper said.

Then the strangled noises bit by bit revived again, until the hum was once more at its height, but all eyes kept centered on Hesper. She sat gracefully in the brown morris chair with grandmother Keefer on one side of her and Ernie on the other. All around her was the clatter of the people of our village celebrating Christmas.

In the middle of the floor the five children squirmed and screamed and they laughed more wildly than Hesper had laughed, they carted fire-engines and trains through a bridge made from my fat Uncle Charlie's legs.

Then Hermie Berg stood up from his chair next to Mrs. Greeley. Hermie Berg stood up and walked across the room to Hesper. Taking careful steps like a trained elephant, so as not to step on the children's fingers, he came and sat down on a stool at Hesper's feet.

"I've always wanted to talk to you," he said.

Oh, he always wanted to talk to her, someone was taking her in his arms. "Yes?"

"Yes. Please tell me about the city. I want to go to the city. Do you want a cigarette?"

She took a cigarette, still smiling, and she felt more clothes drop from her and there was a delicious warm breeze on her naked body. As she lit the cigarette, Mr. Bird gripped Mrs. Bird's hand again and my mother said in a very loud voice, "We're going to have noodles for supper!"

"What?" my grandmother screamed. "What did you say? I can't hear. I don't like noodles!"

Hesper inhaled deeply from her cigarette and Hermie at her feet wanted to touch the silk on her thighs.

"Tell me about the city."

"The city is beautiful when you're not alone. I went to a party once and wore a silver dress with lilies and a yellow rose in my hair ——"

"Oh," said Mrs. Greeley, and Mrs. Klemin turned to my Aunt Edna. "Silver dresses—golden shoes and in *Winter*!"

Ernie reddened and sat telling my mother how the old Mrs. Garland was.

"—a yellow rose in her hair ——"

"Look at Hermie ——" someone said.

"She's smoked before."

I went to Hesper hurriedly and I leaned over her shoulder. I said, "Put out the cigarette," and then she smiled at me more naked than before and asked Hermie to put it out.

The children sat playing Fire! in the middle of the floor, screaming, rushing through my Uncle Charlie's legs, and putting out the fire on Aunt Edna's thick ankles.

"Dolores ought to speak a piece."

The child Dolores looked up frightenedly in her yellow fairy dress with the pink rosebuds and shuddered.

"Speak your piece, Dolores," Mrs. Bird said sweetly.

The child was quiet and only stared frightened at Hesper's golden slippers.

"Speak your piece!"

"Stand before the Christmas tree."

"You'll get yourself a licking when you get home," cried Mrs. Bird.

Then the child fell forward among the blocks and toys, weeping. "Oh," said Mrs. Greeley, and Hesper sat forward in her chair and put her clothes back on and said Oh, the child.

"The children should sing!"

"Sing!" crooned my mother.

The five children stood up and walked solemnly before the Christmas tree. The child Dolores stood there sobbing.

"Sing a Christmas song," said Aunt Edna.

The children squirmed and whimpered, and then they began, timidly,

> Ihr Kinderlein kommet
> Oh kommet—

Hesper wept inside of herself. Little Children, she said, take me in your arms, let my child sing with you when she is born!

> Zur Bethlehem hasten
> Zur Jesu—

Then Hesper stood up and she wanted to take the children in her arms. "Come in my arms!" she cried. Each of the children began to cry loudly and ran to its mother's arms. "Oh," cried Hesper, and I tugged at her beautiful green silk dress that was tight across her breasts, and Ernie muttered, "Hesper, sit down!"

"Supper!" my mother called.

"What? I don't want any noodles!" my grandmother grumbled. She jumped up and was the first to sit at the table. Our table is only big enough for ten people and so we had to set the table twice. Most of the old people, my grandmother, and Mrs. Greeley ate first, Aunt Edna and my mother panting and sweating as they served. Then Mrs. Bird helped them wash the dishes so that the other people could eat. The two young girls, Hesper and Ernie, and all of the children were at the second table. The old people talked louder and had made much more noise eating than the children did. Hesper sat silent between Ernie and Dolores, and the child Dolores would not eat, except when the *Schaumtorte* came she devoured the maraschino cherries whole.

After supper everyone sat down exhausted in the parlor, and the men took off their coats and sat in their shirt sleeves, and Mrs. Gardner wiggled her cramped feet out of her highly polished shoes. Hardly anyone spoke and Uncle Charlie fell asleep; the children whimpered in their mothers' laps. Mrs. Greeley sat in one corner remembering her husband and feeling proud of her opal pin and in another corner some of the ladies began to sing Christmas songs. My mother sang harmony in a sweet tremolo and Mrs. Bird kept time nervously with her thin, blue hands. Once Mrs. Rommberger forgot a verse and got behind and had to sing hastily and lustily to catch up.

> Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht. . . .

Hesper and Mrs. Klemin and Hermie Berg sat in the other corner. Mrs. Berg called Hermie over to her in the middle of a song and whispered something to him. Then he sat down on the horse-hair sofa and stared sullenly at the pictures of Grandmother and Grandfather Froelich on the wall. Two other young ladies came giggling to sit down where Hermie had been.

Mrs. Klemin leaned over to one of the young ladies, "I hear Sally Lunt's baby was born last night."

The young ladies reddened and one of them stood up.

"Do they know who the father is?" she mumbled.

"No."

"She's bad."

"They should put her in jail."

Hesper felt all of her clothes clinging stickily to her and she said softly, "Was it a boy or girl?"

Mrs. Klemin glared at Hesper. "A boy. God knows what a brat he'll turn out."

Hesper put her hands to her waist where her child was. They will call you a brat. . .

"She always was a bad one."

One of the young ladies polished her glasses and said, "We should bar her from our church."

Hesper got white in the face, white like the daisies on her dress. "What did she do that's so awful?" she whispered.

"She had a baby."

"She isn't married."

Hesper tried to listen to the ladies singing Christmas songs; she looked across the room at me and I smiled but she didn't smile back. I saw her eyes turn green, the color of her dress, and her face white like the daisies. . . .

"Can't she be put out of town?"

"When the brat grows up, he'll probably . . ." Mrs. Klemin whispered something into the ears of the two young ladies and they flushed and laughed nervously.

Then Hesper stood up and she clenched her hands; her face was whiter than the daisies now and she chewed on her lip. "O God," she cried, "Can't the poor woman have a child without. . . ."

Suddenly she clapped her hands over her mouth and she bowed her head into her arm. "Hesper!" Ernie cried.

The old ladies stopped singing, and "Oh," said Mrs. Greeley; my mother's head shook from tightening the muscles in her neck.

I ran and got Hesper's coat for her and I said, "Here!" Ernie already had his on and they walked out hurriedly without saying goodbye. As they got into their Ford Mrs. Greeley and I saw the pale snow fall gently on Hesper's red hair. My mother recovered herself. "Emo," she screamed, "keep your hands from the curtains."

Ernie would not speak all the way home. Hesper sat shivering beside him, staring ahead of her. "God," she said, holding her hand gently to her mouth. "God!"

LADIES ON THEIR OWN

BY GOLDIE WEISBERG

Hitch-Hikers

Phoenix, in Arizona, is a sort of clearing-house for the type of California-bound pilgrim who travels in a dilapidated Ford or picks up rides on his merry way to the Pacific, and the Social Service Center serves in turn as a way-station for the females among these adventurers.

As for the source of supply, Texas and Oklahoma probably rank first,—at least the majority of lady itinerants who turn in for a night's lodging or a bit of advice or a more or less temporary job, hail from those parts.

To the employment secretary come, for the most part, women who are uncertain either of themselves or of their surroundings. Thus we get the timid girls who are just starting to support themselves and the older women who have never, as far back as they can remember, done anything else, and whose eyes are perpetually haunted by the fear of age and poverty attacking them at the same time. Then too, we get the irresponsible youngsters who are seeing the country on practically nothing a week and have to pause every now and then in their travels to replenish their light purses.

Girls of this general type are sure enough of themselves on the road, but a new and fairly sizeable town inspires them with awe and they look around for someone to see them through to the next highway. The employment secretary usually gets the job.

Jo and Betty were a typical pair of sightseeing hitch-hikers. They swaggered in arrayed in dirty white sailor pants, soiled sweaters, and perky gob caps balanced jauntily on their close-cropped heads. When I interviewed them, Jo did the talking, emphasizing her remarks with the snapping of gum bubbles which she effected with startling rhythm. Betty, in the meantime, remained in the background, clinging to the back of a chair while she whistled under her breath and surreptitiously practiced a new shuffle step.

The girls were working their way from Oklahoma to California, Jo told me. In Los Angeles they knew a man who ran a swell eating-house and he was going to give them jobs as hashers. They were hitch-hiking and had pretty good luck most of the way. Not far from their starting point they had been picked up by a swell guy who never tried to get fresh and had brought them all the way to El Paso and paid for all their meals on the way. Out of El Paso they had not fared so well. They had got a lift soon enough, but the bozo who picked them up turned out, it seemed, to be a raw tomato, and they ditched him as soon as possible.

Anyway, here they were, cheerful, hungry, broke, and serenely unconcerned. I discovered to my great relief that they carried a change of clothes in a small pack. "Clean duds,—dresses," explained Jo.

"Sometimes we stop over and go to a dance, see?" The duds were dresses, but far from clean. I assigned the two youngsters to the laundry, arranged for their lodging, and in the morning sent them, arrayed in their clean frocks, shining from much scrubbing, and blooming with lipstick, to fill a temporary opening for waitresses in a cheap restaurant. At the end of the week they were ready to travel on.

"Say, you been swell to us," said Jo, when they left.

"Adios," waved Betty. "See you in jail." They swaggered out dressed again in the sailor pants and gob caps.

A different kind of a hitch-hike tourist was Mrs. Simpy. She came in quite late one evening, preceded by a three-year-old youngster who fairly burst into my office. His face was smeared with the dust of the road and a steady snuffling indicated a bad head cold. He was eyeing me with friendly curiosity when his mother came in. She was tall, gaunt, and unkempt, and an odor of many bathless days hung about her. She carried another child in her arms, a sickly-looking infant who whimpered and tossed fretfully.

"I want a place fer me an' the young 'uns to sleep," she said, dully.

"Where have you come from?" I asked, "and where are you going?"

"I come from Texas, an' I'm goin' to California, to my married daughter." California always means Los Angeles to these people.

"Did you come by train?" I continued.

"Laws, no. I come by machine."

"With friends?"

"Naw, I got picked up on the road."

"Have you any money?"

"I got fifty cents. I been stayin' in auto camps. Folks let us sleep anywhere."

"What is your daughter's name? Have you got her address?"

"Yeh, I got her address." She took a torn envelope from a pocket. "Here's her street an' number. I cain't remember her name. It's a kind of funny name."

"But suppose she has moved from this address. How will you find her if you don't know her name? Los Angeles is a very large city, you know."

"Oh, I reckon I'll find her. She's been away a long time. She's been married six years. I reckon she's twenty-one now. Kin you give us a place to sleep?"

"I think we can take care of you. Is your husband living?"

"Naw."

"Have you any other children?"

"Yeh. Three in the orphanage at Fort Worth, an' another'n in the school for blind at Austin. . . . Here, you brat, quit that!"

She jerked the three-year-old away from my desk, on which he was placidly spitting circles and other amusing figures.

"How long did it take you to get here?"

"A week." She slumped wearily and I hastened to the telephone.

"I'll arrange for your lodging for tonight and in the meantime you can lie down in the rest-room." As I led her out I added, "Don't you think you ought to return home? Suppose you don't find your daughter?"

"I reckon I'll find her. I ain't a-goin' back."

I got her settled on a couch and was about to close the door after me, when she called sleepily,

"Hey, I know what her name is now; it's Glee."

Mrs. Simpy and Betty and Jo are representative customers, but in a year of experience, three women stand out for me as distinctive in themselves. They are the Green Parrot, Lolabelle, and Maria Castellanos.

II

The Green Parrot

The name flashed through my mind the moment she stepped into the office—the Green Parrot. Her hair was dyed a deep henna. She wore it short and it hung like bunches of coarse thatch from under her gay green hat on whose brim a huge bow like the arms of a wind-mill perched precariously. Her dress was of green knitted stuff, dirty, ill-fitting, hanging unevenly, and sleeveless, disclosing great, flabby arms sprayed with a particularly unattractive variety of freckles. But it was not only the sartorial ensemble which suggested the Psittacidæ. Her wrinkled, rouge-caked cheeks, her thin receding lips, her pale, red-rimmed eyes, all added to the effect, but most of all it was her nose, sharp, beak-like, stretching, it seemed, in a futile, pathetic ambition to reach her vague and negligible chin. Yes, she was distinctly like a parrot,—a green, draggled, hungry, cynical, and unloved parrot who had seen better days. For on one of her yellow hands she wore the most beautiful jade ring I had ever seen, and from her ears there dangled grotesquely a pair of magnificent jade ear-rings.

She came shuffling up to my desk on a pair of gondola-shaped pumps, one of whose straps was unbuttoned to accommodate the bulk of a badly-puffed ankle.

"Listen, dearie," she said, in a husky, croaking voice, "I'm looking for a position. I've just come in from Rio de Janeiro."

"From Rio de Janeiro!" I marveled. "And what has brought you here to Arizona?"

Her eyes flitted uneasily about the room. She leaned confidentially across my desk and twisted the jade ring.

"I guess it was—Fate!" she whispered at last.

Then she launched on a rambling account of her history, an account I was to hear repeated almost daily during the month the Green Parrot wheezed and fumbled her way in and out of my office.

"I've had such a hard time, dearie, such a hard time." Her head moved from side to side nervously and the ear-rings swayed in melancholy rhythm. "My father was a judge in New York. I married a Brazilian. He's dead." She moistened her thin, heavily-rouged lips. "It was love that brought me low, dearie,—love!" Her vague discourse rambled on and on until I asked her what kind of work she could do.

"I can do anything, dearie, anything. I can do office work, and I'm a good chiropodist, but if you mean my profession, why, I'm really a masseuse. I can speak Spanish and Portuguese. Oh, I'm not so common, dearie. I'm a writer, too. Hollywood's got two of my scenarios. I stopped off there before I came here. I lost my diamond ring there. No, dearie, I'm not common. But I'll do anything, even housework!"

I had decided by this time that the Green Parrot must be quite down and out, but she took from her bag a good-sized roll of dirty one-dollar bills and paid for a week's lodging. I suggested, as tactfully as I could, certain changes in her toilette and urged the delights of quantities of hot water and soap after her long journey. She looked at me with an injured expression and made no reply. Every day she appeared in the same verdant array, one slipper-strap unbuttoned, her face heavily made up, her jade ear-rings looking more preposterous than if they had adorned the cynical ugliness of some oriental god.

"But I can't get you a job unless you make yourself look less—unusual," I told her one morning.

"Dearie," her jerking head leaned so close to mine that I blinked. "Dearie, don't ask me to submerge my personality," she begged. "It's all I've got left." Aside from the Green Parrot's devotion to the term dearie her English was quite good. At times it bordered on the elegant, and I was to learn that it could be very picturesque in its own way.

Every Saturday she peeled the requisite number of dollar bills from her shrinking roll and paid for another week's lodging. Every morning she shuffled into my office and cringed over my desk.

"Anything for me this morning, dearie?"

"I'm sorry, there isn't a thing."

Then she would shuffle out again, pushing one heavily-burdened foot before the other, and return late in the evening to sit in the hall and pore over mysterious bundles of frayed newspaper clippings and magazines of ancient vintage.

After her third week in our midst, with no job in sight, she took matters into her own hands. One day she brought me the classified advertising section of a newspaper. She had inserted an advertisement in the Situations Wanted column:

> Lady of wide experience and refinement wants position as housekeeper for gentleman. Will also serve in capacity of chiropodist, masseuse, entertainer, Spanish interpreter, and companion.

I could scarcely repress a smile. Here, indeed, was the jewel of housekeepers. A lady of wide experience and refinement who would manage a household and look to the well-being of her master's bunions and shoulder-muscles as well. Not to speak of her interpreting, her companioning, and her entertaining! I had a startling vision of the Green Parrot as a ballet dancer, a blues singer, or a contortionist.

"What do you mean by entertaining?" I asked her.

"Oh, I can do lots of things, dearie. Why, I know enough card tricks to last for a year of Sunday nights!"

The advertisement brought results in a remarkably short time. The Green Parrot shuffled in one afternoon, flushed with excitement. She had a letter from a man in a small mining town up-State. He needed, it appeared, a housekeeper of just such talents as our Brazilian enigma boasted. He told her he had a five-room house including a parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and two bed-rooms, and he added that he was subject to lumbago and looked upon a housekeeper-masseuse in the light of a miraculous answer to prayer.

I suggested to my Green Parrot that she let me investigate the gentleman's enthusiasm, but she insisted on promoting the venture herself. A second letter from the victim of lumbago presented a revised description of the architecture of the house.

"I guess I made a sort of mistake," he wrote. "There ain't but one bed-room, but we won't let a little thing like that bother us. . . ."

In high indignation the Green Parrot tore the letter into bits and threw it into my waste-basket. Then she relieved herself in terms that would have made a sailor gasp.

"The goddam son of a sea-soaked so-and-so," she finished as she stumbled out and left me fanning myself.

A week or so later she came in with a letter clutched in her fist. Her watery eyes gleamed and a little mustache of perspiration glistened and quivered over her upper lip.

"I fixed him!" she croaked. "I wired and told him I'd come as soon as he sent me railroad fare." She waved the letter in my face. "And here is a money-order for twenty-seven dollars!"

Before I could recover my speech, she hurried on.

"And now, dearie, I'm going to bid you farewell." Her voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "I'm going to leave for San Anton' to-night."

"Why San Anton'?" I asked feebly.

"It's Fate, dearie," she whispered, leaning a little closer. "I guess it's just Fate."

III

From the Plains of Texas

Texas has probably sent more foot-loose adventurers to us than any other section of the country. They are a restless lot,—sometimes, like the Pilgrims in "Hassan," "for lust of knowing what should not be known," but more often from a dull, vague sense of futility and ineptitude. In any case, they move stolidly from place to place, from camp to camp, proud after a fashion, often uncommunicative, and inarticulate even with one another.

But sometimes, if they escape young, they bring with them a glow and color that is the more remarkable by contrast with the hopelessness of the poor whites.

Lolabelle was like that. She came in very early one morning, wearing the most priceless grin it was ever my pleasure to respond to. She was brown and straight and tall, with a fragrance of newly-turned earth clinging to her, and her glance was steady and alert. I liked everything about her, her brown eyes, her freckles, her strong, brown hands. She was wearing a black-and-white checked dress and a red cotton sweater. A large red hat flopped comically over her face, and she carried a dilapidated bag to whose handle a pair of muddy laced boots was tied.

"Mah name's Lolabelle Blanton. Ah'm from Texas," she drawled.

"From what part of Texas?"

"From the plains of Texas, honey. Ah've come heah to wu'k and Ah'm going to bring mah folks heah, too."

I wanted to go on hearing her lovely voice.

"Tell me about the plains of Texas," I said.

"Well, honey, they ain't much to tell. Fo' miles and miles, they stretch away, as far's the eye can see. Jes' rollin' away, they go. It's fahmed, this land is, by tenant fahmers, mostly. Mah folks is like that, and seem's like they nevah do git out of debt. They grow co'n and cotton, and they nevah have time to look at the sun or stand up straight in the light of day. Ah've got six brothahs and they've all got they noses to the grindstone, too. Land, honey, it ain't right. It ain't meant to be."

"And you think they will be happier here; that things will be easier?"

"Well, honey, they couldn't be any hahder, and it'd be a new staht. Seems like the sunshine is kindah heah, too, and clearah."

"How did you get here, Lolabelle?"

"Well, ah've been wu'kin' at Corpus Christi in a hotel. You know, honey, mah folks is right proud, and me bein' the only girl, they didn't want me to wu'k, but that didn't look right to me, so I got this job at Corpus Christi. Then the othah day some people was a-comin' heah, and I asked 'em to take me along. Mom and Pop don't know yet. My, but they'll be surprised." She leaned across my desk and chuckled. "You know, ah'm plum scared of a big city, but don't you tell anybody. I wouldn't let on to Mom for anything. What ah want now is a job. Ah shuah ain't scared of wu'k, anyhow."

"Would you like to stay here until you get a job, Lolabelle?"

"Shuah would, honey, and ah got

money to pay. Ah got two dollahs and that'll last till ah get to wu'kin'."

I told Lolabelle of a railroad boarding-house out of town that wanted a cook. I knew from experience that Texas women prefer the long hours of a boarding-house or hotel to the easier routine of service in a private family. The latter is looked upon as domestic service, which is beneath them, while employment in a place of institutional proportions takes on an air of dignity. So I suggested the railroad boarding-house rather than any of the available places in the city.

"That shuah does suit me, honey. And ah'm a real good cook, shuah 'nough." A long-distance call paved the way for Lolabelle's arrival, and I put her on the bus the very next day.

During Fair Week she came down for a holiday and once again I was treated to her priceless grin, but this time it was a little wavering.

"You know, honey," she said, "it shuah takes a long time to save up enough money to bring a whole family from Texas, don't it now?"

"I'm afraid it does, Lolabelle, but you're not getting discouraged, are you?"

"Land, no, honey, but,—don't you tell a soul, but I shuah do get homesick. Being in Corpus Christi was bad enough, but here—I wouldn't let on to Mom for anything, but I do get plum lonesome up there."

"Perhaps it would be nicer if you were here in town. I'm sure I could find you something."

"No, honey, I couldn't get so much money in town, and Ah've shuah saved lots of money." For a moment all the light died from her face. Her shoulders sagged and she looked dull, stolid, hopeless, like the others. Then courage, at least, came back into her eyes.

"Ah'll tell you what's the mattah, honey. It ain't the wu'k, and it ain't so much being lonesome, but Ah've been looking around at the othah Texans who've been a-comin' heah to settle." Her voice faltered and she looked at me desperately, hoping that I would deny what she was about to say.

"Honey, they ain't any different! They look just as washed-out and daid as they did down theah. Land, honey, I want mah folks to stand up straight when they come heah. Do you think they'll just go on being tenant fahmahs all the same? That just cain't be right, honey, it ain't meant to be."

The philosophy of Dr. Pangloss might have been helpful just then, but I could not summon it. The best I could offer was:

"Unless you've cornered *all* the spunk in your family, Lolabelle, they ought to be able to do better than all these others you've been looking at. I don't think you should let them discourage you."

"I ain't a-goin' to honey," she grinned her priceless grin again, and patted my hand. "Ah reckon ah'd better hurry and catch that bus now." She walked out with the old, free stride that she had brought from the plains of Texas.

IV

Mrs. Maria Castellanos

Maria came in one morning so quietly and timidly that I was not aware of her presence until I heard a soft voice saying, "Excus-se me, pleas-se." A small figure in a black suit and a neat, white blouse, a dark, eager face, and great dark eyes,—that was Maria Castellanos, to be indexed in my official files as "domestic, Portuguese, married. . . ." and in my private supplement, "Maria Castellanos, young, pretty, intelligent, tiny. Husband unemployed, Mexican, father of eight-year-old boy by former marriage. Living conditions, pretty bad. Broke. Pregnant."

"Excus-se me, pleas-se."

I was drawn to Maria as one might be drawn to a charming child. Everything about her was so very young,—the way she sat forward in her chair, her feet primly together, her hands folded tightly, tensely on her knees, her face thrust out, her soft eyes searching my face.

"I am Maria Castellanos. I am *Mrs.* Maria Castellanos. I want, you know, som'-theeng to work."

"What kind of work can you do, Maria?"

"Oh, I can do manny theengs. In the kitchen, in the dining-*room*, in the house every*where*, in the garden. Oh, yes, I can do manny theengs."

"You don't look very strong, Maria. I don't believe you could do very hard work, could you?"

"Oh, yes! I am so little, yes, but I am so strong, too. My Felicio, he is-s my husban', he is-s more beeg, but he is-s not so strong like me!"

"Isn't your husband working, Maria?"

Her face grew troubled, then a little ashamed, and she looked down.

"No, he is-s not so strong. He has in his side a bad pain, al-ways. He work for labor one week, but it is-s so too heavy."

"Are you going to have a baby, Maria?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Her little body flew at me and her hands beat themselves together. "But that is-s a long time off. I can work yet very much. I am feel *so* good."

Luck was with me. Just the right place turned up in the home of a very considerate family. Maria's work was to help in the kitchen, serve the meals, and do general cleaning. There was plenty to do, but no laundry. Maria was literally thrilled to tears when I told her about the place. I had hopes, too, of finding work for Felicio, something not too heavy, something that would not aggravate that mysterious and annoying pain in his side, but Maria looked dubious. That was really a very bad pain, she assured me, and Felicio was a much nicer person to get on with when he was free from work and consequently free from suffering.

Maria worked until a month before her baby was born. Her employers gave her a half-month's salary, a layette, and a basket of food when she left, and she felt like one of Fortune's elect.

After the baby was born things didn't go so well. Maria contracted pneumonia when she left her bed and the older boy, Felicio's son, picked up a case of diphtheria, so that a quarantine card was tacked to the door of the Castellanos shack. Fortunately, the Johnsons, Maria's employers, had retained a friendly interest in her, and immediately arranged for their removal to a hospital. Felicio, who had inadvertently allowed himself to be trapped by a job, now felt it his duty to lay off lest he spread the diphtheria germs among his fellow-laborers. Felicio was very sad, but he shrugged, *Quien sabe?* and consoled himself and us with the thought that if he had not quit, he too might have been stricken with some dread disease, arising from that pain in his side, and then where would his little family, his *pobrecitos* be?

I used to visit Maria frequently when she was out of danger. Lying in her bed she looked more than ever like a child. At first she was very shy, then as the shyness wore off she began to tell me about her childhood in the Azores, about the sweetness of her life there, the gay, good-natured people and how they visited from one island to the other in the little boats.

"When I was a little girl on the Islands," she said, "the people, they laugh al-ways, everybody."

Maria emerged from her pneumonia and returned with her baby to the shack, and the boy, too, recovered and was sent home.

One morning a soft voice floated over my desk.

"Excus-se me, pleas-se." Maria was back, looking a little pale and pinched, but still neat, still eager, still very young. She was ready for another job. Didn't she feel too weak to go to work again so soon? Oh, no, no. She was quite well and strong, very strong. And the baby? Well, there she had me. She knew I'd make a point about the baby. But it was all arranged. Felicio, poor fellow, was simply miserable with the pain in his side. But he didn't mind watching the baby. He had learned how to feed it, and everything. Only, of course, "It is-s better, pleas-se, I should in the night-*time* go hom'." So we found another place for her—the Johnsons had left town—from which she could, in the night-*time*, go home.

One morning she telephoned me from her new place.

"They have here, to-night, a party. I mus' have to stay. You try, pleas-se, to let Felicio to know, yes-s?" I sent word to Felicio. About three that afternoon he telephoned me from a neighborhood grocery.

"The baby, he's awful seeck."

What seemed to be the matter with him? Felicio didn't know. He didn't want to bother Maria, but he thought I'd better come out. A dozen girls were waiting to be interviewed. I suggested that he give the baby castor-oil, or call the doctor, or do both, and promised that I would be out about six. At five he called me again.

"It's all right. That baby, I geeve heem *som'thing*. He is-s feel better."

The next day the baby was worse. I called Maria and the doctor and went out to the Castellanos shack. The doctor took one look and bundled Maria and the baby into his car and off to the hospital.

"I guess he is-s feel pretty bad, no?"

"What did you give him yesterday, Felicio, that made him feel better?"

"I don' fin' that castor-oil, so I geeve heem soda. I fin' that soda, so I geeve heem that."

Maria came the next day. Her great, dark eyes were filled with a troubled wonder rather than with pain.

"The baby, he is-s die," she said very simply and quietly.

I put out my hands.

"I'm terribly sorry, Maria. I feel that I might have done more ——"

"Oh, no. You are ver-ry good. You mus' not feel sorry. I think, may-*be*, it is-s better, no?"

"Oh, perhaps it is, Maria."

"I think, may-*be*, he grow up not so 'appy, yes?"

"Yes, Maria, perhaps ——" She was silent for a few minutes, sitting tensely on the edge of her chair. Then she rose.

"You know, thees place, it is-s not so ver-ry easy. They want I should wash the clo'es, and watch the little baby. . . . If you know, pleas-se, som' place where is-s no little baby. . . ."

"I'm sure I can find you another place, Maria. You needn't go back there."

"Oh, I thank you. You are ver-ry good frien' to Maria."

The door closed after her, then I heard the soft voice again.

"Excus-se me, pleas-se." I looked up to see her tiny head stuck through the door.

"Excus-se me, pleas-se. You will not forget, I do not need any more, in the night-*time*, to go hom'."

THE HOLY SPIRIT AT WEST POINT

BY LLOYD LEWIS

The Word of God came to the United States Military Academy in the twenty-third year of its existence, on a certain Winter morning, late in 1825. It arrived with a spiritual detonation as thunderous as if one of the campus cannon had suddenly fired off and kicked itself over the cliffs into the Hudson.

Chaplain Charles Pettit McIlvaine, a majestic Episcopalian, was on the rostrum that morning conducting chapel exercises. The cadets huddled before him on backless benches that were so crowded that one boy's knees fit into another boy's back. Ever since his arrival at the Academy early in the year Dr. McIlvaine had seen the cadets sitting thus, unresponsive, almost defiant. "The condition of the Academy was far from encouraging," he recalled in later years. "There was not one 'professor of religion' among the officers. Of the cadets not one was known to make any profession of interest. Among cadets, officers and instructors there was a great deal of avowed infidelity."

This attitude, at the time, had become traditional in the United States Army. Since the Revolution the bulk of American professional soldiers, like the leading American statesmen, had been skeptical of organized religion. Intimacy with French guest-officers in the struggle for independence had spread Voltaire's Deism, and Thomas Jefferson had used his immense influence to weaken the power of orthodox Christianity.

But on this particular morning at West Point Dr. McIlvaine got unexpected encouragement when, during that portion of the Episcopal service which deals with the confession, the chapel resounded with a scraping, scuffling noise. A cadet was shoving benches about and moving neighboring feet so that he might have room to kneel! Jaws dropped open in amazement as the youth spoke his responses in a trembling voice. Nothing like this had ever happened before.

But over among the first-year men there was a stripling Virginian who knew quite well what the kneeling cadet was doing. Robert E. Lee, at eighteen, was already a devout Christian, even if as a plebe he kept himself so inconspicuous that Chaplain McIlvaine was not yet aware of him. He neither swore nor drank, used no tobacco, and never did anything that he couldn't tell his mother. Nearby sat his friend and classmate, Joseph E. Johnston, a youngster of no religion. Yet forty years hence Johnston would be kneeling on the battlefield for baptism by the same cadet at whom the whole student body was now staring.

Soon it was made out that the convert was Leonidas Polk, a tall North Carolinian who had heretofore been ready and capable in mischief. As a third-year man and room-mate of the popular fourth-year cadet, Albert Sydney Johnston, young Polk was a rare prize for Dr. McIlvaine. None of the boys dare ridicule so influential a person. Back home in North Carolina his father, a hard-headed old colonel of Revolutionary days, would object to his son's conversion, but it would do no good. Leonidas had taken Christ to his bosom for good and all, and within a week would be inducing other cadets to kneel in chapel and shepherding them into prayer-meetings which the eloquent McIlvaine held nightly in various rooms.

Leonidas, indeed, became so extremely pious that he was soon allowing himself to be used by the commandant as an instrument of discipline in the school. It seems that the august fourth-year men had for years refused to answer roll-call in the morning. None of the lower classmen dared offend their seniors by rousting them out of bed. But with the Holy Spirit in his heart Leonidas was now on the side of authority and did the commandant's bidding, tossing his superiors out on the cold floor in their nightshirts.

Religion was so strong in him and brought him such sweet glimpses of righteous power that he resigned from the Army soon after graduation and became a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By 1838 he was Bishop of Louisiana, Texas and the Indian Territory. Dr. McIlvaine, too, soon left the Academy, to embark upon a church career that was to make him Bishop of Ohio in 1832.

The revival that the two launched at West Point permanently rescued the place from agnosticism. It had become Christian, so much so that, in time, its critics would be sneering, "It's a great place to make preachers." Its friends, too, were to remark how many clergymen were educated there. Roswell Park, leader of the class of 1831, left the Army to become an Episcopalian dominie and educator, and others of less celebrity found it easy to step from the profession of war to that of orthodox religion. Both disciplines, as taught at West Point, were strict and firm of rule; each bent the will of man to higher authority. Duty and obedience were the watchwords of both militarism and Calvinism.

Between 1825 and 1861 the West Pointers were thus grounded in a firm trust in things-as-they-are. The codes of church, state and society were to be supported as established. The Academy schooled reactionary, aristocratic conformists. They distrusted the free play of politicians' minds and all agitation. As a group they regarded slavery as a sacred institution, for it had always been here. Anti-slavery workers they scorned as sinful anarchists. With the South dominating the Academy, as it did the whole government, the boys did not question the superiority of the slave-holding aristocracy. In the years between its organization in 1802 and the national crisis of 1861, West Point had had one cadet for every 5,757 persons in the South and only one for every 8,330 Northerners. Even those Northern cadets who believed Secession wrong were apt to class Abolition as no better.

George B. McClellan, the little New Yorker who graduated in 1846, regarded the agitators of Massachusetts and South Carolina as equally to blame for the Civil War when it came, and was said to have wished that someone would heave both States into the ocean. McClellan was quite typical of the West Pointers of his day. In faith he was a Presbyterian Fundamentalist and in politics a conservative. In war he would always play safe, and be strong on the defensive and weak and uninventive in attack, true to the Academy teachings.

It was upon men like McClellan that President Lincoln had to rely when war came in 1861—bureaucrats and classic tacticians who had no desire either to use the Confederates harshly or to destroy slavery. As near as one can get at their common aim, it was to end the war by brilliant maneuvers and reëstablish the Union with slavery intact. Their minds, narrowed by their training in orthodoxy, could grasp the mass passions of neither population, North or South, and all of them were awed by the fact that many of their old schoolmasters were high in the Confederate councils.

II

Between 1852 and 1861 West Point had been commanded by Robert E. Lee and William J. Hardee, both of whom were to become mighty Southern generals. Furthermore, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was an old West Pointer, and as Secretary of War from 1852 to 1856 had seemed almost like Jehovah Himself to the cadets. Numerous other Southern officers had served on the Academy faculty, so, all in all, many of the Union war-leaders felt like schoolboys again.

Under Lee's régime at the Point—the years 1852 to 1855—religion was in the air and it continued there when Hardee, a fellow-Episcopalian, succeeded Marse Robert, to hold the commandant's post until the outbreak of the war. Both were high-minded Christians of the old school, and although their administrations raised the educational standards at the Academy they kept the place studiously orthodox. Lee's essential conservatism was in evidence later, when, as a commander in the field, he was perfect on the defense yet failed whenever he essayed big, bold movements into the enemy's territory. Also, he was so unprogressive as to oppose the introduction of the new breech-loading rifles which the Northerners had taken up with such deadly effect.

It is significant that of the three Civil War generals who were most elastic, inventive and successful in mastering the business of attack, none was considered a good soldier at West Point. Grant, Sherman and Stonewall Jackson all left the Army in discouragement, Grant and Sherman to find more failure in civil life and Jackson to become an indifferent schoolteacher. Each of them refused to abide by precedent when he found himself face to face with actual war. Grant introduced the innovation of refusing to regard single battles as important; he ignored the formality of resting after a fight and astounded the classical tacticians by paying no attention to defeats, doggedly lunging ahead on a continuous campaign that eventually broke down all opposition. Sherman was equally unorthodox and independent, violating, with repeated success, the old West Point teaching, "Never divide your forces in the face of the enemy." And both Jackson and Sherman developed the artistry of forced marching to a degree which baffled their conservative adversaries.

Of the three men, Jackson alone was religious. Grant, at West Point and afterward, remained passive toward the Methodism of his mother. Sherman always declared himself "nothing in religion," although, as a nine-year-old boy, he had been baptised, at his foster-mother's insistence, into the Roman Catholic church. Jackson was a zealous Presbyterian, fond of establishing Sunday-schools for slaves. As a war-time leader, he looked to many men like nothing so much as a brooding, circuit-riding Methodist preacher, shambling along with his feet out of the stirrups, as slouchy and unconventional in dress as Grant and Sherman. Born poor, living humbly, he was as far from the formalism of West Point as were either of the two Northerners with whom he had so much in common. Shot down, while serving as

Lee's right arm, he disappeared from the war so early that one can only speculate as to the place he would have held at its end.

The Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee and Jackson, was notable for its hearty prayers. Indeed, the Southern forces from the first were more given to religious exercises than the Northern troops—a circumstance often explained by ascribing it to the influence of Lee. As partial substantiation for this belief, there is the fact that an unusual number of cadets were avowed Christians while Lee was commandant at West Point. Five of them later became Northern generals—Philip H. Sheridan whose Catholicism was devout if unobtrusive; Charles G. Harker, a Union brigadier who read the Bible in his tent every night; William Sooy Smith, the Western cavalry leader; James Birdseye McPherson, the favorite of Grant and Sherman, and O. O. Howard, major-general in three wars—the Civil War, the Indian troubles and the Spanish-American skirmish—and famous through them all as the Christian Soldier.

Howard's piety made him the butt of those cadets who disliked any excessive zeal for Bible classes. As one of the few youths at West Point to champion anti-slaveryism, Howard made himself obnoxious to the Southern students and had to defend himself with his fists. Always a militant fellow, he recalled, in later years, his pride in finding that Sooy Smith and McPherson would, even in their plebe years, before Lee's Christianizing influence arrived, stand up with him to profess Christianity.

How long McPherson's Calvinism lasted is open to question. As the leader of his class and the most popular cadet of his generation, he was a marked man, and as a leader under Sherman he was adored by the Western Army—facts which brought his whole life into exhaustive review when in 1864 he fell dramatically in battle. None of his many eulogists, outside of Howard, remembered anything more about his religion than that his character had been singularly pure. His popularity with the Western Army does not argue that he was conspicuously pious in adult life, for the Army of the Tennessee, which he commanded, was notoriously free-thinking, the wildest and most roistering of all the American forces. Its men loved McPherson for his jovialty, and the G.A.R. veterans of later years used to chuckle as they recalled how the handsome Mac—a major-general at thirty-five—had sung serenades under the windows of the Vicksburg belles.

Howard, who came West to join Sherman at the start of the Atlanta campaign, was ridiculed by the men for his insistence that they stop swearing and drinking, and Carl Schurz declared that Sherman shared their view of him. Once, in Tennessee, Schurz was sitting in Sherman's field headquarters with several generals awaiting breakfast. Howard, passing by, saw blue smoke arising and came in rubbing his hands, for it was frosty outside.

Sherman, speaking up in his brusque, short manner, snapped, "Glad to see you, Howard. Sit down by the fire. Damned cold this morning."

Howard, who abhorred even this mild type of swearing, answered demurely, "Yes, General, it is *quite* cold this morning."

At this Sherman shot a sarcastic grimace and a large wink at General Jefferson C. Davis, the Hoosier politician-warrior, who slouched in a near-by chair. Davis was notoriously the most profane man in the Western Army, a fiery fellow, fresh, at the time, from the shooting of a brother general who had insulted him in a Louisville hotel. Catching Sherman's signal, Davis leaned back and launched upon a trivial theme which gave him opportunity to disgorge the most fiendish oaths he could remember. Poor Howard tried weakly to turn the subject, but Davis, encouraged by winks and sympathetic remarks from Sherman, climbed higher and higher on the ladder of his art until the Christian General, with distress dripping from his face, fled without waiting for breakfast. As the door slammed Sherman and Davis burst into roars of laughter.

Tender-hearted Schurz remonstrated, but Sherman cut him short. "That Christian soldier business is all right in its place, but he needn't put on airs when we are among ourselves."

Howard, for all his piety, was a courageous fighter, as the empty sleeve pinned to his right breast testified, and Schurz rejoiced a little later when Sherman officially praised him "as one who mingles so gracefully and perfectly the polished Christian officer and the prompt, zealous and gallant soldier."

After graduating from West Point in 1854 Howard remained on the faculty until 1861, teaching mathematics and Sunday-school. Thus he came to the field with the notion that it was wrong to have military manoeuvers on the Sabbath. This idea was common among the Academy graduates of his generation. At the Battle of Bull Run he heard officers say, "It is Sunday. The attacking party on the Sabbath is sure of defeat." Howard quoted this often and, when he had his way, kept the men in camp on the Lord's Day, while he himself took fruit to the hospitals and sang hymns with the wounded soldiers.

William S. Rosecrans, of the class of 1842, shared this prejudice against Sunday fighting, although it is doubtful if, after the Battle of Chickamauga, he continued to believe that the attacking party was sure of defeat. The Confederates fell upon him there on a Sunday and whipped him soundly. During the battle Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, thinking the day secure, took a nap in Rosecrans' tent and awoke to find the Army in flight and Rosecrans crossing himself in prayer.

Rosecrans was, indeed, almost as much of a preacher by nature as his brother Sylvester, whom he persuaded to join him in his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Sylvester became a famous priest of Cincinnati, and William's habit was to lecture and preach to his men as he rode among them. Fresh from mass each morning the general would ride slowly through the camp, his red face beaming with kindliness, saying over and over, "Eat well, sleep well, keep well."

In battle he would not remain in lofty thought like so many West Point generals, but would go up and down the lines urging the private soldiers to "Aim low! Aim low!" In sharp distinction to this fatherly practice was the method employed by certain rougher and readier officers who had come into the service from civil life. Some of them would race up and down behind the lines, swearing wildly and whacking the posteriors of the crouching riflemen with their big slouch hats.

It was said that Lee and Jackson also disliked to fight on Sunday, although they were known to do so when it seemed wise from a military standpoint. McClellan, as general-in-chief of the Union Armies, declared, "One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the Lord God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty."

Howard nettled Sherman most by his enthusiasm for importing members of the

Christian Commission—comparable to the Y.M.C.A. secretaries of the World War—into the field during busy campaigns. Sherman, who expelled them whenever he could find an excuse, had a realistic concept of his job, and objected to carrying such people on trains when the space was needed to bring up oats to feed the Army mules.

Once a protégé of Howard's on the Christian Commission, the Rev. E. P. Smith, took advantage of a lull in the daily battles to prepare an abandoned church for service. It was Sunday and a very good time to remind the Western Army of God, since Sherman paid no attention to the Sabbath.

All alone in the church, Preacher Smith climbed into the belfry to adjust the bell-rope, got caught somehow and ripped the seat from his trousers. In his hurried descent he jangled the bell and so disturbed Sherman, who, in a near-by cottage, was wrapt in his military plans. Abstractedly, Sherman ordered someone to see who was ringing the bell and a squad of soldiers arrived to find the wretched cleric trying to survey the ruin in his rear.

"Come along; the general wants you."

"I can't go like this. Take me where I can get fixed up first."

"Them's not the orders. Fall in!"

An aide brought the horrified dominie up to Sherman, saying "Here's the man who was ringing that bell. He says it's Sunday ——"

Sherman looked up, repeating in puzzlement, "Sunday? Sunday? Oh, yes, *Sunday*! Didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go—let him go."

Under such a chieftain as Sherman and commanding such troops as the Western squirrel-riflemen, Howard must have often wished that he was back with the more conventional Eastern Armies, with which he had served the first two years of the war. War was more of a gentleman's game there.

Like that other West Pointer, the solemn and immaculate George B. Thomas, who had been Sherman's classmate and friend at the Point and who now commanded one of his wings, Howard wondered at the responsibility which the chief gave to volunteer officers—mainly politicians such as John A. Logan of Illinois, Frank Blair of Missouri, Jefferson C. Davis of Indiana, Alpheus Williams of Detroit and John W. Geary, *alcalde* of San Francisco.

Sherman himself disliked the frequency with which Logan and Blair went home to deliver political speeches, but he understood very clearly why Lincoln had, at the outset of the war, given high military rank to politicians in sections of the country where pro-Union sentiment was doubtful. The volunteer generals in the Atlanta campaign were the best of their lot, winnowed out by years of fighting. The West Pointers in their paper collars might criticise the imperfect discipline and faulty tactics of these citizen-commanders, but they could not object to the results of their fighting. As combat leaders Logan and his volunteer class were superb. They knew better than the West Pointers how to fire Western ploughboys to desperate action. The troops felt at home with such men directing them in battle; they liked their stump-trained eloquence and their picturesque profanity.

It was inevitable that two such men as Logan and Howard should clash soon or late. As a follower of the preacher-baiting Stephen A. Douglas back in the "Dimmocracy" of Illinois, Logan was not one to overvalue religion on the battlefield. The two men were as far apart as the poles, with only one thing in common, a courageous desire for victory.

III

Drama came into the lives of the rival generals shortly before Sherman's armies took Atlanta, and it came also to Howard's fellow-religionists in the West Point tradition—to McPherson and to Leonidas Polk, that first-born of the Academy's converts.

The Fighting Bishop, as Polk was now called, was a lieutenant-general of the Confederacy, tall, fat, monstrously dignified, yet a durable fighter at sixty years of age. He had left the bishopric of Louisiana and his 700 slaves to enter the war with "the cross in one hand and the sword in the other." He was strong and steady if unbrilliant in action, and seemed often on the brink of shouting that favorite command of his brother-general, Cheatham. "Give 'em hell, boys!" But always he checked himself in time to say "Give 'em—give 'em—er—give 'm what General Cheatham says to give 'em!" Throughout the Confederate Army he had earned great respect, and nobody jeered because he held divine services in camp and field between battles. The Confederate rank and file were more respectful of men in high places than the Westerners of the Union force. Also, constant defeat and weariness made them more ready for spiritual consolation in 1864.

In Johnston's army the minds of men turned more and more toward Bishop Polk as they fell back in 100 days of incessant fighting toward Atlanta. John B. Hood, the second in command, got religion after the defeat at Resaca. Back in West Point Hood had not joined Howard, Sooy Smith and McPherson in professing Christ, but now he was ready. One midnight the bishop, with General Johnston, came by appointment to Hood's tent. A solitary candle furnished the light. Hood, six feet tall, blond-whiskered, his blue eye always sad as a hound-dog's, rose on his crutches. He had lost a leg at Chickamauga. He tried to kneel when they brought water in a tin basin for the baptism. But he had trouble fumbling at his crutch with his stub of a forearm, for he had lost a hand and wrist at Gettysburg. Seeing his difficulty the old bishop told him he could sit. But Hood stood, and bowed his head as he was signed to the Lord.

Another day of fighting passed and Polk received a letter from Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston saying that her husband had never been baptised and that she knew the bishop was never too occupied to perform a good deed. She had written Johnston and he awaited Polk's leisure. The next day, May 18, Polk came to Johnston's tent with Hood and Hardee, all Episcopalians now, and baptised their kneeling chief. At the time men said that Polk looked like George Washington—if one could visualize George Washington in a full white beard.

The desperate campaign went on.

Sometime on June 14 Sherman, reconnoitering the Confederate lines, came to Pine Top, where Howard was peering through his glasses. Six hundred yards away Sherman noticed a group of Confederate officers staring at him.

"How saucy they are!" he snapped. "Howard, make 'em take cover. Have one of your batteries fire three volleys into 'em."

The saucy Confederates were Generals Johnston, Hardee and Polk, and at the first volley Johnston and Hardee scampered for cover. The fat bishop made off more slowly. Union men, looking on, said that he was too dignified to run. At any rate he stopped in the open to have another look at the enemy and a second blast put a shell through him. Johnston and Hardee came back through the cannon balls, put their hands on his forehead, and wept. That evening Union Signal Corps men reading the Confederates' wig-wags told Sherman that his orders had killed Polk.

Falling back into Atlanta, Johnston was soon removed by the Confederate government for his incessant retreats, and the command was given to Hood, with secret orders to attack. Hearing the news, Sherman called to his headquarters all Yankee officers who might tell him what kind of man Hood was. The West Pointers who had been in class with him said he was rash and impetuous. A Kentucky colonel drawled, "Wall, I seed John Hood onc't bet $2500 with nary a pa'r in his hand." That settled it. Hood's gambling days might be over but his nature was still the same. Sherman prepared to withstand an assault.

On July 22 Sherman and McPherson were talking in a farmhouse when a burst of cannonfire rumbling across the woods told them that something was up on the line held by McPherson's division. McPherson leaped on his horse and rode toward the roar, scattering his aides with orders as he galloped. In a few minutes only two men were with him, Captain Raymond and Orderly A. C. Thompson.

It was Thompson who, years after, wrote a letter to Sherman, telling what happened on the ride:

> The general sent Captain Raymond back with an order; then, when Raymond had got about fifty yards away, General McPherson turned and started after him, and as near as I can remember we had got about 150 yards in the woods when I saw Captain Raymond's horse fall. It looked to me like Raymond's horse jumped up about four feet, lit on its back and slid about a rod. Raymond fell off to the left.
>
> Just as I saw the rebels upon us, they yelled out, "Halt, you damned sons of bitches!" The general checked his horse and raised his hat as if to salute them, and then, with a quick turn to the right, he tried to get away. I saw them raise their guns to shoot. I slid down on my saddle and as I bent over I saw the leaves fly from under the general's horse. My head struck a tree and it stunned me, I suppose, for about three minutes. When I got out of my stun I got up and started to help the general up; he was lying on his right leg with his right hand under his breast; his left hand was on his left leg and I called him, asking if he was hurt, and he said, "Oh, orderly, I am."
>
> Then I went to pick him up and there was a big rebel caught hold of my revolver belt, and jerked and dragged me away from him, and told me to go to the rear or they would shoot me. At this the general turned over on his face trembling—I think he was dead.

McPherson was dead, right enough, among the leaves. A little later his body was carried to Sherman's headquarters, where the chief laid it out on chairs and walked up and down beside it, looking at his friend's white face as he barked orders all that day, while the tears ran down his red beard and off on to the floor.

IV

Back on the firing line the Army of the Tennessee had been bent almost double by the fury of Hood's onslaught, and with no McPherson to rally supports, it might have given way entirely had it not been for the completeness with which John A. Logan filled his dead superior's shoes.

Black Jack, as the voters of Illinois and the soldiers of the Army called him, was cut out for just such a situation. Hat off, sword in hand, black hair flowing, black walrus moustachios streaming, black eyes blazing—the whites were dramatically dead white—his stump-trained voice bellowing "McPherson and revenge," he made the moment so thrillingly theatrical that the Western farmers did the impossible. Outnumbered though they were, they laid down so rapid and deadly a rifle-fire that the Confederates were stopped in writhing heaps. Reinforcements arrived and the Army of the Tennessee, still bellowing something about McPherson, hustled Hood's men back to their trenches.

There was fighting after that, but the Confederacy was done. Bishop Polk was dead; Joe Johnston was sulking at home. Hood had failed and, in a rage, quarreled with both Johnston and Hardee, who had attended him at his baptism so shortly before. Atlanta fell. Hood took his beaten army to Tennessee and smashed it to pieces on the Union breastworks. After the war he retired to New Orleans, married, and preserved his reputation for impetuosity by becoming the father of three sets of twins.

Sherman, resting his victorious farmers in Atlanta, prepared to reward Logan for his heroism. He planned to promote him to McPherson's place, the position Logan longed for, at the head of the Army of the Tennessee. But General Thomas, commander of another Union wing, the Army of the Cumberland, protested. Since their classmate days at West Point he had been Old Tom to Sherman and Sherman now listened to him. Old Tom was a West Pointer through and through, stolid, formal, punctilious, orthodox—a Gibraltar in defensive warfare—the Rock of Chickamauga everybody called him—but slow and unfertile of imagination in attack.

An ancient dislike and distrust of Logan's noisy militarism burned inside him. He told Sherman he wouldn't serve alongside the man. Sherman tried to make him forget their old quarrel and finally persuaded him to stick, even with Logan promoted. But in the end Sherman let Thomas sway him, and for the sake of unity in the Army gave the coveted post to the one man whose elevation would cut Logan most—the Christian Soldier, Howard.

Logan swallowed his pride and went ahead in his old subordinate position, serving under Howard to the end of the war, but every day he stored up the wrath which he would later pour on the heads of all West Pointers. They had cliqued together against him, he thought.

In after years, Sherman revealed that there had been other factors in his decision. There was the matter of Logan's occasional absence from the Army on stumping-tours back home. Logan answered that he was only obeying the private request of Lincoln. Eventually the two veterans patched up their quarrel, but not before Logan, as Congressman and Senator from Illinois and chairman of the committee on military appropriations, had given Sherman, the Regular Army and West Point some harrowing hours.

Logan led the fight that slashed Sherman's peacetime salary and reduced the number of officers. Worse, he spoke and wrote most persuasively against West Point regulars who drew fat pay while G.A.R. veterans with peg-legs and empty sleeves starved on pitifully small pensions. He published a book, "The American Volunteer Soldier," which glorified the men who had entered the service from civil life and castigated West Point for its snobbery, caste follies and military ineptitude. Sold on subscription through the G.A.R., whose commander Logan now was, this book was widely read. In Congress there was talk, now and then, of abolishing the Academy altogether. A prolonged reaction against the Regular Army set in and much of the sentiment which was ever after to keep it low in numbers arose from Logan's fiery oratory.

And while the agitation was afoot there was nothing that a volunteer veteran could say with more damning effect than "West Point's a great place to make preachers."

THE BIRDS AND FRANCIS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The path ran out. The clouds, no longer fleecy,
Ravelled their wool in solid twist on twist.
The mountains swam away from him. Assisi
Crumbled its stone in alchemy of mist.
His mind was elsewhere, groping to determine
What shape to give his sermon.

Now all was lost. The road, the scene, himself.
The snow had wolfed down Gubbio. Nothing stirred
Except one thrush too cold to preen himself
But not too cold to prove himself a bird;
Gripping his glassy perch, intent on trying
To prove it without flying.

"What thing," he twittered, "cares to come and freeze here
Where none but the pale Trapper stalks the wood?
Only a bird could be so much at ease here;
Yet this is never an owl for all his hood,
But a dark creature, motherless and whelpless.
I'll call help for the helpless."

Suddenly the smooth air was torn with vieing
Fragments of voices curious and shrill.
Whereat the saint, now conscious of the crying,
Waited until his audience grew still,
And, half by habit, half preoccupation
Addressed his congregation.

"Children," he said, "we live with mysteries
So intimate that we are seldom awed.
Our brother is stout noon, our sister is
Soft night with largesse from the lap of God.
All are within that sacred family."
Thus he began his homily.

"Space that appears a void and infinite canyon
Steadies and props this lurching world; the air,
Kinder than earth, is our unvexed companion,
Whose strong, sustaining arms are everywhere.
No bird can fall, however man may stumble,
While the true heart is humble.

"Humble and not too happy; self-denying;
Choosing a little lower than the least;
So let us live and save ourselves from flying
Where pride betrays what only pride increased.
In love with poverty, ambition loathing,
Bow and desire nothing."

The saint paused for the final benediction,
Waiting a moment for his flock to rise;
He did not see with what quick circumspection
Those troubled eyes appealed to other eyes.
And then the birds, with rapid, sidelong glances,
Began their sermon to St. Francis.

"Father," they sang, "we have been ever burdened
By man's fear and the limit of his thought.
In the beginning was the finite word-end—
And in the little ends has he been caught.
We have no words, no snaring thought; we seize on
Reasons beyond your reason.

"Nothing we know was fashioned to arrest us,
Nor was rich earth created for denial;
Height was made high and hazardous to test us,
And the proud heart to trust the ultimate trial.
No less than All flows from the open heaven.
Ask—and it shall be given."

They waited. Then they shed upon that swart head,
A lingering benediction without words.
Only the thrush was left and he departed,
Still twittering, to join the other birds
Whose happy syllables were heard a mile hence. . . .
And Francis bowed in silence.

LIFE IN OLD BOHEMIA

BY ALBERT PARRY

As Bohemias go, the pioneer Bohemia of New York had a record in the best of traditions. From 1854 to 1875 it saw seven spectacular deaths, namely, one suicide, one death by pneumonia in a leaky garret, one of lockjaw as a result of a battle wound, one of paralysis ascribed to dissipation, one of lungs and nerves shattered by hasheesh and opium, one of rabies caused by a performing dog's bite, and one by alcoholism. And as behooves real Bohemians, six of the seven died young.

There were also violent love affairs and at least one child born out of wedlock. There were several fistic encounters of historic significance. And at least one real genius hobnobbed with the Bohemians, and was claimed noisily as of their own making, or denounced as noisily by a minority as a fake and intruder.

The first American Bohemians did not succeed in accomplishing all that they set out to accomplish, for while there were talented men and women among them, there were but few really first-rate writers. Their bubbling but irregular energy spent itself mainly in roaring over the beer and wine and not enough in polishing periods and replenishing notes. Not a few of them tried to live on the crumbs of the intellects of their more gifted friends. When Artemus Ward descended into Pfaff's beer-cellar for the first time his cicerone reassured him: "Don't be afraid, they won't hurt you. These are Bohemians. A Bohemian is an educated hoss-thief!" That, indeed, was just the reason for Ward to fear the Bohemians. For more than one of them tried to mount a Pegasus that did not belong to him. Charges of plagiarism were frequent. The first and most notable was directed against Fitz-James O'Brien and his "Diamond Lens," allegedly lifted from the papers of William North at the time of North's suicide. The idea of the "Lens" was identical with that of North's unpublished "Microscosmus," which story was known to a few friends but was never found in any magazine office or among North's possessions. Even if not true, this charge is indicative of the state of mind of the first Bohemia.

Chronologically, North's suicide on November 14, 1854, began the true Bohemia. It cast the cloak of romantic tragedy over his circle. Some said that he swallowed prussic acid because he was unable to stand his journalist's poverty any longer; others maintained that he did it because of frustrated love. Romantic souls shed tears reading his letter to his friends, the artist Bellew and his wife: "May you be happy! Do not regret me. I am not fit for this world. I fly to a better world. I am calm and brave and hopeful." Henry Clapp gravely whispered that North could not stay in a room with the doors open even a single inch, but that he "committed suicide" in his Bond street room with the doors wide open. It appealed to the contemporary imagination that North was an Englishman, born at sea of a distinguished family, and that his body was to be shipped from New York to his far-off island home. The prissy William Winter, the most virtuous of all the Bohemians, said that the woman of the dead brother's despair was so beautiful that she could "have inspired idolatrous passion in the breast of even a marble monument."

Ned Wilkins was the first American Bohemian to die of stricken lungs in a damp mansard while heavy rain and wind beat upon the roof. The French Bohemians had known many such deaths before, and the American Bohemians have known many since, but Wilkins was the pioneer. He was the dandy of the crowd, and in this respect, too, he was a pioneer. For what American group of Bohemians since the Pfaff days has ever lacked its neatly dressed and well-mannered few to contrast with the wild hair, ways, and rags of the rest? Wilkins was the dramatic critic of the *Herald* and wrote one-act comedies. At one time he was the pet of James Gordon Bennett, at another, of Mme. Cora de Wilhorst, the opera singer. It was she who groomed him in his dress and manners and saw to it that the Pfaff crowd did not spoil him too much. But when, in the Spring of 1861, Ned fell ill none of his grand friends came to comfort him. It remained for the lowly Bohemians to read Carlyle and the Bible to him in his closing hours.

At least one Bohemian in a group must die as a soldier of fortune, away from friends and loves. This tradition was inaugurated in America by Fitz-James O'Brien. His end was, indeed, very romantic. On February 6, 1862, he was shot in a hand-to-hand skirmish with a Southern colonel. For hours he rode with his wound hastily bandaged. For weeks he tossed on his cot in agony. Walt Whitman was not yet a war nurse; he still rode with the stage-drivers of Manhattan and viewed life from Pfaff's basement. So there was no one, kind and understanding, to take care of the dying Bohemian in his blood-stained uniform. On April 6, in Cumberland, Va., he succumbed to lockjaw.

The next Bohemian tragedy was George Arnold's death of paralysis, in November, 1865. At least one newspaper, hostile to Henry Clapp, ascribed his end to the results of dissipation, into which Clapp had allegedly enticed him. The accusation was probably groundless, but just the same it made Arnold's death very Bohemian. The news was deemed important enough to be telegraphed to the chief newspapers of the land, and in far off San Francisco young Bret Harte was moved to a tearful article in the *Californian*. Bret had never met George personally, but he knew his verses and burlesques. Now he shuddered as he imagined the poet-humorist's death. "Phials and nauseous mixtures flanked his inkstand," but "his light, gossiping pen was never dipped in the ugly fluid." Bret ended by bewailing the fate that compelled a Bohemian to smile even on his deathbed.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow was the next to go. He died in September, 1870. He was one of the few native New Yorkers among the Pfaffians. He was also the first American Bohemian to die abroad, but it was in Geneva and not on the Left Bank of the Seine that he finished his days. Some years earlier the respectable Harpers had published his confessions of a hasheesh eater in the belief that he had cured himself of the terrible habit, but if he really did so it was only to continue with opium. His Bohemianism was the more picturesque since, like Arnold, he was the son of a clergyman, and himself once planned to take orders. He wrote some of the best

American student songs, was interested in children's theatres, wrote many stories and verses for the young, and made a trip to the Mormon land, of which he wrote interestingly. But above all he tried to be the American De Quincey.

Two last tragedies came long after Pfaff's Bohemia ceased to exist. In March, 1874, Ada Clare, the Queen of Bohemia, died, raving mad from a dog's bite. In April of the next year Henry Clapp, reluctantly answering to the name of the King of Bohemians, drank himself to death. They were consorts in name only. Ada had many admirers, but if at any time Clapp was one of them he was surely the coolest of the lot. Ada forgave but never forgot Louis Gottschalk, the composer and pianist who was her seducer and the father of her boy. Clapp, in spite of his Bohemianism, kept much to himself; no one knew whom or when he loved. He liked to talk of everything except himself. But it was known that in his earlier years he had been an ardent and sincere temperance lecturer.

II

As to the Pfaffian quota of loves, Ada Clare was the centre of many of them. (John Burroughs wrote in 1862: "She is really beautiful, not a characterless beauty, but a singular, unique beauty".) But there was also Ned Wilkins' affair with his opera singer, there was O'Brien's florid admiration for the actress Matilda Heron, and there was Daisy Sheppard, who charmed many Pfaffians but finished by marrying a rich Philistine. Anne Deland, another actress, came to Pfaff's suppers in company with her friend and admirer, William Stuart, the theatrical manager, and Jenny Danforth also turned some young and exalted heads.

O'Brien was so enamored and so bold as to put his love's name into his story, "Mother of Pearl." He made Minnie, the heroine of this opus, come to a New York theatre where Miss Heron played in "Medea;" he compelled the poor woman to share his enchantment over Matilda's performance and then represented her, still under the sinister influence of the play, as trying to knife her husband! In another story, "The Bohemian," he gave some fantastic accounts of love as it was practiced in Bohemia. Philip Brann, the vicious Bohemian, hypnotized the lady-love of a friend. Then the two took her to Coney Island to search for hidden treasure. The treasure was unearthed, but poor Annie Deane died in the arms of her lover. No wonder, the reputation of Bohemia kept the *bourgeoisie* of the entire country enchanted and uneasy!

Fistic combats over literary issues took place often enough. The chief fighter was Fitz-James O'Brien. His broken nose was his hallmark and Fist-Gammon O'Bouncer his nickname. He quarreled not only over literature, but over the right of way on the streets of New York, receiving most of his bruises from strangers. Not infrequently these brawls brought him to the Jefferson Market hoosegow. Thus, as early as the 50's, Greenwich Village received its first Bohemian inhabitants, even if during their sojourn they had to stay under lock and key.

But the most significant battle of Bohemia took place on the floor of Pfaff's itself. Young Arnold, usually gentle and deferent, fought it with the one genius of the group, that very genius who years later was to say about his rôle at Pfaff's: "I was much better satisfied to listen to a fight than take part in it."

Walt Whitman was indisputably a part of the scene, but he only sat, watched, and was worshipped; no one thought of designating him the chief of the Pfaffians. Once he took Emerson to see them, but the sage called them noisy and rowdy firemen and could not understand what bonds they claimed with Walt. Emerson did not know that Walt was aware of his superiority to all the Bohemians, but that he loved adulation and found plenty of it at Pfaff's. There he was the shrine to which Clapp brought the faithful.

Once he mistook Howells for a member of the faithful and warmly shook his hand as the chaste young Ohioan was angrily leaving the cellar. Whitman did not know who Howells was and still less what he was destined to become, but he liked to play his rôle of a benevolent celebrity and shake strangers' hands with hearty magnificence. A legend has it that once, espying a young man who worshipped him from a distance, he crossed the floor to the stranger's table and allowed majestically: "You may speak to me if you wish."

Walt wanted all of his friends, and especially those who knew him outside of Pfaff's, to come to the saloon, probably to show to them how much he was revered there. It was for this reason among others that on his visits to the old New York Hospital at Broadway and Pearl street to comfort his friends, the sick and disabled stage-drivers, he would invite the young house-surgeons to Pfaff's for their evening's beer and talk.

When others tried to shine in the cellar Walt was rude. He insulted Aldrich: "Yes, Tom, I like your *tinkles*: I like them very well," and made an enemy. About Winter he remarked: "Willy is a young Longfellow," and even that dull fellow understood the cut. E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, and Bayard Taylor soon joined Aldrich and Winter in their enmity to Walt.

Arnold was not of their camp in this war. His famous fight with Walt was really only a matter of quick temper, a mere misunderstanding.

Though in later years he wrote a burlesque life of Jeff Davis, in the early throes of the war he was inclined toward Copperheadism. One night at Pfaff's he made the error of toasting the Southern arms. Walt sprang up. For the moment he forgot his godlike benignity and broke out with a speech of patriotic vehemence. Arnold retaliated by bending his form over and across the table and pulling hard at that Jovian brush which Howells liked the best of all the Pfaffian scenery. The rivals were separated and, it was about then that Whitman shook the Pfaffian part of Broadway's dust off his soles forever.

Later, at the front and in Washington, dressing the soldiers' wounds, Walt thought of Pfaff's not unkindly. He wrote to his friends and inquired about old Charlie and his establishment. John Swinton wrote back of a visit to the cellar: "Pfaff looked as of yore."

III

The exact location of Pfaff's can be defined as a few doors above Bleecker street, approximating the spot where the Broadway Central Hotel, now the hub of weddings, lodge-meetings, and gatherings of cloak-and-suit buyers, now stands. The section then was one of the main parts of New York. Trade was lively; the hotels and restaurants entertained endless crowds; a great promenade took place on Broadway from Spring street, where the fashionable St. Nicholas Hotel stood, to Bleecker street. The promenade was not limited to the rich and fashionable but took in all classes of New Yorkers. A contemporary columnist advised his townsmen concerning Broadway, between Spring and Bleecker, at 4 P.M.: "The greatest variety of the human physiognomy may then and there be studied to the best advantage."

The parade passed directly over the heads of the Bohemians, for in a niche with a vaulted ceiling under the Broadway sidewalk Herr Pfaff had installed a long bench especially for his literary and artistic friends. The main room of the saloon was filled with small tables. Here sat other customers, the uninitiated, but here Walt Whitman often took his place, slightly withdrawn from the Bohemians, the better to watch them, or to have an intimate talk with one or another of them, unhampered. Pfaff presided over the bar, keeping a watchful eye on the few uneven stairs which led to the crowded sidewalk, ready to greet a distinguished visitor.

Bayard Taylor liked the "dim, smoky, confidential atmosphere" of Pfaff's, mainly because it reminded him of Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig. To him, "mild potations of beer and the dreamy breath of cigars delayed the nervous, fidgety, clattering-footed American hours." Though solid silver and good china were used in Charlie's establishment and sanitary appearances were generally maintained, certain finicky visitors described the basement as dingy. John Swinton was wont to remark that it smelled atrociously, but he praised Pfaff's coffee and sweet-breads.

It was Charlie's coffee that first drew Clapp, his discoverer and first booster. The cheese Charlie served was quite famous, the cakes most renowned, and the fried breakfast fish wonderfully crisp. Howells, on his sole visit to the place, found the German pancakes rather toothsome, though he charged the saloon with the poor appetite shown by the Bohemians at supper. James Parton also wrote that Pfaff's suppers were bad, particularly when eaten late at night. But Charlie's liquids were praised alike by the friends and foes of Bohemia. His excellent beer was the pride of the establishment, but he also offered sound ales, red clarets, and cool champagnes. By some contemporaries he was called the best judge of champagne in America. His barrels and bottles held white and red Burgundies, Graves and Haut-Graves, Clos Regent and Bonnes Sauternes, Beaune and Volnay, Bonnes-Mares and Romanée, sherries and madeiras, Malvoisie Royal and Cama de Lobos de Joa Vicente de Silva.

Buxom Saxon girls served the guests. There were also a few men-waiters. Herr Pfaff himself was a German from Switzerland. He was rotund of form though devoid of excessive fat. His big head was crowned with short and bristling hair and lit up by a silent yet jovial smile. Like most proprietors of cafés chosen by Bohemians for their headquarters he was not learned but he knew how to behave. He took pride in his beers and wines and still more in his bookish and eccentric cliéntèle. Shrewdly he was aware of the profitable growth of his reputation as a patron of American *belles lettres*. He fostered his fame unobtrusively and skilfully. He drank to the toasts of his guests at their invitation. He listened to their tales and verse with a sweet and quiet dignity. He kept his cellar open into the dawn for the sake of a handful of Bohemians engaged in a verse-making contest. He helped in various ways those of his guests whose finances temporarily ebbed. So grew his fame. In New York, by the end of the 'fifties, his Bohemia was a landmark vieing with Castle Garden, Tammany Hall, and P. T. Barnum's Museum.

Charlie's name was immortalized in much of the sweeping verse and cryptic prose published in the *Saturday Press* and elsewhere. Arnold versified on how

> We were all very merry at Pfaff's.

Whitman wrote a poem beginning with:

> The vault at Pfaff's where the drinkers and laughers meet to eat and drink and carouse,
> While on the walk immediately overhead pass the myriad feet of Broadway.

A high price was paid by Bohemia for this glorification of Pfaff's. The picture of Bohemian doings was painted too enticingly, and too many outsiders tried to crash the sacred gates. In November of 1857 a young Bohemian complained:

> The medical students claim that no person can be truly a Bohemian unless he lunches upon the dissecting table, cuts his cheese with a scalpel, compounds his salads with a spatula, and drinks his porter out of the skull of an old subject. Certain young fellows who write stories with such titles as, "The Bloody Night Shirt; or, the Demon Cabman—a tale of Vice Triumphant and Virtue Betrayed," assert that they are Bohemians because they never pay their laundresses, and never have any money.

Students and other strangers not only crowded into Pfaff's but even moved into the boarding-houses of Bleecker, Bond, Spring and other streets of the Bohemian section. The movement assumed such proportions that soon the Bohemians and their imitators began to appear to the Philistines of New York as a terrible menace to public morals. Early in January of 1858 the *Times* wrote editorially:

> It would be better to cultivate a familiarity with any kind of coarse and honest art, or any sort of regular employment, than to become refined and artistic only to fall into the company of the Bohemians. They are seductive in their ways, and they hold the finest sentiments, and have a distinct aversion of any thing that is low or mean, or common or inelegant. Still, the Bohemian can not be called a useful member of society, and it is not an encouraging sign for us that the tribe has become so numerous among us as to form a distinct and recognizable class.

The *Times* further charged that the "Bohemian is an artist or an author whose special aversion is work," and that there never breathed one who had made a success.

That Winter the Pfaffians succeeded in smuggling into *Harper's Weekly* a column called "Bohemian Walks and Talks." It was signed by an anonymous "Bohemien" (note the French influence in the name!). It hastened to rescue the good name of Bohemia, angrily retorting that, true, the Bohemian must be an artist or an author, but not necessarily an unsuccessful, dishonest, or lazy one. "Bohemien" mentioned Beranger, Dumas the elder, Liszt, Vivier, and Theophile Gautier as distinguished Bohemians of Paris, and asked if they had been unsuccessful. He especially praised Vivier, who was the richest of all of them and yet had no permanent home. "If you desire to meet him you must leave a note addressed to him at a cigar-shop in the Boulevard des Italiens, making an appointment in the Café du Heder." This was the argument of a writer who knew his American well, for if rich men chose this new-fangled Bohemianism as a mode of life, it must certainly have been respectable.

Among the English Bohemians, the writer, somewhat far-fetchedly, classed Wilkie Collins, William Russell, Albert Leach, and even Charles Dickens, a high bid to the contemporary American conception of literary propriety. As to the American brethren:

> Likewise could I give the names of Bohemians in New York whose works are numerous and successful. The simple difference between the Bohemian worker and other workers is that the former takes, sometimes, rather odd hours in which to do his work.
>
> The majority says he is a fool; but he regards the majority with a benign pity.

Here "Bohemien" grew tired of his bowing and told the reasons why Bohemians pitied the majority:

> The true Bohemian is simply a wanderer, with no particular attachment to any abiding place, or respect for conventionalities of forms, or of persons, or of humbugs, or of shams, or false pretenses or nonsense of any kind. All this does not prevent him from being a gentleman, or militate against his success, or induce him to defraud his creditors—that is, if any literary man or artist, without other resources than his own labor, can have creditors in a thoroughly money-grubbing community like this.

On another occasion "Bohemien" proclaimed:

> The Bohemian is a philosopher and a humanitarian in the broadest sense. He is entirely self-reliant; and when he has sixpence, is entirely independent. He has no debts, because no one will give him credit. He lives in a house of some kind or other, because the climate compels him to do so. Otherwise he would prefer sleeping on the heights of Weehawken, and dining, *al fresco,* in the Elysian Fields.

But such manifestoes could not convince Bohemia's enemies that it was pure, sweet, and desirable. Its enemies continued to flay the crowd at Pfaff's with increasing ferocity.

As if afraid of these evil attacks, some of the Bohemians began to turn respectable. John Brougham tried to forsake the old beer-cellar by giving a weekly dinner at Windust's, near the Park Theatre, to those who worked for the *Lantern,* his comic newspaper, and many Pfaffians were omitted from his list. The staff of the old *Vanity Fair* did their talking, drinking, and smoking every Friday in their editorial rooms in Nassau street. Stoddard preferred to stage his poetic contests in his rooms instead of at Pfaff's. Bayard Taylor's visits to the long board in the niche grew scarce. It was not until some twenty years later that he overcame his faint-heartedness sufficiently to sentimentalize Pfaff's in "Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions."

IV

But the real end of Pfaff's Bohemia came with the war, for in war, and in the period of uproar following, there is enough glamour and excitement to make a Bohemian forget his Bohemianism.

In the late 'sixties and throughout the 'seventies Pfaff's saloon prospered commercially but not intellectually. At the end of the 'sixties, just before he began to hate everything German, a poor, struggling French teacher, doctor, and journalist, Georges Clemenceau by name, frequented the saloon, and later the portrait of the Tiger-to-be hung in a yellow frame on the wall. In the early 'seventies James L. Ford saw in the basement few survivors of the extinct Bohemia (among them Charles Gayler, an early American dramatist), and still fewer recruits to the romantic but now lost cause.

In the 'seventies and 'eighties prosperity, which began its deadly work among the Bohemians even before the war, raged untrammeled. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, associate editor of the *Saturday Press,* who at times kept ledgers on the water-front of New York and composed his "Baby Bell" on the backs and margins of bills of lading, was destined to become the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and a leader among the despised Philistines. Poet Stedman became a prosperous broker and speculator. John Brougham was associated with the theatricals of Dion Boucicault and grew rich; Thomas Wood sold his paintings of the Civil War to the Metropolitan Museum and became important; both were Bohemians no more. Winter made money writing sentimental nonsense about the theatre for the *Tribune.*

In August, 1881, Walt came to New York and after an absence of two decades, took breakfast at Pfaff's, now in a new place in Twenty-fourth street. Old Charlie had kept pace with the times and so moved North as the city's centre crept upward. He recognized Whitman and was glad to see him. They talked with feeling of Ada Clare, O'Brien, Clapp, and other Bohemians of the old days. "And there," recorded Whitman, "Pfaff and I, sitting opposite each other at a little table, gave a remembrance to them in a style they would have fully confirm'd, namely, big, brimming, fill'd-up champagne-glasses, drain'd in abstracted silence, very leisurely, to the last drop."

Pfaff died in 1890. The event was noticed. The *Herald* sent a reporter to interview Stedman, now respectfully known as Pan in Wall Street. Stedman mused about Pfaff's old customers:

> They were clever, hard working set—some of them were brilliant fellows. . . . If many of these men were living now, with equal wit and romance and ambition in their way, they would be in society, have cheerful homes, belong to clubs. . . . No other such list of names that I remember could show such a death-roll within fifteen years from that period. . . . If there had been a *Century*, a *Cosmopolitan*, and a score of other paying magazines, I suppose that Clapp, Arnold, O'Brien and the rest would have been as "conservative" as our modern authors, and would have dined abovestairs, and not under the pavement. . . . Clapp, Wilkins, O'Brien and the rest have a lot of beer and pipes ready to welcome Pfaff over there, I suppose, for he was a generous host to them all.

MUSIC

TOSCANINI'S BIG STICK

By Edward Robinson

Ever since that hysterical evening at Carnegie Hall four years ago, when with extraordinary festivity he triumphantly returned to America as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini has steadily progressed along a path of unprecedented adulation and acclaim. With each succeeding concert the chorus of enthusiasm has mounted higher and higher, until by now he has become an object of intense, almost fetishistic adoration. The worshippers—recruited, since the recent European tour, from two continents—include critics and audiences alike. The former, with monotonous unanimity, publicly prostrate themselves, and the ticket-buyers flock jubilantly along. Those who may remain unbelievers are silent in their dissent, reluctant, perhaps, to interpose a sceptic's smirk into a picnic that is being so hugely and so generally enjoyed.

It is suspicious that in all this babel of praise you can discover hardly a word of rational and measured analysis; yet Signor Toscanini's virtues, if they exist, should warrant more than adolescent, sentimental admiration. For we are here dealing with the stability and health of a great art, not with a child's toy; with the preservation of a great musical heritage, not with the idle pleasures of a superficial mob. Before we can concede to Signor Toscanini, therefore, that autocratic power and influence which he has undoubtedly acquired, we must try to find out whether his taste and abilities justify the great responsibility his reputation has imposed upon him.

First of all, I think you will grant me the premiss that the art of music is more than merely a series of pleasant-sounding tones, —just as poetry is not simply a group of lovely vowels, or painting simply a composite of pleasing colors and curves. Far to the contrary, it is the expression of an *intellectual* concept, though that concept, whatever it may be, is conveyed by means of certain material agents. Thus, the Funeral March of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony is more than simply a particular arrangement of notes in the keys of C minor and C major, to be played by various instruments loud or soft according to the directions inscribed. Though the printed record is explicit only in these things, yet if we are to consider the march a work of art, we must accept that record only as a symbolic indication of what Beethoven felt and thought when he wrote it.

This may have been grief over the death of a pet cat, or a universal compassion inspired by the decay of all living things. Let it suffice that it was some thought and emotion not specified in the printed score, but undeniably existent in Beethoven's mind during its composition. It is the task of the performer to penetrate into this secret of the work, to fathom the obscure purpose and philosophy which dictated its creation, and to promulgate the discovery with as much fidelity to the original intent and conception as he is capable of. One cannot look upon works of art as isolated entities, but must see them as the particular expressions of particular men.

Bear with me a little further in this anatomical dissection: the extent and complexity of the subject demand that only one or two salient constituents be treated here. Most important is the question of rhythm, the chief factor by which the intellectual content of music is conveyed. It is generally misunderstood as simply the problem of maintaining a regular beat; but the true rhythmic analysis of any musical work is infinitely more subtle and complex. Based on the fundamental principle that rhythmic structure consists primarily of phrases, not metrical units, the correct understanding of a composition would divide it into its multitudinous phrase segments, and portray them with such great care that their distinctness, on the one hand, and their relationship, on the other, be ever clearly delineated.

Technically, a musical phrase is distinguished by its cadences, which are musical progressions denoting pauses and summations of musical ideas—in which respect they can be compared to the grammar of language. That is, the cadences indicate subject, verb and complement, and an intelligent reading stresses a musical phrase, or part of phrase, according to its place and function in the sentence. Let me cite two comparative examples. First, take the simple line:

The boy ran up the hill, and then returned.

Analyze this line as to its metrical content, and you have an iambic pentameter phrase, which you would read—if you had the intelligence of, let us say, the average musician—in a perfectly even lilt:

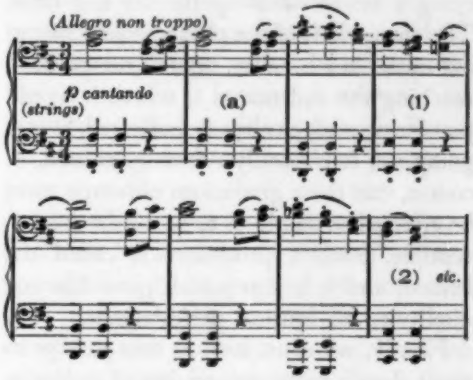
The bóy—ran úp—the híll—and thén—retúrned.

But analyzing its rhythm, you find two uneven phrases, marked by two cadences:

The boy ran up the híll—and then retúrned.

To read this line intelligently and according to its meaning, you would accelerate the tempo up to the first cadence, "up the hill"; pause a moment, and then slow up, ever so little, for the concluding "then returned".

Now let us take the second main theme in the first movement of Brahms' D major. The first part of the opening sentence is:



The average musician would play this as an eight-bar phrase, with a metrical unit of three beats for each bar, maintaining a perfectly even tempo. But if we look at the *meaning* of this passage we see an entirely different content. First of all, there are two main phrases, marked by the feminine cadences 1 and 2. Now, it is the nature of a feminine cadence, because of its resolution on the unaccented beat, to slow up the feeling of the music, and it must be played with a certain "give", a certain halting pressure. If, therefore, you were to play the measures at 1 and 2 with an absolutely even, inflexible speed, you would run the two phrases together, fail to gather attention for the ensuing phrase, and thereby confuse the whole significance of the passage.

Pressing our technical examination even closer, we can divide each of these phrases in turn. The first phrase has two parts, the first of which, ending at (a), contains two repeated units, the second being a longer, descending arc. The first half poses the idea—a bit cautiously, as it were; the second, now confident of your attention, swings out more boldly into the subject matter. To play this first half correctly, then, you would make the beats uneven: the first beat of each bar requiring a weightier emphasis, and the third beat hurrying a bit to catch up for the lost time. The second half of the phrase would spread out more, in a broader, regular tempo until reaching the cadence as 1, where it would pause a second, as already indicated, before going on. It is hardly necessary to add, of course, that these gradations of tempo must be effected so subtly as to be almost imperceptible. Such a procedure is called the *rubato*, and it is this which gives life and vitality to all musical performance.

Finally, we must look at this passage as more than a mere progression of cadences. This is a man *speaking* to us, speaking passionately, pleadingly, with deep and grave emotion. The first two measures have something rueful about them, they must be played a little bit subdued. The second two become more insistent, and must be played with larger tone. And in the next phrase, though the first idea is repeated, it is this time a tone higher, speaking now not so ruefully as tenaciously, and requiring, therefore, a more intense tonal exposition. Then, following this passage beyond my quotation, you can construct an entire *alter ego* around the actual music, a sort of psychic index to the meaning behind the printed notes, an index without which no intelligent performance would be feasible. It is in this way, by considering all music as we have this particular quotation, that the performer's imagination and perception can snare the real content, which hangs like a shadow behind the outward technical surface.

I chose this example from Brahms deliberately, because this symphony is one of the few pieces of genuine music which Signor Toscanini has condescended to give during his four-year stay. Such music is the true test of a performer—not the silly nonsense of Respighi, Martucci, De Sabata and the rest of the Italian fraternity; and before it, Signor Toscanini is as innocent as a lamb. Observation of his technique, indeed, forces the conclusion that the great conductor knows very little of those subtler, profounder aspects of music that I have just described. He has only one approach, which he employs indiscriminately towards all music, from a Mozart symphony to a Wagner prélude. He has—mark this closely—he has the single, phenomenal capacity for maintaining a persistent tempo with the mechanical rigidity of a metronome.

That is the entire sum and substance of the man's secret. He cares for nothing else, sees nothing else, subordinates all other elements to this one. Setting out to secure an absolutely even beat from the beginning to the end of a composition, he makes no concessions to Heaven or Earth when so engaged. The notes must be clear, in tune, and observant of any expression marks that happen to be present. Beyond that, he asks for nothing—and, I may add, gets it. He will tolerate no divergence from his view, but tyrannically casts his musicians into this rhythmic strait-jacket, hammering them obstinately into submission. "But, sir, the music at this measure cannot be played so rigidly; the composer never meant it to go that way". . . . "It cannot? . . . It must!" And it is.

No wonder Mr. Mengelberg complained last Winter of a worn-out band of players. The Italian's relentless domination has spoiled all of the gracious qualities which formerly distinguished the Philharmonic's performers, especially the wind soloists.

Mr. Labate's oboe, whose tone used to have such marvellously affecting expressiveness, has gone stale, dull and uninspired. Mr. Amans, whose flute formerly had such vibrant beauty, now seems always out of breath, perpetually worried that the notes will not come out in time or in tune. Mr. Bellison's admirably free and intelligent phrasing on the clarinet has lost all its ease and placidity; he seems never able to catch up with himself, unable to mold and shape his phrases with that former freedom and suppleness. And Mr. Jaenicke's horn, once so majestically noble and impressive, has lapsed into a stolid, rigid and commonplace articulation.

Though less noticeable, the same thing has happened to the rest of the orchestra. The string tone has a feverish anxiety where before it was rich and confident; the brass has lost its individuality completely. This transformation, regrettable as it may be, is not surprising in the least. The players have been forced to submit to the rule of a military general. They have had all their feeling for music tremendously dissipated by the imperious will of a drillmaster whose *idée fixe* blinds him to every other aspect of his work.

With such a basic attitude, it is almost superfluous to ask what Signor Toscanini's performances can possibly be like. Since he ignores the very *raison d'être* of musical art, his interpretations can have no true significance whatsoever. His performance of Brahms' D major Symphony, if not so essentially boring, would have been exceedingly funny. That theme which I have quoted sounded for all the world like a soporific, beer-garden waltz. The eloquence, the passion, the deep, meditative humanity of the entire work, were all lost in sacrifice to the brutal, monotonous rise and fall of Signor Toscanini's big stick. Forward! the battalion is on parade!

Do not think that only Brahms suffers by this treatment. With Mozart, or Haydn, or Beethoven, the results have been precisely the same. Always it is Toscanini keeping time, never the loving understanding of the masters whom he plays. Toward each one he shows exactly the same lack of comprehension, the same fundamental obtuseness. Indeed, since his is not a passionate search for the artistic truth expressed in great music, but rather a childish pleasure in playing with musical tones for their own sake, it becomes a matter of indifference whose music he performs. Hence his amazing lack of taste in preparing programmes.

This régime has been encouraged and sustained by a raucously shouted popular approbation. Now, popular verdicts need not necessarily be sneered at; there is usually some perfectly tenable basis on which they rest. In the case at hand, there has been simply a confusion of identity and locale. Signor Toscanini's performances, while hardly artistic accomplishments, do serve the purpose of hysterical relief. His method of conducting has the primitive power and appeal of a tom-tom; its rigid monotony, like that of jazz, acts as a form of hypnotism upon the untutored musical intellect. Hence the terrific effect that the man exerts upon his audiences. It is simply that the thrill and satisfaction legitimately derived from witnessing West Point cadets on drill has been transferred to Carnegie Hall.

How long Signor Toscanini can maintain his hold I am not in a position to say. It is the nature of hysterical phenomena to be highly transitory, and although a new form may arise to take his place, I feel that the eminent conductor's days are numbered. Meanwhile, this analysis may provide some comfort for those who are suffering during the drought.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY No. 2 *in D Major.*

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By Johannes Brahms. *Victor*
$12. Album of 6 12-in. records *Camden*

With this release—a noble, inspired reading of a noble and inspired masterpiece—the Victor Company completes its roster of Brahms' symphonies. The Fourth is the work of Hermann Abendroth and the London Symphony Orchestra; the First, Second and Third are played by the famous Philadelphia band under their demonic leader, Leopold Stokowski. The Second symphony of Brahms belongs probably to the Summer of 1877 and, according to the best authority, was first performed at Vienna, in December of that year. In 1896, Brahms wrote to Mr. Arthur M. Abell of this country that, having heard recently an example of American ragtime, he was attracted by its novel rhythms and was thinking of introducing them into one of his pieces. The composer, so sensitive to the snap of Hungarian dances, must have felt a certain affinity with the Negro syncopation. Certainly, however, he had no need of going to school to ragtime, for twenty years earlier, in this selfsame second of his symphonies, he had a number of syncopative allurements that might, even today, be studied with profit by the slum proletariat of our popular music. The symphony probably is, as many hold, the best introduction to Brahms the symphonist; it is clear, melodious, and not too heavily freighted with solemnity.

"PETITE SUITE."

For Orchestra
By C. A. Debussy. *Brunswick*
$3. 2 12-in. records *New York*

The suite consists of "En Bateau", "Cortège," "Menuet" and "Ballet." It is early—and delightful—Debussy. Originally written for the piano (four hands) and published in 1889, it was orchestrated under the direction of the composer by Henri Paul Büsser who, we read, first met Debussy while serving as chorus master for the original performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande." The suite, though lacking the delicacy and subtlety of the composer's later works, is nevertheless the product of a master—a group of musical cameos that glitter with small perfections.

"ISLE OF THE DEAD."

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By Serge Rachmaninoff. *Victor*
$6.50. Album of 3 12-in. records *Camden*

The tone-poem of the Russian piano virtuoso, who conducts the orchestra in this authoritative version, is inscribed "To the Picture by A. Böcklin." It is a familiar painting: gaunt trees rising wraith-like from an island solitude, flanked by rocks mysteriously lit. Something in Rachmaninoff—in all his major pieces—corresponds to the crepuscular mood of the canvas. Thus, while the style of the composition is definitely outdated, and one need no more think of Böcklin's haunting representation than of Quaker Oats, the tone-poem is alive with the Russian's own dread and solemnity. The orchestra was plainly on its mettle under his baton. . . . The sixth face of the records is devoted to the same composer's "Vocalise" as a sort of encore.

"SALOMÉ'S DANCE."

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra
By Richard Strauss. *Victor*
$4. 2 12-in. records *Camden*

It is curious what literary association will do for—and to—music. Strauss's "Dance of the Seven Veils," from his opera "Salomé," is a wild and sensuous and almost anything else but profound opus. It stirs the blood and whips the senses; it rises to frenzies and sinks to despairs. It is, in a word, a self-sufficient score, compact of melody, happy orchestral touches, exotic suggestion. Name it "Salomé's Dance," and at once it begins to savor of forbidden fruit, and purists discover that it is indecent. It is to laugh and to weep. . . . The new recording is satisfactory in every detail. Perhaps it will prove futile to suggest that one forget Salomé, or think of her through a deep haze, and listen to the music alone for its intrinsic merits. Stripped of these seven veils, the mad dance may be heard in its nudity. . . . One is happy to discover, as the fourth face of this set, the "Japanese Nocturne" by Henry Eichheim, who has been peculiarly successful with his Oriental fantasies. The interest of the Victor Company in American composers, attested by its annual contests with their very substantial prizes, suggests that it would be an excellent idea to introduce in this manner the more esoteric labors of our new musicians.

"I PAGLIACCI." *Opera*
By Ruggiero Leoncavallo. *Victor*
$13.50. Album of 9 12-in. records *Camden*

"Pagliacci," an opera in two acts, is presented by the soloists, chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Milan. It is altogether unlikely that such defects as the more critical ear will discern in the presentation will keep fans from rushing to the purchase of the set. Operas of this type are neither created by, nor intended for, the more critical mind. Their melodic outlines are as jagged as their plots; obviousness and a certain preservative mediocrity are inscribed upon their coats-of-arms. "Pagliacci" is a strange combination of good, bad and indifferent. A few of its best-known arias are honest and moving. Much of its music, however, is commonplace of the barrel-organ variety. Mastery and helplessness rub elbows constantly throughout the work. Nor can the performance, as a whole, be greeted with enthusiasm. The voices frequently are filmed over by Maestro Carlo Sabajno's orchestra; the soprano and the tenors are too often metallic and thin; the baritones lack robustness. On the whole, then, by no means an outstanding job, although perfectly suited to the requirements of those to whom "Pagliacci" is grand opera.

"DIE DAVIDSBÜNDLER," *Op. 6.*
For Piano
By Robert Schumann. *Columbia*
$6. Album of 3 12-in. records *New York*

Fanny Davies was a favorite pupil of Clara Schumann, and made her début in London during the late eighties. She was a friend of Brahms' and did pioneer service in introducing the works of Scriabin and Debussy to the London public. She is, then, for the music of Schumann, in the direct line of the tradition, and plays his works with the stamp of authority. . . . The eighteen brief pieces collected under the title of the "Davidsbündlertänze," though numbered opus 6, are of later composition than the "Carnaval," numbered opus 9. Both collections belong to the romantic youth of the composer, when he had split himself into two fictitious characters, Florestan and Eusebius, the first representing the impulsive Robert, and the second, his more reflective self. The Davidsbund was an imaginary society (*Bund*) dedicated to the overthrow of philistinism in art. . . . Of the eighteen dances, thirteen are included in Miss Davies' recital. Her playing is hardly of the kind to rouse excitement, and, for that matter, the anti-philistinism of Schumann's music has lost much of its revolutionary potency. Yet it has charm that is quite independent of its programme, and that charm Miss Davies recaptures.

CONCERTO, *No. 2, in F Minor, Op. 21*
Piano & Orchestra
By Frédéric Chopin. *Columbia*
$8. Album of 4 12-in. records *New York*
CONCERTO *in E Minor, Op. 11*
Piano & Orchestra
Ibid. *Polydor*
$6. Album of 4 12-in. records *Berlin*
MAZURKA, *Op. 7, No. 1, & FANTAISIE*
IMPROMPTU, *in G sharp Minor, Op. 66*
Piano
Ibid. *Brunswick*
$1.50. 12-in. record *New York*

The second concerto is played by Marguerite Long and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by Philippe Gaubert; the first concerto presents Alexander Brailowsky as soloist, supported by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Julius Prüwer; the piano pieces are also played by Brailowsky. Mlle. Long sweeps everything before her; her playing is an admirable blending of intellectual appreciation and emotional release, and Gaubert's men play up to her in every sense of the phrase. Brailowsky is heard to better advantage in the small pieces than in his not too discerning conception of the first concerto. . . . There is a rumor that Chopin, as a composer, has long been dead, and that his vogue today is largely restricted to sentimental youth and to unprogressive piano teachers. Anything like a careful study of his music should dispel that superstition at once. It is too easy to sentimentalize not a little of his writing, and Brailowsky falls often—or walks open-eyed, for the sake of effect—into the snare. Mlle. Long, on the other hand, discovers the essential dignity beneath the swooning and the filigree, and restores a proportion that is frequently distorted, if, indeed, suspected at all.

SCORE

FOURTH SYMPHONY, *Second Movement*
For Large Orchestra
By Charles E. Ives *New Music*
75 cents 11¼ x 14¾; 84 pp. *San Francisco*

The fourth symphony of Charles E. Ives, one of America's most prolific composers, and one of her least heard, is, in the words of the publishers, "an exalted and transcendentalized expression of old New England religious feeling. It contains the use of many new and indigenous musical materials, and represents forward strides in rhythmic development." The prelude and the second movement were played in New York, on January 29, 1927, by an orchestra composed of Philharmonic players, presented by the Pro Musica organization, under the direction of Eugene Goosens. According to Mr. Ives himself, "The æsthetic programme of the work is that of the searching questions of What? and Why? which the spirit of man asks of life." The various movements represent the various answers to these unanswerables. As for the score itself, it is a formidable document that makes such tonal labyrinths as Stravinsky's seem, by comparison, undeviating paths illuminated by soft moonlight. Ives, indeed, was Stravinskyizing long before he heard of the mutable Russian. His rhythmic configurations are baffling; his harmonic combinations amaze the eye before they contradict the ear; the score—one cannot pretend to be able to read it unassisted by several instrumentalists—looks at times like the map of a contested territory. The sheer effort of writing it down must have been prodigious; the feat of imagining these chords and rhythms and counterpoints is in itself nothing short of stupendous. It would be easy to dismiss the matter with a journalistic shrug of the shoulders, but one is haunted by the more-than-suspicion that Ives is—if not a great composer—an important and highly original outreaching of an authentic American spirit. (*An* authentic spirit because, in so vast a country as this, there cannot be an *only* such spirit.) Already he has his small coterie of rooters. His dozens of songs—of which more at another time—afford easier access to the challenging qualities of the man. He was born in Danbury, Conn., and was early trained under his father, who was an experimenter in acoustics and in new musical materials.

SHEET MUSIC

CARABO BELLS *Voice & Piano*
By Long (Words) & Cadman (Music)
The Oliver Ditson Company
50 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 5 pp. *Boston*

This is sub-titled "A Love Song of Java," but the place really doesn't matter. Mr. Cadman's music is always the same: pleasantly inconsequential for the greater part, and good for passing an idle hour. Neither the words nor the notes rise above the commonplace. The whole is in the vein of our American "art" song (perish the "art"), yet it hasn't half the vitality of the better stuff written by the bad boys of Tin Pan Alley.

ROMANCE IN G *Piano*
By Charles Wakefield Cadman
The Oliver Ditson Company
60 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 8 pp. *Boston*
NEGRO LAMENT *Piano*
By David W. Guion
The Oliver Ditson Company
60 cents 9¼ x 12¼; 9 pp. *Boston*

Cadman's piece is transcribed from his Romance in G for the harp. It has few distinctive qualities, belonging to that genre once known as salon music and covering as many sins as does that bastard term, "semi-classic" (always more semi than classic). Guion's opus has a certain elementary racialism, but contributes little that is original in the way of harmonization or other elements of arrangement. There is a brave show of virtuosity, as in Cadman's arpeggios, but fundamentally there is an unfertile simplicity.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Twilight of Freedom

LIBERTY, by Everett Dean Martin. $3. 8½ x 5¾; 307 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company.*

MR. MARTIN's first thought, he says, was to write a book to be called "A History of Liberty": the present work still follows, to a large extent, that plan. In it there is an admirable survey of the vicissitudes of liberty since the time of the Greeks, and one follows in a grand sweep all the salient libertarians from Aristotle down to Milton and Mill. There is, of course, a certain incompleteness here, for the Greeks no more invented liberty than they invented architecture, sculpture or poetry. The idea of it, like most of the other ideas that yet enchant mankind, must have arisen further to the eastward—probably somewhere on the banks of the Euphrates. If, as now begins to seem possible, the political history of Sumer is one day laid bare, I suspect that it will show a long series of sanguinary revolts and new beginnings, with gradual accretions of freedom. The progress of mankind in those remote and shadowy times was far too rapid and too radical to have been made either by despots or by slaves; it must have been made by free men. There were skeptics then, we may be sure, whose bold denials are still at the bottom of all that we reckon as civilization, and innovators of an unparalleled daring. Among them were the men who invented the dreadful and mysterious tyranny called government, and on their heels came the critics who forced into it whatever ameliorations make it bearable today. The Greeks, probably at third or fourth hand, simply borrowed from these elders—borrowed, and degraded what they took.

Mr. Martin gives a brief but excellent account of this degradation. Liberty was real in Athens so long as it bore some more or less logical relation to merit—so long as the state's willingness to let a man alone ran with his capacity to govern himself. It began to degenerate the moment it became the common possession of all citizens, the good and the bad alike. They employed it only to destroy it. That is, they employed the power that went with it to restrict and condition the liberty of their betters. The climax of the process, as everyone knows, was the trial of Socrates. By that time liberty was worth no more in Athens than it is worth today in Oklahoma or Mississippi. It had become the monopoly, not of the noblest men, not of the men best fitted for "the temperate and rational pursuit of the good life", but of a vulgar and half simian mob, flogged by demagogues and ready for any outrage. The laws were kind to ignorance, prejudice, intolerance, chauvinism, greed; they were ruinous to intelligence. So Athens, after a series of follies and debaucheries, knaveries and brutalities that the Grecophiles conveniently pass over, blew up with a bang, and liberty was unpopular in the world for nearly two thousand years.

The United States heads the same way today. The Fathers were noble in their intentions, but their education in history was defective. If they had made citizenship something to be earned the general liberty that they dreamed of might have become a reality. But when they threw it to the dogs they doomed it to destruction. Today what remains of it presents a sorry spectacle. The only kind of freedom that the mob can imagine is freedom to annoy and oppress its betters, and that is precisely the kind that we mainly have. Let an American show any sign of independence and originality of thought, let him depart ever so slightly from the common pattern of life among us, above all, let him appear to be having a better time of it in this world—and at once he is suspect. The central aim of American law, as it is formulated by demagogues, interpreted by demagogues doubly damned, and executed by demagogues damned triply and quadruply, is to punish any and every kind of genuine superiority, whether in thought or in mere manners. It becomes a crime alike to dine decently and to read decent books. The perfect American of the new dispensation is both a bounder and an ignoramus.

Mr. Martin's exposition of the mutations of libertarian theory is sound and workmanlike. He is well informed and he writes a clear and graceful English—an extremely rare talent among American political essayists. In particular, his discussion of free speech—the right to which he regards, and quite plausibly, as the foundation of all other liberties—has great merit. But now and then, alas, he falls into something not unlike naïveté, as when, for example, he marvels that such works as Milton's "Areopagitica" and Mill's "Liberty" are not used as text-books in the American colleges. Surely that is asking far too much. Who could imagine a pedagogue honestly believing in liberty? If he did his life would be one long stultification, for he lives in a world in which he has no rights as against his superiors, the trustees, and need grant no substantial rights to his inferiors, the students. Pedagogues as a class no more believe in the "Areopagitica" than their most illustrious brother, the late Woodrow Wilson, did. That is why, when some odd fellow among them happens to read it and succumb to it, there is an uproar in academic circles, and the anarchist is quickly heaved out. When Milton and Mill begin to be taught seriously in American colleges then Huxley and Darwin will be taught in Catholic parochial schools.

But such vain hopes do not upset Mr. Martin very often. In the main he sticks to the overt facts. His exposition is the best that I know of, at all events by an American.

The Criminal

OUR CRIMINAL COURTS, by Raymond Moley. $3.50. 8⅜ x 5¾; 271 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

THE STORY OF PUNISHMENT, by Harry Elmer Barnes. $3. 8½ x 5⅜; 292 pp. Boston: *The Stratford Company.*

THE CRIMINAL, by Henry A. Geisert. $3. 8 x 5⅜; 466 pp. St. Louis: *The B. Herder Book Company.*

YOU BE THE JUDGE, by Marcus Kavanagh. $3. 8½ x 5⅜; 316 pp. Chicago: *The Reilly & Lee Company.*

THREE widely separated views are presented in these books. To Father Geisert, a Catholic prison chaplain, the problem of dealing with crime is relatively simple: it is a disease of the soul, and the most effective cure for it (though there are, of course, others) is religion. To Dr. Barnes, a scientific materialist of the most thoroughgoing sort, the riddle also has an answer: it is to turn all criminals over to psychologists and psychiatrists, and let them choose between those who will not do it again and may be safely turned loose (perhaps after a certain amount of training), and those who are hopeless and had better be dispatched at once. Judge Kavanagh, a jurist of long experience, and Dr. Moley, a director of several Crime Commissions and a consultant to many more, take the middle ground. They know very well, of course, that our present system of punishments is grossly defective, but they are disposed to believe that it is sound at bottom. What we need, says Dr. Moley, is better judges—above all, judges with more power. Somewhat curiously, he holds that, given a few changes in the laws and a few in practise, they should be readily obtainable.

Dr. Barnes's book, I daresay, will surprise many of his customers, for they have come to expect a somewhat dogmatic manner in his works, and here he sets forth his ideas very quietly and even deferentially. He has been interested in penology for many years, and his accumulations of fact and doctrine on the subject are immense. Almost two-thirds of his space is given over to a history of punishment in the Western world. He lays much stress upon the fact, so often forgotten, that imprisonment for crime is a relatively late form of punishment. There were jails, of course, from the earliest times, but they were used only to detain persons accused of crime until their guilt could be determined. Once they were found guilty they were not commonly returned to durance, but punished forthwith, either by death, by exile, by fine, or by some form of corporal suffering. Prisons were set up by philanthropists eager to do away with these ancient cruelties, but what they mainly accomplished was to make cruelty more facile. The very fact that they were regarded as humane suggested longer and longer sentences, and so today, at least in the United States, it is common for men to be locked up for years for crimes which, in a more innocent day, would have been punished by some such triviality as branding on the hand, a few hours in the pillory, a good cowhiding, or the loss of an ear.

Dr. Barnes believes that confinement, even to the extent of life, is necessary in dealing with "non-reformable types, irrespective of the seriousness of the crime," but he apparently holds that men of such types are not numerous. For all offenders who, on examination, turn out to be more or less normal he advocates parole at once. In other words, he thinks that every man, like every dog, is entitled to at least one bite. For those who show abnormalities he proposes the usual psychiatric treatment, with discharge when, as and if they recover. In all this he says nothing whatever about moral responsibility, which occupies a salient place in the discussion of Father Geisert. As for me, I am willing to let it go, if only for the sake of getting rid of those who profess to expert authority upon it. But I believe Dr. Barnes forgets something even more important, and that is the public *katharsis*. When a horrible crime has been committed, especially for mere gain, people demand loudly, and perhaps naturally, that something be done about it —and they want that something done, not politely and by psychiatrists, but violently and by jailers and hangmen. This desire, I am convinced, explains the general tendency of American States that have abandoned capital punishment to go back to it. They do so, not because capital punishment reduces the murder rate, but because it cools off the indignation of the public.

Here we must allow something to human nature. Dr. Barnes, an educated and thoughtful man himself, thinks of the world as far more intelligent than it really is. Observing a public problem, he seeks a scientific solution for it, and when he has found what seems to be one he proposes that it be put into effect at once. He forgets that very few Americans are scientific in their ways of thought. They still think of punishment, not as a means of reforming the criminal nor even as a device for the future protection of society, but as a scheme of revenge pure and simple, always with a concrete lawbreaker, guilty of a concrete crime, as its object. Thus they are not satisfied unless he is severely manhandled. They want to feel that something brutal and crushing has been done about it. The way to get rid of capital punishment, it seems to me, is not to appoint committees of psychologists but to go back to the simple and realistic punishments that were in vogue before imprisonment occupied the whole field. Whip a criminal, or brand him, or cripple him, and there will be less demand for his life. But turning him over to psychiatrists will only convince most persons that he has not been punished at all.

In my early days I was, like most young Liberals, doubtful of capital punishment, but practical experience as a newspaper reporter assured me that in many familiar situations it is not as bad as the alternatives commonly proposed. It at least draws a line below a crime that has shocked and alarmed the plain people, and gives them a new feeling—perhaps false, but still very comforting—of security. When they have been thus shocked and alarmed beyond endurance it takes the supreme brutality of death to quiet them. The argument that capital punishment degrades the state is moonshine, for if that were true then it would degrade the state to send men to war, or even, for that matter, to condemn them to slow death in crowded and revolting prisons. The state, in truth, is degraded in its very nature: a few butcheries cannot do it any further damage. As for the sufferings of the condemned, they are greatly overestimated. I have waited upon nearly a dozen of them in their last hours, and not one of them seemed to me to be more incommoded than the average patient facing a major operation. They are, as a class, somewhat toughish fellows, and many of them actually enjoy their spectacular finishes. After all, all of us have to face death soon or late, and most of us see it coming, and thus spend more or less time in the death-house. Getting hanged is surely no worse than dying of cancer or of syphilis, nor is it any worse than dying with a bullet through one's throat, liver, stomach or kidneys, as I have seen more than one victim of a murderer die. Dr. Barnes himself, though he is against capital punishment, seems to favor putting to death the hopelessly defective. But that would be just as cruel as hanging or electrocuting gunmen, and it would not produce any compensatory public *katharsis*.

Father Geisert's book is sober and laborious, but I can find little in it that throws any light on the problem of crime and punishment. Every time the rev. author seems to be on the point of saying something sound and apposite he falls back upon prayer, moral regeneration, the Holy Ghost and all the other dismal baggage of his trade. Judge Kavanagh is far more amusing and informing. He has sat on the bench of the Superior Court at Chicago for thirty-three years, and thus knows a great deal more about crime than most. How often, in a world of hazards and sorrows, it is virtually involuntary he knows quite well, but he also knows that at other times it is deliberate and malicious. In his book he sets forth the facts in twenty-five cases, most of them from the records of his own court. At the end of each statement he asks the question, If you were the judge, what would you have done? And then, in an appendix, he tells what he (or one of his fellow judges) actually did, and, in some of the cases, how it worked out.

The problems cover a wide range and are very effectively presented. Judge Kavanagh's trust in law, it is obvious, is a great deal less active than his trust in common sense and common decency. His book gives a considerable support to the optimism of Dr. Moley. So long as judges so unpedantic, so humorous and so humane continue on the bench, the courts will not succumb altogether to legalistic imbecility.

Katzenjammer

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, by Norman Douglas. $3. 8½ x 5⅞; 241 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

This is no formal treatise, but simply a series of notes, some of them inspired, it would appear, by a reading of "Mother India". The trouble with the Western world, says Mr. Douglas, is that it has fallen into the hands of fifth-rate leaders, and they are wholly incompetent to deal with the problems which now beset it.

> If I were asked what Europe requires at this moment I should say it is men who can evolve notions independently of other folk, men who can think without thinking what they are expected to think, men who tend to diverge from the common rut and are able to contemplate with fresh eyes what is going on around them. Such men might see what is amiss, and might discern remedies.

But such men, if they exist, are now mainly infamous, and the mob gives its faith to such sorry fellows as Ramsay MacDonald, the Scotch evangelist; Tardieu, the shady journalist; Mussolini, the Socialist turned Caesar; Stalin, the Georgian (which means almost the same in Russia as it does in the United States), and the various quacks who flourish in Germany, Austria and Scandinavia. The result is a reign of shabbiness, of cheapness, of bombastic incompetence. Governments rise and fall on puerile issues, and politics reduces itself, as in the United States, to an ignoble battle for jobs between two gangs of thieves. Plainly enough, a catastrophe is ahead.

Will it ruin Europe completely? Mr. Douglas does not think so.

> Europe is still a baby in its cot—rather a repulsive and fretful brat. . . . What is the matter this time? Smallpox? Nothing so serious. It has only wetted its bed.

The remedy? There *is* no remedy. That is, none that human volition can apply. The basic disease is democracy, and it must be permitted to achieve its own cure. Things will grow worse and worse, and finally there will come the catastrophe foreordained. When the blood is mopped up and the wreckage cleared away it will be time to reconstruct civilization and give it a new start.

Mr. Douglas goes no further: he spares us constructive criticism. His notes cover old ground, and what he has to say is often familiar enough, but he at least puts it into pungent phrases, and is thus extremely interesting. His most forceful and original observations are on the failure of popular education, and on the general badness of the ideas that modern Europe inherited from Rome. He has made an unusual book, and one that well repays reading.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

Knight Dunlap, Ph.D. (Harvard), *is professor of experimental psychology at the Johns Hopkins. He is editor of the* Journal of Comparative Psychology *and of* Comparative Psychology Monographs.

Louis M. Hacker *was born in New York City and educated at Columbia, where he obtained both his A.B. and M.A. He was assistant editor, under Frank Moore Colby, of the New International Encyclopedia. He is now at work on an economic and political history of the United States since the Civil War.*

John Herrmann *was born in Lansing, Mich., and was educated at the Universities of Michigan and Munich. He is the author of "What Happens" and "Engagement."*

Edward Harris Heth *was born in Milwaukee in 1908. He is now a senior at the University of Wisconsin. He is at work on a novel.*

Lloyd Lewis's *article in this issue will form part of his biography of General W. T. Sherman, which will be published in the near future. A more detailed account of him appears in Editorial Notes.*

Richard F. O'Toole *was born in Quincy, Mass., and educated there and in Boston. He went to Latin America as the representative of American banking interests. He was later chief of the Latin-American Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Washington. He is now an officer in a financial organization in New York. He lives in New Jersey.*

Albert Parry's *article in this issue will form part of his history of American Bohemianism, which will appear in the near future.*

Edward Robinson *was born in New York City in 1905, and obtained his early formal education in its grammar and high schools. He received an A.B. from Columbia in 1925, and an M.A. in music, from the same university, in 1926. He was editor of the defunct* Fortnightly Musical Review. *He has been teaching piano and theory in New York for several years, and occasionally composes.*

Charles Sampson *was born in Kentucky. He has worked on the Cincinnati* Post, *Camden, N. J.,* Daily Courier, *and other papers.*

George S. Schuyler's *first book, "Black-No-More," will be published on the fifteenth of the current month.*

Bartlett H. Stoodley *is a student at the Harvard Law School. He was born at Somerville, Mass., and is a graduate of Dartmouth.*

Raymond S. Tompkins *is assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore.*

Louis Untermeyer *is the well known poet and critic of poetry. He is the author of a dozen volumes of verse and the editor of a number of anthologies.*

Goldie Weisberg *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

George P. West *is an old newspaper man. He is writing a book on California.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES

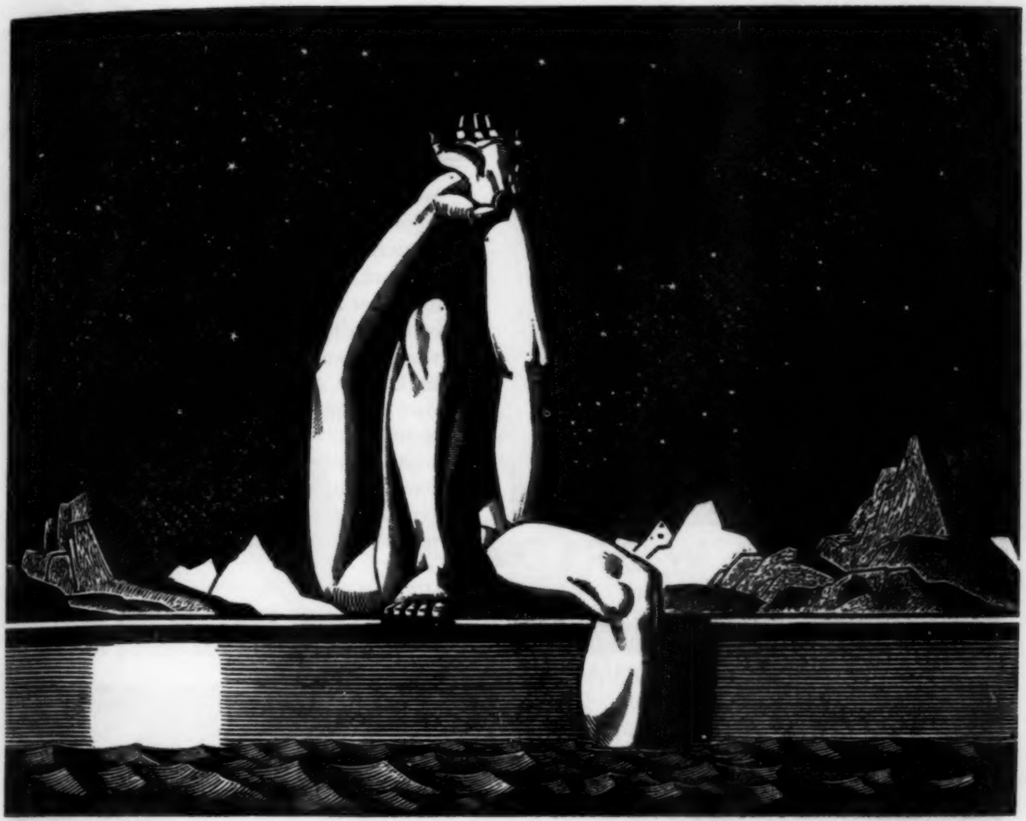
Miss Goldie Weisberg, author of "Ladies on Their Own" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

Russell Studio

Goldie Weisberg

> I was born in the land of Ivan the Terrible and Trotsky the Vanquished at a time when the former's ghost was the old wives' favorite bogey man, and the latter was well launched on his career as an exile in this or that haven of refuge. When I was four years old and my father had done his three years in the Czar's so-called army, we chose a dark, quiet night, drank a last samovar of black tea, and started for these United States. I learned my first English on the sidewalks of Boston's Brighton street, a most inelegant thoroughfare, vivid in my memory for its astonishing variety of smells. Not long after, in a middle-class section of Beacon Hill, I learned that there were clean streets in America, and that it wasn't English at all to say, "How much is the clock?" when you wanted to know the time. I no sooner grew familiar with the Public Gardens than we left for Cincinnati to take charge of a sixteen-year-old aunt, an irrepressible young person who had got herself gloriously mixed up in the 1905 revolution, and had been shipped off with a Cincinnati-bound traveler by her distracted father.
>
> Cincinnati was the threshold of a bucolic adventure that stretched through eleven years. My father became a dirt farmer and my mother milked cows to the accompaniment of Russian folk songs and lovely, sombre old Hebrew chants. I wandered barefooted through the neighborhood woods in search of stray cattle, picked berries at seven cents a basket, took flocks of fat, green goslings to pasture and let them ruin the young corn while I wept over "The Dog of Flanders", rode our big horses to the blacksmith's shop, and waded through mud and snow to school, a mile away. I "spoke pieces" at the Methodist Church at Christmas time, for I was an enterprising child; the holiday seemed a good holiday, the Sunday-school treats were generous, and I achieved self-expression and numerous oranges in the furtherance of a holy cause.
>
> I always had a vivid imagination (sometimes unkindly interpreted by my elders and the neighbors as a criminal tendency to disregard the truth) and a glib tongue, so I collected occasional prizes at school, but I escaped being a child prodigy despite the fact that after I had my tonsils and adenoids removed I wrote a poem on Spring that was published in the Cincinnati *Post*.
>
> I had access to the haphazard library of a neighboring family, and read everything in it—a list that included Opie Read, Victor Hugo, Marie Corelli, Dickens, Mary J. Holmes, Hall Caine, Schiller, and Horatio Alger, Jr. But I look back at myself with a glow of admiration when I remember that I once threw a volume of "Elsie Dinsmore" down a well and thumbed my nose after her.
>
> Twelve years ago we came to Arizona, and I have watched, with unflagging interest, the great open spaces shrink and take walls unto themselves, and the he-

Continued on page xxxvi



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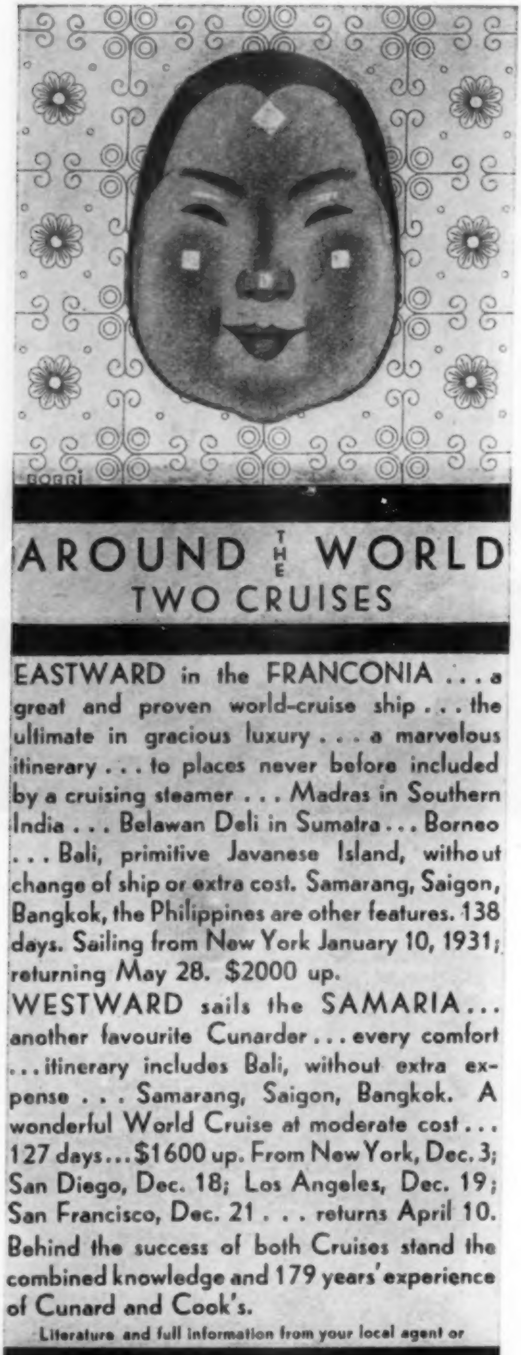

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

men turn from straight whiskey to collegiate cocktails and from stud poker to auction bridge with apparent ease and pleasure. The price of silk stockings being what it is, I have always, against my better judgment and inclination, had to work, more or less, for a living. Looking back over a decade of toil, I conclude that selling washing machines has been most remunerative, teaching school the most deadly, keeping books the most banal, fitting shoes the most painful, writing ads the best ballyhoo, and a month in the country the most fun.

Lloyd Lewis, who contributes "The Holy Spirit at West Point" to this issue, was born in Indiana, but has been a resident of Chicago for the past fifteen years. He is now dramatic critic of the Chicago *Daily News*. He is the author of "Myths After Lincoln," and co-author, with Henry Justin Smith, of "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation." He is at present completing a biography of William Tecumseh Sherman, which will also deal with the manners, customs, folk-ways and war-ways of the Western Army which marched to the sea. "The Holy Spirit at West Point," and "Rivers of Blood," to appear in a near issue, come from this research.

Lloyd Lewis

In explaining his interest in the Civil War period Mr. Lewis says:

> Of Summer evenings my grandfather, Joseph B. Lewis, used to sit on the lawn

Continued on page xxxviii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

and watch moon-flowers come out on the clapboard wall of his home in Pendleton, Ind. As a small boy on the family farm, two miles out of town, I would come in at the slightest opportunity to sit beside him on the grass and listen to him talk. As the best-read man in Madison country, philosopher, rationalist and gentle skeptic, he seemed perfection to me—a small man in a large rocking chair, his beard gray and his forehead like a white cloud.

When I was fourteen, he said to me one twilight, as we watched the flowers opening in the moonshine, "You're growing up, and old men are expected to give growing boys advice. I have only one thing to tell you: Never joke with a fool."

He was that kind of realist—a man whose ancestors had been Welsh Quakers since arriving in America with William Penn, yet who was himself more Gallic than British in spirit, full of a quiet deism and French Republicanism that had come straight to the Hicksite Quakers from Tom Paine and the Parisian philosophers. The orthodoxies, superstitions, and romancings of the Anglo-Saxon majority my grandsire tolerated with laughter, relieving himself occasionally in letters to the Indianapolis papers. Most of the time he read history, and when his eyes would fail him, I was sent from the farm—where I was generally useless, owing to my inability to get on well with the animals—and was allowed to read to him. Twenty years later I found myself turning back to the history which, through his eyes, had seemed so near and so real.

My father, Jay Lewis, farmer and master of a remarkable school in which rural youths up to twenty-two years went as far as Latin and calculus, saw that I had a chance at a good education. He and my mother sent me to Swarthmore College, where I had fun editing the college paper and, as George Ade would say, "meeting the faculty no more than socially." Mutual friends of mine and of my professors saw to it that I was graduated.

Continued on page xl

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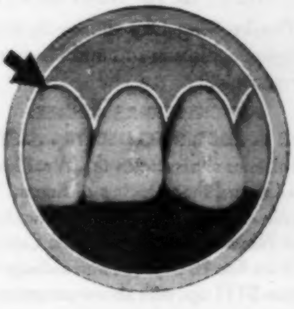

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

There followed two years of feature writing for the Philadelphia *North American*; two more on the Chicago *Herald*; a Summer in the war-time navy (off Chicago), where I put Donald Ogden Stewart to writing satires for a training station paper; then ten years of press agent work in the same town, handling optimistic propaganda for actresses, evangelists, steamship lines, school teachers fighting for higher wages, and movie houses.

While on the staff of the old Chicago *Herald* I asked the then unfamous Carl Sandburg—at the time making $27.50 a week on an adless newspaper, the *Day Book*—to write a poem, and gave him $25 for it, and later supplemented it with $25 for another poem. He and I remained friends even after the Sunday editor rejected more verses on the ground that they didn't rhyme. In 1920 Sandburg, secretly busy on his life of Lincoln, discovered that I was, for my own amusement of nights, collecting the legends and folk-tales that arose after the death of the Civil War President. He encouraged me to digest them and to write them down, thus further helping to turn me back into the channel of boyhood enthusiasm. I bought an old farmhouse in the Indiana sand-dunes, and on week-ends lived among its furnishings of the 1860's, free from the damned telephones. During Summer vacations I sheep-ranched in Colorado among frontiersmen whose manners and talk were close to those of the Civil War ancients whom I had known in Indiana. The more advertising and publicity I wrote for modern business by day, the better I liked historical research by night.

Out of this hobby came various magazine articles; "Myths After Lincoln"; the first third of "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation," whose other and chief portions were written by Henry Justin Smith; and a life of General W. T. Sherman, which will be published in the near future. Out of it, too, has come my wife's frequent suggestion that she apply to Congress for a pension, since she has lost her husband in the Civil War.

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Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

AFTER-WALKER.
By Leonard Cline. *The Viking Press*
$2 8 x 5½; 105 pp. *New York*

Most of these pieces have already appeared, notably in *Scribner's, Contemporary Verse*, the *Nation*, and the *Smart Set*, but the collection will be welcomed by the wider public already familiar with Mr. Cline's prose work. In his longest poem, "After-Walker," as in his briefer ones, he dramatizes the futility of human existence:

> So . . . being hanged and done at last . . .
> He could look back no more aghast
> At life and see his own life's arc
> Drawn to, sealed fast, without one mark
> To show where past and future meet
> In one continuous frozen flow.

A PENNY A DREAM.
By Mary Edgar Comstock. *Henry Harrison*
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 63 pp. *New York*

FLOODMARK.
By Jamie Sexton Holme. *Henry Harrison*
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 79 pp. *New York*

THORNS ARE A STYLE.
By Ruth Hannas. *Henry Harrison*
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 78 pp. *New York*

DEEPER SILENCE.
By Samuel Heller. *Henry Harrison*
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 62 pp. *New York*

THIS EXPERIMENTAL LIFE.
By Royall Snow. *Henry Harrison*
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 64 pp. *New York*

FIFTEEN SOUTH DAKOTA POETS.
Henry Harrison
$1.50 8⅞ x 5½; 96 pp. *New York*

Here are twenty poets from nearly every section of the country. Verses by all of them have appeared in some of the leading poetry and general magazines in the land. One or two of them have even had books published before. But the sad fact remains that not a single one of the twenty has anything really fresh or significant to say. Their chief themes are the futility of existence, the tortures experienced by the body, and the agony of departed love—all excellent subjects if imbued with distinctive ideas and treated with novel language. The only poet of the lot who meets these requirements even from a distance is Mrs. Holme, and she only in the very last poem in her book, "Dissolution." It is not a great poem, but there is a trace of magnificence in it. It is in two parts: "The Body" and "The Spirit." From "The Body":

> I shall be well rid of you,
> Bright, alien guest—
> Thorn beneath my pillow—
> Barb in my breast.
> When you are gone from me,
> Spirit, I shall rest . . .
>
> It was you who gathered me
> Into flesh and bone,
> Made me share the strange griefs
> That were yours alone.
> But for you, I might have been
> A bird, a tree, a stone.
>
> When I would have drunk and fed
> In my own fashion,
> You grew sick, and turned me
> From the feast of passion,
> Forcing me to live again
> On your frugal ration. . . .

Compare these lines with the banal ones in a similar attempt by Miss Comstock, entitled "Body."

> Body, I shall leave you for a while
> Warm in bed with many comforters.
> Out of you I shall spring
> And leap in ecstasy from house top to house top.
> When I tire, Body, I shall return,
> For I cannot do without you.

AMERICAN BROADSIDE POETRY.
Edited by Ola Elizabeth Winslow.
The Yale University Press
$15 12⅞ x 9⅜; 224 pp. *New Haven*

Until nearly the end of the Eighteenth Century there were very few newspapers in the Colonies, and nearly everything of small volume was printed on broadsides. A great deal of early American poetry first saw the light in this manner, especially elegies. Dr. Winslow, who is associate professor at Goucher, here reproduces 101 of these verses, adding explanatory notes to each. From the point of view of *belles lettres* the stuff is worthless, but it has considerable historical value. There are two indices of titles and first lines, and of names. There is also an introductory note by the editor.

Continued on page xliv

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THE ALOE

by Katherine Mansfield

It is from this manuscript that Katherine Mansfield took her famous story *Prelude*. Its author carefully preserved it with the intention of drawing therefrom another story about the Burnell family. It is a literary discovery.

6⅜" x 10", 135 pp., printed throughout in two colors in Monotype Baskerville on Utopian wove paper. Bound in boards with a paper label. Boxed. Limited to 975 copies of which 950 are for sale. $5.00.

MACROCOSMOS

by James Laver

In this magnificent long poem James Laver, well known for his *A Stitch in Time*, tells the story of one soul in search of reality.

9¼" x 11⅜", 32 pp., printed in Monotype Poliphilus on antique all-rag laid paper, deckle-edged. Bound in boards, with a woodcut design by Percy Smith. Boxed. Limited to 500 numbered copies, signed by the author. $3.00.

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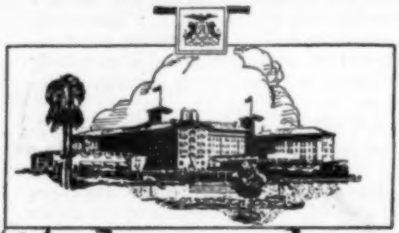

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Continued from page xlii

FINANCE

A HISTORY OF FINANCIAL SPECULATION.
By R. H. Mottram. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4.00 8¾ x 6; 317 pp. *Boston*

This is the first history of financial speculation. Mr. Mottram, author of "The Spanish Farm" trilogy, approaches the subject with something more than a facile pen, for he was for many years a banker. In swift moving pages he sketches the early history of finance and credit in the Italian and Northern European cities. John Law and the Mississippi Bubble, Walpole and the Mississippi Scheme, and the rise of the house of Rothschild are vividly sketched. The distinguishing feature of the modern period is the sense of responsibility to the community of leading financiers who, when it is necessary, pledge, in the interests of common safety, the credit of their own institutions to support firms who have no legal claim upon them. London's supremacy, the writer believes, has been lost to New York. South African gold production and not the South African War "dealt a mortal blow to that unique security known in England as consols." The book has an index, and a bibliography. The illustrations are well chosen.

FOREIGN SECURITIES.
By John T. Madden & Marcus Nadler.
The Ronald Press
$5.00 8¾ x 6; 452 pp. *New York*

Dr. Madden, dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at New York University and Dr. Nadler, research director of the Institute of International Finance, have analyzed the financial, legal and political factors of foreign government and mortgage bank bonds. The chief contribution which they have made is a detailed analysis of the gold clause. It seems that foreign governments have not hesitated to take advantage of flimsy pretexts to pay their debts in depreciated currency. The attitude of the French courts toward foreign debtors has been exceptionally fair. With regard to the position of secured loans in case of default, the conclusion is reached that "the lending banking house or the investor, by appealing for relief through intervention to his government, usually has a better chance of obtaining the coöperation of the government if there exists a specific pledge." Issue is taken with the economists who regard the transfer problem of Germany as a myth. Such documents as the regulations in Germany concerning the issue of foreign loans and the Peruvian Enabling Act might better have been summarized in the text, and placed in an appendix. There is an excellent bibliography, and an index.

Continued on page xlvi

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Continued from page xliv

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

BOOKS: *Their Place in a Democracy.*
By R. L. Duffus. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7½ x 4⅜; 225 pp. *Boston*

In this modest volume Mr. Duffus attempts a survey of book publishing in the United States. He begins with an historical retrospect and then proceeds to a discussion of the difficulties which confront the publisher and bookseller today. They are serious enough, God knows. The publisher faces a competitive over-production that he can do little as an individual to lessen, and the bookseller is beset by the fierce competition of drug-stores and other such trade outlaws. On the one hand there is a party which maintains that business would be better if the retail prices of books were reduced; on the other hand there is a party which argues that they are already too low. Mr. Duffus is very cautious, and seldom ventures upon a downright judgment. But he has brought together a large mass of interesting and pertinent facts, and he presents them clearly and fairly. At the end he has some chapters on the public libraries of the country.

THE AMERICAN ROAD TO CULTURE.
By George S. Counts. *The John Day Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 194 pp. *New York*

Dr. Counts is associate director of the International Institute and professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia. In the first half of this book he describes rapidly the main forces in American education today, and in the second he attempts a criticism of them. He writes forcibly against text-book education, against the hold which the leaders of the *status quo* have on the educational system of the country, and against the stifling political, social, religious, and even sex conformity that is demanded almost everywhere from the grammar school teacher and college professor alike. Dr. Counts offers no specific remedies, but he does point out the real nature of the basic educational problem. He says: "Much is said in American educational circles today about democracy, citizenship, and ethical character, but nowhere can be found bold and creative efforts to put real contents into these terms." All of this is not new, but it is well worth repeating, especially by a Columbia professor.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW YORK.
By Nat J. Ferber. *Covici-Friede*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 345 pp. *New York*

Mr. Ferber here attempts to portray something of the building of New York through the careers of a

Continued on page xlviii

AMERICA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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By HERBERT ASBURY

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typical group of Brownsville Jews, but his book is so crammed with irrelevant material, names of prominent architects, realtors, Wall Street and Broadway characters, societies, descriptions of the "helter-skelter" operations of finance, the ramifications of the Ghetto, the theater, the Algonquin, that it has the air of a secondhand directory. Occasionally, there is a stirring glimpse of the forces behind the visionary projects of the '90s, but on the whole it is a tedious performance.

PARIS.
By Raymond Escholier. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$5 9½ x 6¾; 160 pp. *New York*

M. Escholier's text here is somewhat commonplace. He follows well-worn routes about Paris, and seldom has anything novel to say about the treasures and mementoes that come under his eye. But the 185 illustrations in photogravure are extraordinarily clear and charming, and there is merit, too, in the six plates in full color by Nicolas Markovitch. The translation is by Jessica Ware. The book was printed in Italy.

PHANTOM WALLS.
By Oliver Lodge. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2.50 7¾ x 5⅛; 255 pp. *New York*

Here Sir Oliver, now approaching his eightieth year, continues his effort to prove that there is a part of him which is not material, and that it will go marching on when he dies. His proofs, as usual, are very dubious. He accepts quite gravely the transcendental monkeyshines of such performers as M. Ossowiecki and Mrs. Piper, and is otherwise full of an eager willingness to believe.

POETRY AT PRESENT.
By Charles Williams. *The Oxford University Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 216 pp. *New York*

Mr. Williams discusses the poetry of Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, A. E. Housman, Kipling, Yeats, W. H. Davies, Walter de la Mare, G. K. Chesterton, John Masefield, Ralph Hodgson, Wilfrid Gibson, Lascelles Abercrombie, T. S. Eliot, the three Sitwells, Robert Graves, and Edmund Blunden. In the preface he says, "This book is meant as an introduction to the works of certain contemporary poets, for those readers who do not know them." Beginners will find it useful. A brief biographical and bibliographical note appears at the head of each essay.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST & PRESENT.
By Dean C. Worcester. *The Macmillan Company*
$6 9¼ x 6⅛; 862 pp. *New York*

Dean C. Worcester's services in the Philippines, stretching from 1898 to 1913, were of high character,

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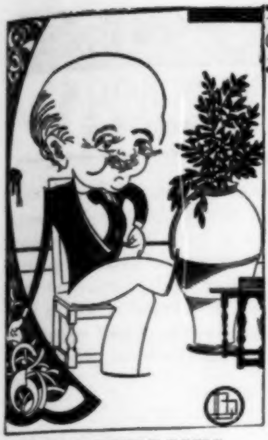

MAX BEERBOHM
A Caricature by Bohun Lynch

AROUND THEATRES

By MAX BEERBOHM

These brilliant essays were written for the London *Saturday Review* after Beerbohm succeeded Shaw as its dramatic critic. They cover nearly every phase of the British drama and recall much of interest to theatre lovers, which has been up to now lost in dusty files and an out of print English edition. The author's special preface for the American edition makes *Around Theatres* a genuine collector's "first." *2 volumes, small 8vo. (794 pp.)* $7.50

COSIMA WAGNER

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and he remained a man of great influence in the islands after he left office to enter business. The present work, first published in 1914, is unquestionably the best handbook to the Philippines ever written. In its present form it is revised and enlarged by Dr. Ralston Hayden, professor of political science in the University of Michigan. There are many maps and illustrations. Dr. Worcester died in Manila in 1924.

YESTERDAYS.

By Frank Wing. *Reilly & Lee*
$1.25 8⅜ x 7⅛; 118 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Wing's previous volumes of drawings, "The Fotygraft Album" and "The Fambly Album," will be remembered. Here he presents a new working of the same vein. All of the pictures deal with homely life, chiefly on the farm and always of the last century. There is a rich and gaudy humor in them, but there is also something more. The characters stand out in the round, and not only physically. They are, one and all, real people, and nine readers out of ten, even among city-bred folk, will recognize them instantly. In the author's comments upon the drawings there is a good deal of pawky philosophy, and in what his people say themselves there are some stunning examples of the American language, *circa* 1885. Altogether, the book is very amusing.

DEATH VALLEY: THE FACTS.

By W. A. Chalfant. *The Stanford University Press*
$2.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 155 pp.
Stanford University, Calif.

Mr. Chalfant, who lives at Bishop, Calif., near the upper end of Death Valley, here presents all the known facts about the geology, climatology, fauna and flora, and history of the region. The valley, he says, is by no means the desert of common legend; on the contrary, it is rather well watered. Nor is it always hot: the mean temperature is but 75.6 degrees, and in Winter the mercury sometimes drops to 15. But on hot Summer days it may go up to 134, and then life in the valley is almost unendurable. The workmen at the borax mines immerse themselves in the brackish streams, and thus cool off enough to sleep. The book is well illustrated, and has an index.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS & THEIR PRICES.

By William Targ. *Published by the Author*
$5 6¾ x 4⅛; 114 pp. *Chicago*

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complete, will be very useful to dealers and collectors. Mr. Targ deals with the first editions of no less than 225 American authors, ranging from Poe to Gertrude Atherton and from Cabell to A. Edward Newton. A number of surprisingly high prices are recorded. Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," New York, 1895, is now worth $1000, and Louisa Alcott's "Little Women", in two volumes, Boston, 1868-69, is bringing the same price. The highest price that Mr. Targ records is for the first edition of "Leaves of Grass"—$3000. But after Poe's "Tamerlane", Boston, 1827, he puts the vague but eloquent word "inestimable". It is to be hoped that he will include more books in his next edition. As it is, he overlooks many that already bring good prices and will probably go higher hereafter.

HACKING NEW YORK.
By Robert Hazard. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$1.75 7½ x 4¾; 213 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hazard has played the taxicab game in New York for almost a decade, from the early days when he was obliged to slip an official in the License Bureau a ten-dollar bill for his first license, to the latter days, when he beat attachés of the License Bureau—now operated by the Police Department—out of a rake-off by threatening them with an exposé in the *World*. In his cruisings he has encountered every species of passenger: drug addicts, drunks, missionaries, autocrats, scolds, toughs, "chinks," gunmen, invalids, "lushes," a Scotchman, and loving couples, and he writes about them with a sharp humor.

MADAME DE STAËL & THE UNITED STATES.
By Richmond L. Hawkins.
The Harvard University Press
$2 9⅜ x 6⅛; 81 pp. *Cambridge*

Mme. de Staël carried on a considerable correspondence with several of the leading American patriots between 1790 and 1815, including Jefferson, Gouverneur Morris, and Albert Gallatin. She invested hundreds of thousands of francs in American bonds, and bought large tracts of land in New York State. Nevertheless, she never emigrated to the United States. Dr. Hawkins, who is associate professor of French at Harvard, thinks that the reasons are these: "First, she could never give up her old friends and her old habits in Europe, and, secondly, . . . the United States, although an excellent country in which to invest money, was still too primitive, too rough, too crude, for a woman of her temperament and culture." The book is chiefly of biographical interest. There is an index of names.